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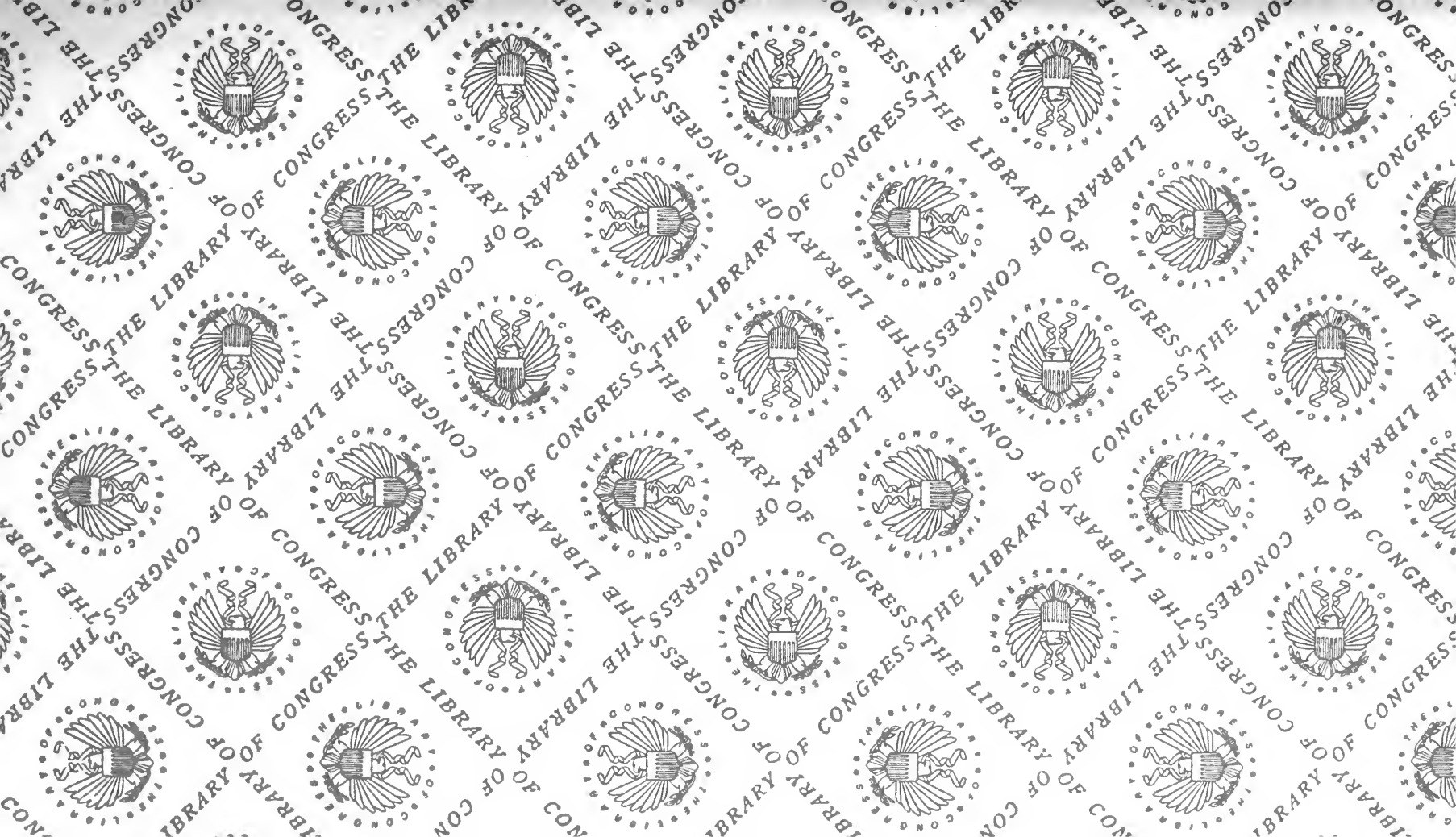
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MGR. DE SALAMON.

MGR. DE SALAMON.

Salamon, Louis Siffrein Joseph Lancrose
1750-18

Unpublished Memoirs

OF

THE INTERNUNCIO AT PARIS

DURING THE REVOLUTION,

1790-1801.

WITH PREFACE, INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND DOCUMENTS,

BY

THE ABBÉ BRIDIER,

Of the Clergy of Paris.

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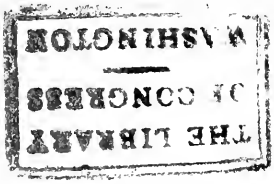

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Mgr. de Salamon, the author of these Memoirs, was indebted to his position as a clerical councillor in the Parliament of Paris for the favor with which he was regarded by Pius VI., who appointed him internuncio at Paris toward the end of the year 1790. The Memoirs are divided into three parts, the first treating of the internuncio's imprisonment at the Abbaye with a number of Catholic priests, nearly all of whom perished in the terrible September massacres. The second portion deals with the Chambre des Vacations, of which Mgr. de Salamon was a member, and before which lawsuits were brought during the interim created by the suppression of the Parliaments. The Abbé's connection with this body led to his being proscribed by the existing government under Robespierre, and the chapters he devotes to his pursuit and escape give a vivid impression of the years 1793 and 1794 in the Reign of Terror. The third part is devoted to events occurring under the Directory, Mgr. de Salamon's correspondence with the Pope having caused his arrest and trial on the charge of conspiracy against the government.

The Memoirs abound in anecdotes. "Without any premeditation, in quite an offhand way, just as if he were merely chatting or telling a piquant anecdote," says a writer in "Les Études," "M. de Salamon causes a numerous gallery of scamps, rascals, tremblers, dastards, ingrates, and assassins to defile before us; then, with a

sudden change of the scenes, a number of admirable figures, — Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and so many intrepid and faithful men and women of the people."

Mgr. de Salamon's Memoirs — a narrative of some of the most remarkable events in the French Revolution, from the pen of an eye-witness, one who was also brought into close contact with the social life of the time — remained unpublished for nearly a century, but the manuscript was fortunately brought to the notice of its editor, Abbé Bridier, and published in Paris in 1891.

The volume naturally attracted much attention, and provoked considerable discussion. While there was some difference of opinion as to the author's appreciation of the men and events of the Revolution, there was none whatever as to the interest and charm of the narrative itself. On this point royalists and republicans of every shade were equally emphatic.

The Revue Politique et Litteraire made an insinuation reflecting on the honesty of the editor of the Memoirs, which it may be right to notice. M. Bridier in his preface remarked: "Je leur ai fait la toilette." The reviewer believed that this justified him in calling in question the faithfulness and sincerity of the editor. But by submitting the Italian text to men of the highest standing in the literary world, M. Bridier proved that he had neither betrayed his author nor deceived the public. The French translation was admitted to be an exact and faithful rendering of the Italian text, and Abbé Bridier's "toilette-making" consisted in dividing the Memoirs into chapters and paragraphs, placing summaries at the head of the chapters, and modifying in a few instances the somewhat free phraseology of the internuncio.

Like Mr. Samuel Pepys, Mgr. de Salamon wrote of himself with the utmost frankness, and seems to have withheld nothing. M. Maxime de la Rocheterie, whose Memoirs

of Marie Antoinette were so successful a few years since, said of the work in the "Revue Bibliographique Universelle": "Few memoirs are so interesting, because few are so sincere and so really *vécu*. Unlike most writers of memoirs, M. de Salamon does not pose for posterity; he paints himself as he is, relates his impressions as he felt them, without disguising or dissembling the truth." "Les Études" reviewed the work in the same vein, saying: "*He paints himself unconsciously to the life.* He was *grand seigneur*, frankly attached to his duties, pious and diplomatic as well, an amiable boaster, like all who have grown under the sun of Provence, a charming and picturesque *causeur*. There is a library of volumes on the Revolution, but not one of them is more absorbing than the three *cahiers* of the internuncio, and hardly any as instructive for the philosophy of history." The "Revue Encyclopédique" said: "These Memoirs are an unexpected contribution to all that we know — not on the real origin of the tragedy; that, doubtless, we shall never know — but on its shifting scenes and incidents."

A writer in "Questions Historiques" (Jan. 1891), in a review of the work, occupying thirteen pages, said: "He draws his own portrait in colors that must forever remain indelible. . . . His narrative actually throbs and palpitates with sincerity. . . . After reading all the works on that period which have become classic, I consider the last comer the most faithful of all." In the same notice the wish is expressed that "in the next edition the publisher would be good enough to let the public have a look at the two portraits: one preserved in the Musée Calvet, Avignon, representing him as clerical councillor at the age of twenty-six; the other in the Bishop's Palace at Saint-Flour." A photograph of the Avignon picture has been made from the original in France especially for the present edition, — the first translation into English, — and reproduced in photogravure.

PREFACE.

By ABBÉ BRIDIER.

A few years ago, I happened to be in Rome, and was living in the *Via delle quattro Fontane*, a charming and favorite resort of the French clergy, as the guest of M. Captier, the official representative of Saint Sulpice at the Vatican.

One day my friend received a visit from Signor Allessandro Bossi, a Roman lawyer, who said to him, —

"I have in my possession certain memoirs in manuscript of one of your former bishops, M. de Salamon, internuncio at Paris during the Revolution. I should like to dispose of them. Would you care to have them?"

At the same time he handed him three little volumes, *tre piccoli volumi*, to speak like Signor Bossi.

At the head of the first was written this classic motto:

"*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem;*"

and beneath it, in large letters:

"To Madame de Villeneuve, *née* Comtesse de Ségur."

On the last sheet of each volume was the following declaration:

"*Certified to be a correct copy of the original.*
Louis de Salamon, *Bishop of Orthozia.*"

All the rest was written in another hand, and in *Italian.*

M. Captier did not even suspect that a bishop named Salamon had ever existed, but he thought the document might be of interest in connection with the history of the Church of France. He was too busy, however, to follow the matter up, and he sent Signor Bossi to me.

I received the manuscripts of the internuncio, read them carefully, and was enchanted with the narrative and with the personality of the writer. At the same time, certain parts of these memoirs seemed to me to be, from an historical point of view, nothing less than a revelation. In short, M. Captier had not been mistaken: the work deserved to be made known.

But had it not been published already? This was the question I put to myself, on turning again to these words: "*Certified to be a correct copy of the original.*" What I held in my hands was, after all, only a copy. Consequently there existed, or had existed, an original. Where? In France, no doubt, the narrative having been dedicated to a Frenchwoman, Madame de Villeneuve-Ségur. Had this original text escaped the searchers? The thing appeared hard to believe. They are so numerous, so greedy, and the morsel was so dainty. Hence, doubt and hesitation. How was I to know that this *unpublished* work was not really *published*, forgotten, perhaps, in the obscure recesses of our French libraries, or scattered in the second-hand bookstores along our quays?

I submitted these reflections to Signor Bossi.

"True," he said, "I never thought of that."

"I can easily believe you," I answered; "these doubts occur only to the buyers."

It was settled that I should clear up this difficulty, and, in the mean time, the precious *tre piccoli volumi* were to remain in the hands of M. Captier.

A little after, I returned to France, and began my researches.

I wrote first to the family of Madame de Villeneuve-

Ségur, since it was to this lady the work was addressed. I then visited Avignon, Carpentras, Saint-Flour, and Rouen, places where the internuncio had lived. I consulted his biographies in the biographical dictionaries.[1] I had recourse to MM. Delisle and d'Auriac, whose courteous and intelligent co-operation dispensed me from the necessity of making tedious investigations in the Rue de Richelieu, and I acquired the certainty that this document had never been published, and, in fact, that its existence was utterly unknown.

I wrote to M. Captier, sending him the stipulated price, and he forwarded me the manuscripts. Signor Bossi was happy.

And I was not less happy than Signor Bossi; for, though I had searched with zeal, it was with the very ardent hope of finding nothing.

And now, from whom had the seller received the *tre piccoli volumi?* From a family, once in easy circumstances, who had been the hosts of Mgr. de Salamon.

This was all I could get out of Signor Bossi. He had pledged himself to secrecy with regard to everything else.

It is not much, and yet it is enough to enable us to make a guess, at least, at the truth.

Received into the house of a noble family when he arrived in Rome, the prelate desired to make some return which might express his appreciation of this hospitality. What should he offer? Clearly, nothing could be more agreeable to his entertainers than these pages, entirely permeated with his own personality. Moreover, the thing was easy, the work having already been composed for the benefit of Madame de Villeneuve.

He employed a skilful scribe[2] to make a fair copy on

[1] In those of Barjavel, Feller, Michaud, and Larousse. The best is that in Feller, enlarged by Pérennès.

[2] Evidently one of the masters of the craft. Accordingly, he used

fine paper, revised and signed it with his own hand; and this was his present.

These three little volumes, preserved with such care, so pretty and so fresh — when they were new — were kept by this rich family for a long time.

But books, as Horace says, have their destinies, — the destinies of their possessors themselves.

Poverty entered and sat down by the hearth. After many other things had gone, the library was sold, all of it save these manuscripts, the dear memorials of happier days and of a much-loved guest. Then, as their wants grew more pressing, they told themselves that this work, too, had a *venal value.* It would tide them over their difficulties for a time, and so it was decided to offer it for sale.

But they felt as those feel who are committing some evil deed; they enveloped the transaction in mystery, and took every precaution to hide their secret. Such is, perhaps, the explanation. It is not novel, it has accounted for the appearance of many documents of the same kind, and this fact renders it plausible.

It enables me, at least, to explain to my readers how the copy of these Memoirs came into my hands.

As for the original, it has undoubtedly disappeared. But what does it matter? My copy, bearing the signature of the prelate, and certified by him to be a faithful transcript of the original, is quite as valuable as the original; and, in this belief, I deliver it to the public.[1]

gold dust! There are particles of it still adhering to the paper. The scribe was not very well acquainted with Italian, for the errors are numerous.

[1] I add here a curious fact, communicated to me by M. Boulay de la Meurthe.

The following passage occurs in Forneron's "Historie des Émigrés," Vol. II.: —

"When the Abbé *Salomon,* ex-clerical councillor in the Parliament

of Paris, was prosecuted as a *returned émigré*, Merlin of Douai advised the judges to condemn him, and, when he was acquitted, used several ingenious arguments to persuade them to transfer him before another tribunal."

As the author did not give any authority, M. Boulay questioned him on the subject. He said, —

"I have read the Memoirs of this personage, but I cannot tell you any more, for they were given to me in confidence, and *I have taken a pledge of secrecy respecting them*."

This is exactly what Signor Bossi said to me. Was it my copy, or was it the original, that Forneron saw?

At all events, he must have read over the manuscript carelessly, for the internuncio signs himself very legibly de Salamon, and nowhere does he speak of having been prosecuted as a *returned émigré*.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

WHY AND WHEN THE MEMOIRS WERE WRITTEN

Mgr. de Salamon was not at all anxious to write the story of his adventures. It was not that the task frightened him: he had a fluent pen, an excellent memory; his recollections were still vivid, and, besides, he had always been in the habit of taking notes.

But he had also prejudices that no longer affect our age: he feared to be considered by his fashionable associates a mere scribbler, that is to say, one of those unhappy people who barter their intellect for hire, and "compose to live."

Moreover, he was modest, or, at least, was not afflicted with the modern passion for notoriety, and did not care that his personality and his sentiments should serve as food for the curiosity of the public.

Consequently, the hunters after memoirs — and they were numerous at the time, for the game was plenty — were politely shown the door, when they approached him, among others, the Abbé Sicard, teacher of the deaf and dumb.

The latter would have given much to have the adventures of his *comrade in the violon*, as he calls the internuncio, because both of them were shut up in one of those little prisons in the Abbaye, called *violons*.

He desired to join them to his own, and publish them in the "Annales Catholiques," which he was about to issue.[1] They would create a sensation, and bring in subscribers.

Having failed in his own person, and, indeed, met with such a reception that he could not very well make another assault, he sent a bookseller, he himself remaining in the dark, with an offer of three thousand francs.

But the internuncio was an ex-magistrate; "More tricks than one he knew full well." He scented this one immediately: "I know who sent you," he answered; "go, and take your money with you." The messenger turned on his heels.

Yet at this moment — it was during the Terror — the internuncio had not, to use his own expression, "a sou in his pocket or a bit to put between his teeth."

Only at the behest of a sovereign, would he depart from his resolution, and that sovereign was "the great, the immortal Pius VI.!" as he delights to term him. A few days after leaving the Abbaye, he sent him an account of the massacres; still, it was a sort of diplomatic document, brief, concise, and drawn up in Italian.[2]

The fortress seemed, then, impregnable, when Madame de Villeneuve made her preparations to carry it.

She had long been intimate with the internuncio. She had heard him often relate his adventures. They had charmed her,[3] he related them so well. But she desired to enjoy them comfortably, at her ease; in other words, she wished to read them.

[1] The first number, in fact, contains the narrative of the Abbé Sicard.

[2] I have not been able to lay my hand on it. It would have been interesting to compare it with the first book of the Memoirs.

[3] She was the daughter of Comte de Ségur, grand master of ceremonies to the Emperor, and sister of the author of "Napoleon and the Grand Army." She married Baron de Villeneuve, treasurer general of the city of Paris. One of her daughters married Count Balbo, the Sardinian ambassador at Paris, whose name figures unpleasantly in the Memoirs.

Still, she was well aware of the scruples of the narrator. She understood and respected them; they were quite in accordance with her own notions of what was proper. She therefore gave him her word that the manuscripts should never leave her hands. And, if some accident in the future should render this promise unavailing, there remained another safeguard against eventualities, — it was to have the work written in a foreign language. Now, she spoke and wrote Italian quite as well as the internuncio himself. The number of Italian poems of her own composition, still in the possession of her family, is decisive on this point. Why should he not write his memoirs in Italian? This would be putting a barrier, the Alps, so to speak, between himself and the public. Who should ever hit on the idea of going to look for him there?

Add to this, that the fair petitioner was a very virtuous and amiable woman and a very determined woman as well.

Resistance was out of the question! The internuncio surrendered, and surrendered at discretion. He wrote his memoirs, then, without reserve or restraint, without distrust of the future. He lays bare his heart, has no hesitation in giving the names of persons, quotes friends and enemies, acts just as he would act if relating his adventures in the *salons*, — not forgetting to introduce an odd little calumny now and then.

Evidently, he had determined to bring his revelations to a stand at the end of the first book; the conclusion proves this.

But the appetite of Madame de Villeneuve grew with what she was reading. He had to set to work again, to add the second book, then the third, — in fine, to tell everything.

This took place during the time M. Pasquier was Prefect of Police. Consequently, the Memoirs were written somewhere between 1808 and 1812.

Now, in 1812, Madame de Villeneuve died, at the age of thirty-four. And so, like many other celebrated works, — pardon me for the comparison, — this, too, has been composed to satisfy the desires of a woman, and it is to Madame de Villeneuve that we owe it.

II.

THE FAMILY OF THE INTERNUNCIO. — HE ENTERS THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

Before entering on the examination of the Memoirs of the internuncio, it is well to say a few words of his birth and of his position in the Parliament of Paris; for to them he was indebted, partly at least, for the favor with which he was regarded by Pius VI.

The Salamons (not Solomons, as it is often written) were long settled in the Comtat Venaissin.

The father of the bishop was a native of Saint-Roman de Mallegarde. He took up his residence in Carpentras, where he married Anne Esseyri, the daughter of a printer,[1] and soon occupied the highest offices in the city. As first consul,[2] he stood at the side of Bishop d'Inguimbert when that famous benefactor of Carpentras laid the corner-stone of the magnificent hospital, still to be seen there. This was in 1750. The following years find him fulfilling the same functions, which, it may be remarked, by the way, rendered him second in authority to the rector himself,[3] and could be conferred on the noblesse of the robe alone.

He had two sons: Alphonse, Baron de Salamon, and Louis-Sifferin, who is no other than our bishop.

[1] She was of Italian origin. See Memoirs, p. 196.

[2] The municipal magistrates were styled consuls.

[3] The rector was the official representative of the Holy See in the Comtat.

The first was born in 1747. He was successively Secretary of the Archives of the Legation of Avignon and Vice-Seneschal of Montélimar, where he settled. He was mayor of this city when the Revolution broke out. He was arrested and imprisoned in the Conciergerie, during the closing days of the Terror, but was liberated on the death of Robespierre, and became mayor of Lyons during the Thermidorean reaction. His career, which has been very differently appreciated, was noisy and stormy enough to attract almost exclusively the attention of biographers, and to throw that of his younger brother in the shade.[1]

Let us hope that these Memoirs shall assign to each his proper place, and, without adding to or detracting from the renown of the baron, whom, by the way, they do not even mention,[2] show that the internuncio is, after all, the greatest glory of the family.

Barjavel, in his "Dictionnaire des hommes illustres de la Provence et du Comtat," places his birth in 1750. A more singular fact still is that the same date is found on the portrait presented by his own nephew[3] to the Musée Calvet, Avignon. If we are to believe his own testimony (and why not?) it makes him out ten years older than he really was. In book i. chapter xi. of the Memoirs he states that he was thirty-two in 1792. He must, therefore, have been born in 1760.[4]

Besides this date, which is, after all, a matter of little importance, he tells us that he was taught the rudiments of Latin at Carpentras. One of his schoolmates was that

[1] See, on Baron de Salamon, the "Histoire de Montélimar," by M. de Coston.

[2] It would seem natural that the internuncio should have said something of his brother, at least in Book III. But their political course was very different, and the internuncio had less liking for a moderate politician than even for a terrorist.

[3] Ange-Marie-Alphonse de Salamon, who was receiver of indirect contributions at Montélimar.

[4] It is the date given in the biography in Feller.

amiable Abbé Vitali, whom he was to see again, as he relates, on the field of slaughter, twenty-three years later, and who, unlike himself, did not escape the steel of the assassin.

Then, at the age of nine, he left his native country, which he was hardly ever to live in again, so to speak, and entered the Collège de la Trinité in Lyons, which was in charge of the Oratorians. What could have been the cause of this separation imposed on a child of such tender age? Perhaps the banishment of the Jesuits, who were forced to leave the splendid establishments they held in the Comtat and even in Carpentras. Perhaps, also, the parents of Mgr. de Salamon may have shared the unjust prejudices most lawyers entertained with respect to the order, and preferred to send their son where he might have masters of their own choosing.

At least, when once he had finished his course in the humanities, an excellent superior education was within his reach at home. We all know what was then the reputation of the University of Avignon. I imagine that the young student, while preparing for a clerical life, had already a judicial career in his eye, as well from taste as from family tradition. He was obliged to acquire a certain portion of theology, but the whole bent of his mind was toward law, and so we find him in 1780 doctor and fellow of that faculty, which was the brightest glory of the University of Avignon.

From that moment, honors began to crowd upon him; indeed, they would naturally come to the son of a first consul of Carpentras, and the brother of a man high in the favor of the legate of Avignon.

It is not probable that the Abbé de Salamon ever visited Rome at this period; but the position of his family explains sufficiently the origin of his relations with Pius VI., and the kindness with which that great Pope treated him.

The Pope, in fact, named this young doctor, just fresh

from college, Auditor of the Rota, a post formerly created by Cardinal d'Armagnac with the consent of Rome. It was already a nice opening, for the holder of the office was required to be forty years old, and the abbé was hardly half as much. Then, at twenty-two, a new favor. The deanship of one of the chapters of Avignon becoming vacant, the auditor immediately offers himself as a candidate, and as the new dignitary had to be a priest, he asks for a dispensation to enable him to be ordained a priest. The Pope grants it, adding graciously "that he treated him on this occasion as he would have done a nuncio or a prince."[1]

"The inhabitants of the Comtat and of Avignon are *regnicoles*," says Expilly, in his "Dictionnaire des Gaules et de la France."

This somewhat barbarous term signifies that, although subjects of the Pope, they had the right, as well as the *Frenchmen of France*, to fill all the offices of the realm. They were not the sort of people to allow such a privilege to remain a dead letter. A strong current set in from Avignon to Paris, and ecclesiastics were carried away by it as well as the rest. One evidence of this is that, among the seventy priests whom the Abbé de Salamon met in the Abbaye, he found two of his fellow-townsmen.[2]

It is not, then, surprising that when the seat of one of the clerical councillors in the Parliament of Paris became vacant, he should have purchased it. A place in the first judiciary of the kingdom was well worth the bench of an Auditor of the Rota and the stall of a dean of the chapter.

I have not been able to discover the date of this event, but it must have occurred previous to 1784, since he says he took a prominent part in the famous affair of the Diamond Necklace.

[1] See book i. p. 7.

[2] The Abbés Vitali and Capparuis.

Besides, the portrait in the Musée Calvet, which was presented in that year, represents him as a member of the Parliament. This picture was, no doubt, a present from the young clerical councillor to his parents during his first vacation. The artist, Jean Baptiste Bourgeois of Avignon, has represented him standing, at full length, with the insignia of his dignity, in a black robe, the sleeves of which have a purple border, and with the band. The absence of the traditional cap is explained by the fact that he holds a sheet in his hand, and seems to be reading some report or other before the Chambre des Enquêtes. The abundance of his hair and *the care with which it is powdered* are enough of themselves to confirm the confidences of which he is prodigal with regard to this portion of his person.[1]

Nothing can be more interesting than the physiognomy. The regular yet animated features, the sparkling eyes, which are full of intelligence, the thin, flexible lips, offer a singular mixture of virile energy and almost feminine distinction. The latter quality is predominant, and the one the spectator remembers best. In short, this portrait is a real *illustration* of the character of the internuncio, and explains, at least partially, the magnetism he exercised over all who approached him.[2]

The career of the young magistrate in the Parliament was very short.

In fact, he entered it only to witness the lamentable spectacle of its closing years, to see it engage in an interminable struggle with the court, oppose an obstinate resistance to the most wisely democratic measures, make repeated assaults on the royal authority, and fall at last beneath the blows of the States-General it had so ardently desired.

[1] He returns often to these details of his toilet. He attached great importance to them.

[2] As is seen everywhere in his Memoirs.

III.

THE INTERNUNCIO. — HIS MEMOIRS. — THEIR HISTORICAL VALUE.

It is with his memoirs in my hand that I now follow the career of the internuncio, not with the view of simply repeating his story, but to detach from them the principal facts that concern the Revolution in general, and the Church of France in particular.

The Chambre des Vacations having been established to fill the interim created by the suppression of the Parliaments, the Abbé de Salamon was appointed a member of it. He has given a summary of its history at the beginning of the second book of his work. The passage is interesting; and, under an anecdotal form, contains a certain amount of valuable information for whoever may wish to write a detailed history of the Parliament of Paris.

The author, indeed, was the only one of his colleagues who escaped the scaffold, and I do not believe there exists another authentic narrative of the last moments of this celebrated assembly.

At the moment when it was about to separate, that is to say, toward the end of 1790, Mgr. Dugnani had to leave Paris, where there was no longer either honor or safety for the representative of the Holy See. The Abbé de Salamon was appointed by Pius VI. internuncio in his place. The reasons for this selection will be seen in the Memoirs themselves.

But what the author does not tell us is that he had been *for a long time before a candidate* for this important post. The letters which I give at the end of the volume leave no doubt as to this. From 1786, he keeps the Cardinal Secretary of State informed of the events, both

political and religious, that succeed each other with such rapidity. He notes carefully the progress and changes of public opinion, condemns or praises the conduct of the higher dignitaries among the clergy, and takes very good care that his own services shall not be forgotten. He even goes so far as to advise the adoption of such and such a measure. In short, he assumes the mission of official informant to the Holy See. He takes this mission so seriously that he is in dread of being compromised, should his letters be opened. So, to guard himself against the "Black Cabinet," an old institution it would seem, he is careful not to sign his letters dating from 1788.

All that Pius VI., therefore, had to do was to give his mission an official character.

The Memoirs throw a full light on this mission, about which little has been known until now, although it had considerable importance; for it does honor to the Pontiff, who wished to show to the end, even under the Terror, the deep interest he took in the French Catholics and the French clergy, and to Mgr. de Salamon himself, who, by accepting these delicate functions at such a time, exposed himself to the greatest peril.

One of his first acts was to transmit to the metropolitans and to publish among the people the famous Briefs on the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

It was a direct blow aimed at the partisans of this constitution. They tried to parry it, and found — it was necessary to find something — that these briefs were spurious. Hence a very vigorous quarrel between them and the faithful clergy. A word from the internuncio might have put an end to it, at least for men of good will. But he did not utter it, for a very excellent reason, — he would thereby have pointed himself out to the executioner.

However, in 1821, he had occasion to explain his connection with the Briefs in a letter to the "Ami de la Reli-

gion."[1] This important declaration, contained in a few lines, is, as it were, lost in the one hundred and sixty volumes of the review, and, doubtless, that is why it has escaped the notice of historians.

Well, he renews it in his Memoirs, and thanks to them, it can now take its place on the firm ground of history.

Henceforth, there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of these Briefs. They were received, forwarded in *due canonical form* to the metropolitans, confided to the printer, and scattered among the public by Mgr. de Salamon, the internuncio, the official representative of the Holy See.

The publication of the Briefs had no effect. Pius VI. knew this well, and this knowledge explains his long silence. The schismatic clergy were more and more favored, the orthodox clergy more and more persecuted. Then the internuncio, who was never given to speculation, but always a man of action, drew up an address, had it signed by the Catholics of Paris, and placed it in the hands of the king. At the same time, he transmitted a copy of it to the Pope. It is a fine page, honorable alike to the writer and to the signatories. It fully proves the *official* character of Mgr. Salamon, and, notwithstanding its length, I think it right to give it in full.

Address of the Catholics of Paris presented to the king on the 6th of October, 1791, and sent by the INTERNUNCIO to the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI.

SIRE, — The Catholics of Paris have, for more than a month, been exiled from their temples, deprived of their worship, and exposed to all the outrages of fanaticism, without uttering a single word in protest.

Disciples of a Master who, when dying on the cross, prayed for his executioners, children of a religion whose first law is charity and whose chief benefit to the world is peace, they believed for a time that it was their duty to stifle their complaints and hide their sorrows in the depths of their own

[1] See Appendix, p. 298.

hearts. But now that the promulgation of the constitutional laws must have calmed the public excitement, we venture, sire, to speak of our rights to the common liberty, and to demand for the exercise of our worship the protection of the laws.

We shall not say to your Majesty that our religion existed in France before the monarchy, and that we have received it from our fathers, who themselves received it from their ancestors. But we do say:

We are Frenchmen, obedient to the political laws of the state, and ready to contribute to its needs, not from compulsion, but from conscientious principle. We wish, we desire only peace. The Constitution of the kingdom gives us rights; it is time that we enjoy them. The nation depends on you, sire, for the execution of the laws. It is to you, then, that we must henceforth carry our grievances, and to your justice and to your energy do we denounce the persecutions of which we are the daily victims. Your Majesty is not ignorant that even on the very day of the acceptance of the Constitution, the outrages of fanaticism have been of a character to dishonor a free nation, and the cradle of the Constitution has been sullied by infamous deeds.[1]

But it is not enough for us that we should be permitted to worship clandestinely, nor does the Constitution itself exact such a condition of things. Law and good order require that our worship be public, and this we demand.

To those who cry "Purchase temples of your own, then," we answer, sire:

"These temples were built by our ancestors, by the disciples of our worship forming the greater portion of the inhabitants of the capital, and, in their totality, the greater portion of the inhabitants of the nation."

We place, besides, under the eyes of your Majesty the immense sacrifices we have made for the Revolution, and the enormous mass of taxation that overwhelms us, on account of the property we possess.

Yes, sire, we proclaim, without fear of contradiction, that every hundred of the Catholics of Paris pay more in taxes than ten thousand of those who wish to hamper us in the exercise of our worship.

[1] The women who attended service at the Église des Irlandais were whipped on leaving the church.

In view of these considerations, we demand, sire, that the temples in each parish in Paris be placed at the disposal of the dissident or non-conforming Catholics. Your Majesty will thus confer a benefit of the very highest nature on your subjects. By thus tranquillizing consciences, you will dry the tears and prevent the despair of multitudes of unfortunate people.

On the other hand, nothing in our worship will be out of harmony with the laws of the state, and the nation will have no truer patriots, and your Majesty no more loyal subjects.

But if we are so unhappy as to be the only slaves in a free realm, we do not wish to hide from you, sire, that the neighboring kingdoms will offer us an asylum where our rights shall be respected; and the love of our faith is strong enough to induce us to seek elsewhere both laws that give us liberty and chiefs powerful enough to guarantee us its enjoyment.[1]

We are, with respect, sire, of your Majesty the very faithful and humble servants,

THE CATHOLICS OF PARIS.[2]

Such a daring step could not fail to expose the Abbé Salamon to the hatred of the revolutionists. They took good care, then, that he should be in the draught taken in the first net cast before the September massacres. He was arrested as internuncio of the Pope, thrown into prison, and finally conducted to the Abbaye.[3]

His account of those terrible days is certainly the most circumstantial, the most full of details, the most vivid and vigorous that has ever been written. Moreover, it breathes everywhere a great air of sincerity, and agrees in all important particulars — and we cannot expect more — with contemporary narratives.[4] Certainly, it must command the attention of all historians of the Church and of the Revolution.

What an admirable figure the internuncio brings before

[1] An evident allusion to the emigration.

[2] See Theiner, "Unpublished Documents relative to the Religious Affairs of France," t. i. ch. cxix.

[3] See Picot, vi., p. 216.

[4] Those of the Abbé Sicard and M. de Charnois.

us in the Abbé Royer, the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, the type of priest he loved, with his simplicity and heroism, and his tenderness and compassion for the weaknesses of others! Sicard has merely given a vague outline of the portrait, here we have it at full length.

What an angelic profile is that of the young Minim monk, the eldest brother of Paul Seigneret, whose sole fear is that he may not be put to death, who resists his preservers and joyously gives himself up to his murderers!

Next, we have a spectacle which recalls and confirms that of the Carmes and of Saint-Firmin. Sixty priests witness the approach of the most frightful of deaths. They can escape; they have but to utter a word. Not one utters it, because it would be contrary to the truth.

Without doubt there are some shadows in the picture.[1] But the author frankly confesses his weaknesses, and this, too, is an additional evidence of his veracity. Let those cast the first stone, who, placed in a similar position, feel assured that they would have done better.

The explanation of the massacre, that "Saint Bartholomew of the French Revolution," as Napoleon called them,[2] is also found in the Memoirs of the internuncio. It was the Commune of Paris that originated, prepared,

[1] The Abbé Godard, grand vicar of Toulouse, escapes through a window, and *forgets* to point out to his companions this path of safety. The Abbé Sicard hides *where he can*, and the internuncio himself has recourse to a piece of strategy which is, indeed, marvellous, but has nothing heroic about it. See "Memoirs," pp. 64 and 80.

[2] "One evening at Saint Helena, Napoleon remembered that it was the anniversary of the massacres of September. He said to us, awaking from a kind of revery: 'To-day is the anniversary of a hideous event, the massacres of September, the *Saint Bartholomew* of the French Revolution, a bloody stain, the work of the *Commune of Paris*, that infamous rival of the Legislative Assembly, which drew all its strength from the passions of the *dregs of the people.*'" See "Correspondance de Napoléon," xxxii., p. 343.

and organized this abominable butchery. It was a band of assassins, the *dregs of the people*, enrolled and paid by it, that executed the deed of horror. The people was always the people: it followed the lead of others; it was misguided, but not naturally bad. It seeks for the innocent among those prisoners, who have been pictured to its eyes as great criminals, defends and protects them, tears them even from the arms of the relentless butchers and blood-drinkers. Hence the singular mixture of ferocity and mildness, of justice and fury, which keeps pace with every step of the narrative and surprises the narrator himself.

On the other hand, a certain number of fiery revolutionists, Manuel, Torné, Sergent, Dugazon, and Maillard, the *legendary Maillard*, owe him a debt of gratitude. He shows that there was something good left in the hearts of even the most sanguinary of these men. This is not the least pleasing of the characteristics of these Memoirs. After all, it is well to think that monsters are rare. I may add that the best biographical accounts of these individuals do not contradict the narrative of the internuncio. Pétion is the only one who fares ill at his hands. Has he been innocently calumniated by him? I am inclined to think so. Otherwise, this Pétion was a monster of hypocrisy.

However this may be, the Abbe de Salamon escaped from the snare he says Petion laid for him, with the loss only of his hair.[1]

But there were two persons in the abbé, the internuncio and the magistrate, and both had their quarrel with the Revolution. The internuncio had escaped, at least for the moment. It was now the turn of the magistrate.

He had, in fact, been a party, like all his colleagues, to the famous protest of the Parliament against the acts of

[1] There is still great uncertainty as to the part played by Pétion, who was mayor during these three days.

the National Assembly. This document was discovered in 1794. At the bottom of it was read the name *de Salamon*. The members of the Committee of General Safety at once issued a warrant for his arrest.

His usual luck did not forsake him, — he escaped. The reader will see how, and will read with eagerness this curious Odyssey of an outlaw under the Terror.

Assuredly, this portion of the Memoirs is almost everywhere purely anecdotical, and has but little importance in connection with general history.

Nevertheless, I gather a more lively impression from it of the terrible years 1793 and 1794 than I do from any other work on the subject. What a time that must have been, when an honorable man, an ex-member of the Parliament of Paris, the official representative of the Holy See, saw himself reduced to such a condition that he had to wander in the woods, sleep on straw or leaves, live without shelter and without food, as if he were the vilest of vagabonds, or, as he says himself, a wild beast! Some pages may give us the idea of the Terror; these give us the sensation of it.

And yet the Abbé de Salamon does not lose his head; in fact, he never loses it. He continued still to exercise his functions, — not, indeed, those of internuncio, now without an object, but those of vicar apostolic. It is the title given him by Pius VI. after the massacres, and it perfectly describes the situation of France, fallen back, so to speak, into the savage state.

He surrounded himself with priests, proscribed like himself, and, at the very gates of the capital, in the teeth of the Convention, he organized his council, gave his decisions, granted dispensations, and, thanks to a thousand expedients suggested by his subtle and industrious mind, he found means to continue his correspondence with Pius VI. and Cardinal Zelada.

Oh! if I could only have laid my hands on that cor-

respondence, that diplomatic correspondence, of which the Memoirs contain so many delicious fragments! What remorse, or rather, what regrets, my failure has caused me! For remorse I have not, and cannot have. I have searched and questioned and set in motion all whom I could persuade to help me, — those for whom the Vatican Archives have no secrets, and those at whose will all their doors fly open. The result will excuse me from making further investigations. My agents have been referred back to me, — for I had kept in the shade, — as being the only person in France or in Rome who was thoroughly acquainted with the career of Mgr. de Salamon!

Undoubtedly, it has been mislaid, lost, or destroyed.[1] This is a real misfortune for my volume; it would have been the gem of the work. It would also have been all important for the internuncio, for it would have probably furnished proofs in support of the first chapter of the third book, that chapter so curious and suggestive for those who believe that history, like the web of Penelope, is always to be remade.

In this chapter, in fact, the Concordat of 1801 dates from 1796! It is ascribed to Pius VI. and the Directory rather than to the First Consul, and was negotiated by the Abbé de Salamon rather than by Consalvi!

All this is very astonishing and very little in harmony with what we know of the five Directors.[2] There is no trace of it anywhere except in our Memoirs. Even a fragment from the Archives of Foreign Affairs, quoted by M. Sciout, is far from corroborating it.[3] Moreover,

[1] Perhaps burned. A part of the Archives in the Quirinal were consumed when Pius VI. was arrested in 1798.

[2] La Reveillère-Lepaux, Rewbell, Le Tourneur, Barras, and Carnot. Certain documents quoted by Theiner would lead us to suppose that the only man who thought of a Concordat, *at this time,* was the young general of the Army of Italy.

[3] In "Rome, le Directoire, et Bonaparte en l'an IV. et V." the

there is a certain amount of incoherence in this chapter, regarded from a chronological point of view. At least, this is the impression it makes on me now. It may be different if ever the diplomatic correspondence is discovered.[1]

A crowd of anecdotes, from which much may be gleaned, concerning the prisons, prisoners, and victims of the Revolution, form interludes between the thrilling acts of the dramatic trial that composes the remainder of the book. The adversaries of the Directory will find here a new charge levelled against it. The truth of this portion of the narrative, in nearly all its details, is fully confirmed by the journals of the period.

But they have condensed where the abbé has enlarged. The latter speaks of three summonses, the former of only two. The Memoirs date the final judgment on the 3d of March, the newspapers in January. It is a curious fact that it is the narrator himself who has suggested to me the thought of examining the journals, and thereby establishing the discrepancy between him and them.

But, to resolve the question fully, it would be necessary to examine the jail registers of the Conciergerie and the archives of the Criminal Tribunal of the Seine. They were all burned by the Communists!

However, I must not forget the author; if I did so, he would consider that he had good ground for dissatisfaction, for he certainly never forgets himself. The thing

question relates to the Abbé Evangelisti, secretary of legation. Evangelisti, strange to relate, is the pseudonym used by the internuncio in his correspondence with Rome.

[1] There is, however, one document that would seem to me to have a natural connection with such a negotiation; it is the famous Brief of Pius VI. *to the Catholics*. We know what angry protests it raised, and how its authenticity was contested, because it appeared too favorable to the Directory. It was published in 1796, that is to say, during the time of the assumed negotiations of the internuncio with the Directory.

See Picot, vii., p. 26.

is very natural besides, for he was writing his own adventures. In addition to this, he always saw himself, while writing them, in the midst of a sympathizing circle of auditors, male and female: that he should dwell on his own personality as much as possible was their eager desire.

Perhaps even the illusion, I was going to say the *mirage*, common to lively imaginations, to talkers who talk of themselves, to the authors of memoirs, has led him to embellish a little here and there. This is a simple supposition of mine; it occurred to me while reading these pages; I give it for what it is worth; and, with this parenthesis, I come to my concluding observations.

When we speak of the clergy of the eighteenth century, we always have in our minds two extreme types, both represented in these Memoirs, the one by the heroic curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, the other by that abbé of the second book whom the author very correctly describes as his *lamentable compatriot*.

Well, the Abbé de Salamon has nothing in common with this poor scapegrace, but neither does he quite resemble the first. He represents a new type, which students of the eighteenth century ought not to forget, — the magistrate priest, the abbé who is at once a priest and a man of the world.

He associates very little, or not at all, with his brother clerics; he would rather draw up reports than preach sermons; he takes more interest in the perplexities of a legal investigation than in hearing confessions, and is better acquainted with the customs of France than with the Holy Scriptures. He frequents the company of distinguished jurists and of persons noted for rank or talent. Living in their midst, he adopts their tastes and habits, secularizes himself, if I may venture to use the term. This is easily seen in the Memoirs, but we need not be scandalized at it.

For it is right to remark that all this concerns only the outward seeming; at bottom, in heart and soul, the internuncio remains, to use the expression of Saint Paul, the model of the flock.

When he believes that he is about to be massacred in the Abbaye, he makes his examination of conscience, and says to God, to strengthen himself against the terrors of his judgment: "You know that I have never spoken against your holy religion," — a confidence characteristic of the man and of his environment. The priest to-day has not the duty nor even the opportunity of frequenting the society of those who ridicule his beliefs. When he appears, politeness itself produces a certain self-restraint. But it was not so in the eighteenth century, and if the internuncio refused to enter every *salon* which took its tone from Voltaire, he would have been constrained to live like a hermit: and this was not at all to his taste. But, unlike certain abbés who have become only too celebrated, he kept silence, and protested by his attitude.

Such as he is, and as he artlessly paints himself, I like him much for his beautiful warmth of soul, his devotion to Pius VI. and to the Church, and his filial tenderness for the poor woman of the people, Blanchet, his faithful old housekeeper, who is the pearl of these Memoirs, although they contain a good many others.

IV.

THE BISHOP OF ORTHOZIA. — THE CONCORDAT OF 1817.

Relieved of his functions in 1801 by the arrival in France of the Legate *a latere*, Mgr. Caprara, the Abbé de Salamon was immediately named administrator general of the dioceses of Normandy. This province was then in a state of great agitation. The ill feeling that existed in

all the rest of the country between the non-juring and constitutional priests was there complicated by a great quarrel between the sees of Rouen and Séez. As the government, which had not yet signed the Concordat, and the cardinal, who had not yet been recognized, could not act officially, the affair was intrusted to the Abbé de Salamon.[1]

The latter travelled through the dioceses of Normandy, appointed grand vicars, and succeeded in restoring peace. At least, such is the testimony he renders to himself in the closing pages of his work. But it would seem that he flatters himself a little, as the author of the "Memoirs on the Ecclesiastical Affairs of France" affirms that he did not obtain much success.

However this may be, he did not lose his time.

The Abbé de Salamon, as a lawyer, preserved a very strong liking for documents. It is a characteristic of which De Pradt speaks with much severity in his "Histoire des Quatre Concordats," but it must be acknowledged that the troubled times in which he lived rendered it very valuable. It enabled the internuncio to send to Pius VI., on his demand, detailed biographies of all the constitutional bishops. He also collected, as he tells us himself,[2] information in Normandy on the non-juring and constitutional priests of the different dioceses of this province, thinking that some time or other it might be turned to account. He was not mistaken. Fifteen years later, in

[1] See "Mémoires sur les Affaires Ecclesiastiques de la France," 1. Paris, 1823.

[2] "As for myself, I have always been obliged to live in Paris or in its neighborhood, and *I know everybody*. Any information your Excellency may require with respect to such or such a person I am ready to supply. When I was Apostolic Administrator of Normandy, I gathered correct information on the priests of the different dioceses, and, in a very impartial manner, even on the intruded priests. And so I was able to send true and correct biographies to Pius VI." (a collection we should be very glad to discover!) "of all the constitutional bishops he wished to learn something about." Part of a letter quoted by De Pradt.

fact, we see him place it at the disposal of Cardinal de Perigord.[1]

When his mission was finished, Mgr. de Salamon retired for a long time into private life. Did he do so voluntarily? I do not think so, and I believe that, in spite of his attachment — which he is rather fond of parading — to the ancient order of things, he would have gladly accepted one of the sees erected by the Concordat, of which, for that matter, his devotion to the Church rendered him quite worthy. Two rather curious letters, exchanged between him and Cardinal Gerdil, which I give at the end of this volume, will be likely to influence the reader's opinion upon this subject.

However, he had to content himself with the episcopal consecration he received at Rome in 1804, as titular Bishop of Orthozia *in partibus infidelium*.

Still, there were writers who envied him even this reward.[2] Witness De Pradt, who, in the work already cited, sneers at this honor "as one of those favors of which Rome is not sparing."

It will be admitted that this criticism is in rather bad taste, levelled as it is at a man who twice risked his head for the Church. De Pradt, who was successively Bishop of Poitiers and Archbishop of Malines, never did as much.

It was in connection with the Concordat of 1817 that Mgr. de Pradt encountered Mgr. de Salamon, whom he has so badly treated.

The latter, in fact, returned on the stage with the Restoration. Being a decided reactionary, he was one

[1] De Pradt, *ibid.*

[2] Not only writers, but Napoleon himself. The Abbé de Salamon had been nominated by Pius VI. *proprio motu*. The emperor complained loudly, refused to acknowledge the bulls, and caused an organic decree to be added to the Concordat, forbidding any French ecclesiastic to be named bishop without the consent of the government. See "Mémoires sur les Affaires Ecclesiastiques de France," ii.

of those who regarded Napoleon as an usurper, the empire as an interregnum, and all its acts, even the most important, as null and void. Therefore, when he was appointed by the king Auditor of the Rota at Rome, in 1815, he did not feel the slightest hesitation in going and taking possession of the post. There was, however, one difficulty. The office had been already filled for several years by Mgr. Isoard, a prelate of spotless character. The result was that Mgr. de Salamon found himself in a delicate and somewhat ridiculous situation, the bitterness of which he felt deeply. It is only thus that the violent passages in two singular letters, quoted by De Pradt, can be explained.[1]

These letters were sent to one of the secret negotiators of the Concordat of 1817, Cardinal de Talleyrand-Perigord, ex-Archbishop of Rouen, and subsequently Archbishop of Paris. They show that their author felt as little respect for the Concordat of 1801 as he did for the nomination of Isoard. And, in fact, the two acts were closely connected. The question, at bottom, was to decide which party should triumph, the extremists or the moderates, and whether the contracts made by the Court of Rome with a sovereign who had reigned twelve years over France were valid or not.

The wise Pius VII. judged that they were. The Concordat of 1817 was only a renewal of that of 1801. Isoard was maintained, and Mgr. de Salamon would have remained an Auditor of the Rota *in partibus* as well as a bishop, had not the king insisted that the Pope should appoint him Bishop of Belley, one of the forty-eight new sees lately erected.

But, for reasons I cannot discover, he never occupied

[1] "The *philosophes*," says De Pradt, in "Les Quatre Concordats," "have never spoken worse of the Court of Rome." Then Mgr. de Pradt read very little of the *philosophes!* Moreover, Mgr. de Salamon wrote *ab irato*, and in a confidential communication. All this makes a difference between him and the *philosophes*.

this see, and had to wait until 1820, when he was nominated to the bishopric of Saint-Flour. After so many agitations and checkered fortunes, he anchored in port at last.

V.

THE EPISCOPATE OF MGR. DE SALAMON.

It cannot be said, nevertheless, that Mgr. de Salamon was destined to enjoy the sweets of repose.

For a long time, Saint-Flour had been without a bishop. Mgr. de Belmont had died during the quarrel of Napoleon with Pius VII.; his successor, Mgr. Joubert, was unable to take possession of his see, and, in spite of the efficient administration of a grand vicar such as M. de Rochebrune, the diocese suffered in consequence.

Happily, the new pastor bore his sixty-two years lightly. His portrait in the Episcopal Palace of Saint-Flour, taken at this period, is a visible testimony to the fact.

The top of the head, entirely divested of hair, leads the mind of the spectator back to the massacres of September; for it was after, and in consequence of, that long agony that it began to fall as he himself tells us. All that is left are two long, white tufts, which adorn the temples and set off the face agreeably.

But, apart from this, it is astonishing to see him again, with head erect and firmly planted on the square shoulders, a complexion glowing with animation and color, eyes bright and clear, — in short, breathing in his whole person a fire and activity that only need an opportunity for their display.[1]

[1] In the absence of his Lordship, Mgr. Baduel, Bishop of Saint-Flour, Mgr. Lamoureux and Canon Boyer, my friend, have kindly allowed me to study this portrait. I transcribe here our common reflections.

You cannot take a step at Saint-Flour without meeting some memorial of this fruitful episcopate.

Here, at the entrance of the town, you see the fine monastery of the Visitation, which owed, in great part, its erection to his encouragement and generosity, — a fact recalled by his arms sculptured above the principal entrance; there, not very far away — nothing is very far away at Saint-Flour ! — the congregation of Notre Dame, whose development he favored, and which, under his episcopate, sent a swarm to found at Salers a boarding academy, still in a flourishing condition. But the Petit Séminaire and the Grand Séminaire were his works of predilection, because they were at that time the most necessary of all.

Saint-Flour had, in fact, like the other dioceses of France, seen the vocations of the young nobles exhausted, at least generally, on account of the suppression of ecclesiastical benefices. Hence a sensible lowering both in the number and in the intellectual level of the clergy, for poor families, or families in moderately comfortable circumstances — and from them, almost alone, could the clergy be recruited, now that the career was one of self-sacrifice only — could not afford their children adequate means of education and intellectual culture. The bishop had a disheartening proof of this in the style, and even in the orthography, of the letters he received.[1]

Is there any need of adding that he keenly deplored a deficiency which seriously impaired the prestige of the clergy?

" Vainly," said he, in one of his pastorals, " would you possess a solid training in theology and ecclesiastical subjects. Men do not judge priests by standards which they are themselves incapable of appreciating. It is of

[1] See the collection of his pastorals. I have been able to examine them in the library of the Grand Séminaire, thanks to the courtesy of the Lazarist Fathers.

the greatest importance that the people should regard the priest as belonging to the learned class," — words as good in themselves as they are worthy of repetition, and which find their best commentary in the efforts of sectaries in all ages to shut out the clergy from the sources of human science. They explain the efforts and sacrifices of Mgr. de Salamon in favor of the seminaries. Any one wishing to know them in detail has only to run over the collection of his pastorals. It is from it I have gathered the little information on this subject I now lay before the reader.

Let me confine myself to stating here that he succeeded in winning the favor of Charles X. for the Maison de Pleaux, already of some antiquity, prevailing on him to create it a Petit Séminaire, with nine burses and eighty half burses, gifts, alas! destined to be ephemeral;[1] that he widened the curriculum by inscribing mathematics and natural philosophy in it; that he created examinations in literature, rudimentary enough, for that matter, which students had to stand before entering the Grand Séminaire, in presence of the bishop and grand vicars; and that, finally, he founded, with the assistance of a holy and excellent priest, the Abbé Tripier, an ecclesiastical boarding academy at Saint-Flour.

This institution had a somewhat modest beginning: the pupils attended the courses of the Collège Royal, to-day, I believe, the Collège National. But when the law of 1850 brought us freedom of secondary teaching, it decided to use its own wings, and soon attained a degree of prosperity that does honor to the foresight of its founders. It is to-day, in its full development, a worthy rival of its sister in Pleaux, and giving to the diocese of Saint-Flour distinguished men and virtuous priests.

As for the Grand Séminaire, Mgr. de Salamon restored it to its ancient masters, the Lazarists, who had held pos-

[1] I think there is nothing left of them at present.

session of it from 1676 up to the Revolution, when they were banished. Then, to guarantee a fuller supply of priests, he aided indigent students out of his own purse, and left them in his will a hundred thousand francs,[1] in order to assure to them after his death, as he had done during his life, food, clothing, and wood to warm them. The rest of his property he bequeathed to the poor.

The good sower cast his seed on a fruitful soil. The harvest was abundant, and he had the happiness of seeing it with his own eyes. In his lenten pastoral of 1828, which we may regard as his *Nunc dimittis*, he throws a satisfied glance over all his diocesan works, and salutes particularly the hundred and fifty pupils of his Grand Séminaire, "the joy," he says, "and crown of my episcopate." It was better than the reward of his generosity, — it was the fruit of God's benediction on a father who freely surrendered his children to Him.

No one can, in fact, read without a lively emotion his pastoral instruction of the 1st of January, 1826, by which he established in his diocese the work of the Propagation of the Faith, founded at Lyons, in 1822.

After enumerating the difficulties of the missions and mentioning among other slight and familiar details that "a bottle of wine for saying mass costs a hundred and twenty francs, when it reaches Tong-King," he declares that he will gladly welcome any young cleric who asks his permission to go on the foreign mission, and orders his pastoral instruction to be read twice a year in the Grand Séminaire. Considering how much Saint-Flour suffered from lack of candidates for the ministry, this was pushing his confidence in Divine Providence to heroism. It seemed, indeed, for a moment, as if Mgr. de Salamon had been

[1] According to what M. Coston tells me, his family gave him little comfort. It would seem that they attacked the will, and, to avoid scandal, the authorities of the diocese consented to a compromise.

guilty of imprudence. In the year 1827, twenty-one of his priests died. But this was a passing trial, and, in balancing accounts, God was as generous as he.

Mgr. de Salamon died on the 11th of June, 1829. Thus God spared him the grief of seeing another revolution, and the final ruin of that dynasty he loved so well, in the storm of 1830.

He was buried, by his express wish, as a pauper in the common grave.

When a stop was put to interments in the garden of the Visitation, then used as a burying ground, Mgr. de Pompignac, one of his successors, but at that time canon, had his remains exhumed.

They rest, it appears, in the present cemetery, in the vault reserved for the members of the chapter. I say, "it appears," for this great benefactor of Saint-Flour has not even a tomb, not even a cross, upon which his name might be read.

His humble wish has been faithfully obeyed!

There is, however, one house that desired Mgr. de Salamon to have something more than a place in the memory of grateful hearts. Need I mention that it is his house of predilection, his Grand Séminaire?

Over the entrance to the chapel and class-room are two marble slabs, on which are engraved these words, — words expressive and delicate in their sobriety: —

À LA MÉMOIRE

DE

MONSEIGNEUR DE SALAMON,

ÉVÊQUE DE SAINT-FLOUR,

Décédé Le 11 Juin, 1829.

Par La Reconnaissance du Grand Séminaire,

Envers Son Illustre et Ensigne Bienfaiteur.

Such is the man and such the prelate whose Memoirs I present to the public. I have, as the nature of things sometimes required, dressed them up a little. But I do not care to say any more; there are secrets between them and me which would interest nobody.

I wish only to say that I have removed to the two extremities, the Introduction and the Appendix, all that seemed to wear an appearance of erudition.

In this way, I have succeeded in rendering the current of the narrative limpid and easy. The reader will sail down it without effort. He will be captivated by the charm of all the amiable faces he sees reflected in it, one after another,[1] and will become the better for seeing; and, doubtless, Mgr. de Salamon, looking down from his heavenly home, will pardon me for having published his Memoirs.[2]

Paris, the 14th of May, 1890.

[1] It reflects here and there some ugly physiognomies also; but that is nothing in comparison with the Blanchets, the Dellebarts, the Colins, with Mlle. Grandin, the Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, Richard, etc. In short, these Memoirs show us human nature *at its best*, and this is not so common at the present time.

[2] I beg to offer my sincere thanks to all who have kindly aided me; but my thanks are especially due to my two colleagues, MM. Lamarche and Daix. The latter has afforded me the help of his ripe experience for the most thankless and arid part of the work.

BOOK I.

MY MARTYRDOM

Lasting from two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 2d of September, 1792, until eight in the morning of Monday, the 3d of the same month, in the garden of the Abbaye of Saint-Germain des Prés.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Cruel to be told, great queen, is the sorrow you bid me revive.

AENEAS TO DIDO — VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, ii. 3.

TO

MADAME DE VILLENEUVE,

Née Comtesse de Ségur.

After nineteen years of misery and distress, — years during which I have suffered every kind of ill fortune, and been exposed to every kind of persecution, — I bow with submission to your expressed desire, madame, and I promise to recount, for your own eyes, one of the most terrible scenes in the Revolution, — that scene which preceded and foreboded another more tragic still, when a funeral pall was stretched over France, and consternation took hold of all Europe.[1]

You wish me to write the lamentable story of the September massacres, at which I was present, having been dragged to the field of slaughter as the representative of the Pope, and where I witnessed the murder of seventy of my unhappy companions, escaping myself only by the visible grace of that Divine Providence which twice rescued me from the scaffold afterward.

Yes, madame, you shall be obeyed. Such amiability and virtue as yours have a compelling power, and I do now what I refused to do when compliance

[1] The execution of Louis XVI.

would have relieved my own dire distress.[1] Do not, however, expect from me a flowery and brilliant style. I shall write all the details of the horrible drama I can remember, with simplicity, without ornament, and, perhaps, without connection.

My heart is still too much agitated whenever I recall this hideous massacre, and my mind is too much enfeebled by years and anxieties to permit me to hope that there may be much order and clearness in this narrative.

[1] The Abbé Sicard, instructor of the deaf and dumb, frequently solicited me to give him my memoirs, and he even sent a bookseller to me with an offer of three thousand francs for them, at a time, too, when I actually was in want of food. (*Note by the author.*)

MEMOIRS OF MGR. SALAMON.

BOOK I.

MY MARTYRDOM.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARREST OF THE INTERNUNCIO.

THE ABBÉ DE SALAMON IS NAMED INTERNUNCIO. — LETTERS FROM PIUS VI. AND CARDINAL ZELADA. — THE EDICT IN FAVOR OF THE PROTESTANTS. — THE INTERNUNCIO BEFORE LOUIS XVI. — HIS ARREST. — MADAME BLANCHET. — MARAT AND HIS MEDICINES.

I WAS born a subject of Pius VI., of holy memory, and the favors I received from him were of a nature to excite the strongest feelings of devotion to his person. It was not surprising, therefore, that, when Dugnani, his nuncio at the French court, frightened out of his wits by having the bleeding head of a life-guard flung into his carriage, abandoned the capital and fled to the baths of Aix, in Savoy, his Holiness should wish to appoint me in his place, with the title of internuncio to Louis XVI., then residing at the Tuileries. I was informed of the intentions of

the Sovereign Pontiff by Cardinal Zelada, his Secretary of State.

Alarmed at the idea of undertaking such a mission, and having a secret presentiment of the dangers to which I was likely to be exposed, I refused the honor, but offered to act as adviser to Quarantotti, who remained at Paris after the flight of the nuncio. He was secretary of the papal embassy, or, to give him his real title, auditor of the nunciature. But Pius VI., a great Pope if ever there was one, was fond of having his own way, and was not satisfied with Quarantotti. He ordered him to quit the capital at once, after sending the archives of the nunciature to my residence. The Pope informed me, by his Secretary of State, that he declined to accept my excuses. To cut short all protests on my part, he deigned to give me my orders under his own hand. They were contained in a long letter of six folio sheets with gilt edges. The letter had this peculiarity, — that it was written in three languages. It began in French with "*mon cher abbé*," was continued in Italian, and ended with the words, "*Pontificatus nostri anno decimo septimo*," and the signature, "*Pius Sextus.*"

The letter was of the most affecting nature. His Holiness reminded me, with paternal affection, of all he had done for me. And, in fact, he had done a great deal. At the age of twenty-one, I was appointed Auditor of the Rota, although the rules of that eminent office required that its holder should be forty. I was also made Dean of the Chapter of Avignon, and, as this dignity can only be conferred on a

priest, the Pope granted me a dispensation, enabling me to be ordained at the age of twenty-two,[1] and added to the dispensation this formula: *more principum et nuntiorum*, which means "a privilege reserved to princes and nuncios."

His Holiness, in his letter, was graciously pleased to instruct me himself as to the manner in which I should act. He also told me what he thought of certain ministers, and especially of M. de Montmorin, minister of foreign affairs, whom he did not at all like. His Holiness, however, said nothing of his reasons for distrusting this statesman. He was profuse in his eulogies of my conduct in the Parliament of Paris, particularly in the famous case of the Queen's Necklace,[2] in which Cardinal de Rohan was implicated. But, above all, he praised me for my efforts to prevent the edict in favor of the Protestants from being registered. I had, indeed, been very zealous in opposing it, and it would never have been passed had not Mgr. de Juigné, the Archbishop of Paris, taken the side of the Protestants. His defection led to that of many others, and the edict became law.[3]

I kissed with reverence the letter of the great Pontiff, and devoted myself unreservedly to his service, resolved to suffer death rather than abandon it. My reply, marked by the deepest submission and loyalty, moved him profoundly. He testified his satisfaction

[1] Instead of twenty-four, the canonical age.

[2] 1786.

[3] It was registered on the 9th of January, 1788. It placed Protestants on an equality with other citizens.

with me through the medium of Cardinal Zelada, a minister in every way worthy of such a sovereign.

In obedience to the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff, I carefully avoided the presence of M. de Montmorin, and sought an interview with the Duc de Brissac, a French peer with whom I had been politically connected from 1787 to the beginning of 1789, during the sessions of the Parliament. I asked him what was the best method of obtaining an audience with the king.

M. de Brissac received me with open arms, saying:

"It will delight me to be of service to you." Then passing to another subject: "Ah, my dear abbé," he exclaimed, "what are we coming to! If we had not allowed the edict to pass, all this would not have happened."

"I am as sorry for what has occurred as any one could be, M. le Duc," I replied; "but at least it is neither your fault nor mine."

After a short conversation, he said,—

"Return at noon to-morrow."

He had apartments in the Tuileries, on the ground floor. I was punctual to the minute. As soon as he saw me he said: "The king will receive you at one to-morrow. I will introduce you myself." I expressed the lively sense I entertained of his kindness.

I was presented to his Majesty on the next day. The king was by himself in his study, which seemed very small. He smiled when he saw me, and said:

"I recollect your name, for you were once at Versailles (I had been there twice as a member of a

deputation from the Parliament), but not your face. What can I do for the Pope?"

"Sire," I answered, "at present the only order I have received from his Holiness is to express to your Majesty the deep interest he takes in your situation, his affection for your sacred person, and his assurance that the Church may always rely on your powerful protection. In the present condition of affairs, he cannot give a greater proof of his confidence than by appointing a member of your own Parliament to represent him at your Majesty's court; and," I added, "your Majesty may rest assured that the fidelity I owe the Pope as his subject cannot in any degree lessen the loyal allegiance I owe your Majesty, and which I have sworn as a member of your Parliament. You will have every day proofs of my zeal for your service in administering justice to your subjects in the Chambre des Vacations,[1] under the presidency of M. de Rosambo."

The king was graciously pleased to express his gratitude to the Pope for the evident good-will implied in the selection of myself as his representative.

My residence at this period was in the Cour des Fontaines, Palais Marchand.[2]

I had refused to abandon the ecclesiastical habit and mount guard, before the 10th of August. After that fatal date, I was constantly insulted and threatened in the streets. On one occasion, five men pur-

[1] Established by a decree of the National Assembly on the 29th of November, 1789, to perform certain legal functions in the absence of the Parliament.

[2] Near the Palais-Royal, Rue de Valois.

sued me through the Rue Saint-Eustache, shouting: "Look out for the aristocrat! look out for the aristocrat of the Palais!" I walked along quickly, keeping close to the shops, and so escaped. I could not help turning round now and then, however, and saying to my persecutors: "Why are you attacking a person who is doing you no harm?"

From that moment, I was on my guard, although there was no change in my mode of living. For, mild and gentle as you may think me now, my natural disposition is never to yield to fear, and never to do anything on compulsion.

At length, a massacre was resolved on at a secret meeting, and the several sections searched everywhere for priests, and even for laymen who had become objects of suspicion.

I was not troubled for seventeen days afterward, and was beginning to have a pleasant feeling of security. Still, as I had heard some talk of a domiciliary visit, I cautioned my housekeeper — the most devoted of servants, but an *aristocrate*, in the parlance of the times, to the tips of her fingers — to be very polite and humble with the commissaries of my section, in case they did me the honor of calling on me.

This admirable woman had been an attendant of my mother for over thirty years, and had been specially intrusted by the latter with the management of my domestic affairs, for they are matters with which I never meddle.

It was fortunate I warned her, for, on the night following, at two in the morning of the 27th of August, there were loud and repeated knocks at my

door. My poor housekeeper, in her hurry to execute my orders to the letter, ran her head against the corner of a door in the dark, and was painfully hurt. In spite of this, she threw open the door, and ushered five men, dressed in tricolor scarfs, into my bedroom. They were the commissaries of my section, and were followed by twenty armed men.

I had been indisposed for some days, and was at the time so feverish that I was obliged to rest my elbow on the pillow while drinking a glass of lemonade.

"You see before you, gentlemen," I said, as they were entering, "a man with a high fever, lying in bed. What do you want?"

"Oh, do not be uneasy!" answered one of them, who seemed to be the leader. "We do not intend to cause you the least annoyance; we know you are the Pope's ambassador: give up your correspondence."

"Indeed!" I returned. "Then, if you know I am the Pope's ambassador, you know also that my person is sacred; and yet you have forcibly violated my domicile. As to my correspondence, it has so little value in my eyes, that I am in the habit of using it to warm my shirts before putting them on. You will, perhaps, find a few scraps of it in torn envelopes on the floor of my study. For that matter, you can go and try." And I let my head fall back on my pillow.

Still, I was anything but easy in my mind. I did not know, at the time, that my poor housekeeper, always full of wise forethought and anxiety in my regard, used to be on the watch for the moment when I had finished my letters on Wednesday and Saturday. She would then take my correspondence from

the portfolio, in which I had placed it with my other papers, carry it to the garret, and hide it under the dove-cots. She never gave me a hint of these precautions, because she well knew that measures dictated by fear were not to my fancy, and that I would never have been a consenting party to her little stratagem. I may as well acknowledge, by the way, that this ill-timed courage of mine has often got me into awkward scrapes. The prudent circumspection of this poor woman was infinitely more estimable, for courage does not exclude prudence. But in those days —I was young!

And now I may as well tell you the name of this admirable woman, — it was Blanchet. She became afterward the object of the respect and affection of my friends and of all who heard me speak of her. She well deserved their sympathy, for she shared my dangers, and was imprisoned three times: in the Couvent des Anglaises, Rue Saint-Victor, for eight months, and in the Grande Force and the Madelonnettes for three. M. de Malesherbes, who was afterward guillotined for defending the king, used to leave his carriage occasionally behind him on the banks of the Seine, and walk to my lodging in the Rue des Augustins, where I lived after the massacre. Whenever he did not find me at home, he would spend a full hour talking with her. She did not know how to read or write, but M. de Malesherbes said: "She is a woman of wonderful natural intelligence and sensibility, and has all the vivacity of her native Provence." She was known to the queen, and was not a stranger to the munificence of Pius VI.

The commissaries of my section, after seeking and not finding, drew up a report. They requested me to rise and sign it. It was about six in the morning. I called their attention to the fact that, as I was ill, I could not rise; but a man whom I recognized as an ex-soldier of the guard attached to the Parliament, said to me: "You had better get up, monsieur; they are quite capable of compelling you to do so." I immediately jumped out of bed, and was dressed in the twinkling of an eye. "I am quite ready to follow you," I exclaimed, "but I refuse to sign your report." These words seemed to embarrass them for a little. I followed them. When I came to the head of the staircase, I perceived a considerable number of armed men about the door. I told the leader that, when I surrendered at discretion, I had no notion I was about to be led along in the middle of such a band, and flatly refused to stir until it was dismissed; we had an angry dispute on the matter, but at last I gained my point.

Then I noticed that they were carrying a big chest with them. It contained the archives of the nunciature, which I had been unable to conceal.

I was immediately brought before the committee of the section, where a fresh report was drawn up, verifying my appearance before it, and ordering me to be conducted to the Committee of Surveillance of the famous Commune of the 10th of August. I insisted again that I should be allowed to proceed without an escort. But this time I failed, and so I had to march like a criminal between my ruffianly guards, who shouted every minute: "Down with the

calotin (white-choker)! Take a look at the Pope's minister!"

We passed through the street which runs along the Seine, then across the Place de Grève, all the time surrounded by the vilest of the rabble. It was now a little after eight o'clock.

When we reached the Hôtel de Ville, I was ushered into a very small apartment, filled with wretches who had scarcely the form of humanity. Tricolor scarfs were passed over the dirty rags that covered their bodies, and they were amusing themselves, with an air of great triumph, by knocking my chest about and handling it so roughly that I expected every moment to see it open of itself.

My poor Blanchet, bathed in tears, her little son, aged thirteen, and a young man, the only male servant I had at the time, — indeed, these three composed my entire household, — had followed me sadly at a distance.

I had scarcely entered this den of cannibals, when one of them cried: "This is a rascal fit for the guillotine!" I answered without emotion: "And this is the language of a people which boasts of being free!"

After threatening me with all kinds of horrors, they decided to question me on the nature of my correspondence with the Pope. I firmly refused to answer, telling them that they had neither authority nor jurisdiction to try me. Then they ordered me to be led to the police-station of the Mairie;[1] it was

[1] To-day the Préfecture de police.

formerly the court of M. Brocard de Saron, ex-President of the Parliament, my venerated friend, who had been expelled from it in less than twenty-four hours by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and Pastoret, the one president and the other attorney-general of the department.

I set forth anew, then, attended by the same body-guard, and was marched as a criminal into that building which I had so often entered as a respected magistrate.

This time, the chest containing my archives did not form a part of the procession, but remained at the Hôtel de Ville.

I was brought before a little committee composed of five members. Among them I recognized that Marat who was to become so celebrated and so terrible, and from whom a fearless young girl, Charlotte Corday, worthy of a better fate, delivered France. This monster, who had received the appointment of veterinary surgeon to the stables of the Comte d'Artois, had, on a certain occasion, been consulted by me as a physician. The wretch already bore in his soul, a soul as hideous as his face, the germ of his future atrocities, for he wrote out a prescription for a medicine that would have surely killed me, if the famous druggist of the Rue Jacob had made it up for me. "Why," he said, "it is pretty evident this medicine cannot be for you. It is horse medicine. I recognize the signature of your doctor. He is a madman." Apparently, Marat had looked on me as a subject from the stables he physicked, and good to try an experiment on!

The scoundrel burst out laughing as soon as he saw me, but did not insult me, as the other ruffians had done.

It was this same Marat who, on meeting me later on, after the massacre, in the stone gallery[1] of the Palais-Royal, shouted to me: "Take good care of your ears!"

[1] The other galleries were of wood up to 1829.

CHAPTER II.

THE POLICE OFFICE OF THE MAIRIE.

The Prison and the Prisoners.—The Abbé Sicard.—The Grand Vicars of Toulouse, Bourges, and Strasbourg.—The Curé of Saint-Jean en Grève.—The Abbé Gervais, Secretary to the Archbishop of Paris.—A "Knight of the Poniard!"

I was then hurried across the yards next the stable, and forced to enter a sort of garret on the second story. It was an immense apartment, but the ceiling was so low that a man of five feet six inches could hardly stand upright. It was full of prisoners, numbering, as I learned afterward, eighty. They were huddled together on straw. They did not pay much attention to me at first, but were loud in their complaints of the state of the litter, which had not been changed for four days. The light that penetrated into this gloomy abode came from a few narrow windows crossed by iron bars; it was not sufficient to dispel the darkness, which was simply appalling. Truly this was the vestibule of death.

At first I was stunned by the ghastly nature of my surroundings, and my eyes wandered hither and thither without resting on any particular person, until one of the prisoners recognized me and approached. I also recognized him. He had held a

legal office in the Parliament, and was named Féron. As he was stretching out his arms to embrace me, he exclaimed, —

"Can a man such as you are be here!"

"My dear friend," I answered, "my presence here is not as strange as that of yourself, for I well know what a thoroughly honest man you are; but the thought that I am in your company gives me some pleasure."

Directing my attention to a wretched mattress, which I had not observed, he added: "As I am ill, I have obtained this mattress, although with the greatest difficulty. Do me the favor to accept it; otherwise, you will have only a little straw for your bed, and not clean straw either. You can imagine the condition it is in when people have been sleeping, spitting, and lying on it for the last four days."

I was deeply affected by his generosity, for it is my nature to be moved by all unselfish deeds, and I have never forgotten his. Nevertheless, I refused his disinterested offer. I did not care to deprive him of the little comfort — comfort! good Heaven! — he had in his dreary imprisonment; and, shall I confess it? I was afraid of catching his fever, especially as my own had suddenly left me. But when I saw afterward that my refusal gave him great pain, I determined to accept, be the consequences what they might.

He left me, and went to converse with several other persons, who thereupon came to salute me with the most respectful deference. Among them was the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, a man as vener-

able for his virtues as for his years; he was eighty. Like the Abbé Godard, grand vicar of the Archbishop of Toulouse, he had to keep always in a stooping position, for they were both six feet high. Besides many other well known persons, the Abbé de Bouzet, grand vicar of Rheims, a grand vicar of Strasbourg, the Abbé Sicard, and the Abbé Gervais, secretary to the Archbishop of Paris, paid me their respects.

I was about to thank them, and was congratulating myself on having so many distinguished companions in misfortune, when I heard the voice of my poor Blanchet at the door, crying in heart-broken accents: "Monsieur, monsieur, won't you come and speak to me?" I drew near her. She said: "Here I am, monsieur, what do you want? what would you have me do?" She was all in tears. I did not see her, but I heard her sobs. "I would have you keep quiet," I answered. "I am here among persons of my own rank, and am perfectly satisfied. The fever has left me, and I am quite well. Get my chocolate ready, and bring with it a few peaches and a decanter of lemonade."

In fact, I was as punctual in drinking my cup of chocolate as I was in reading my breviary, — I fear, a little more so, perhaps; for, I confess to my shame, my occupations made me sometimes forget to recite it fully. In short, the little repast I have mentioned had been a habit with me since childhood.

I requested her also to tell my servant to bring with him whatever was necessary for my toilet. Without being excessively particular, I have from

my youth been fond of neatness. I always had myself shaved and my hair dressed almost as soon as I jumped out of bed. Never was this omitted, even in prison, except when I was placed in solitary confinement, under the Directory.[1] After the massacre, however, I cut my hair close, and, since then, no one has ever touched my head.

I also said to Madame Blanchet, "Remember that to-morrow is Thursday, and that I expect a basket to be sent to my lodgings. You will carry it to my friend in the Rue Sainte-Croix de la Bretonnerie. Tell him to open it, eat the contents, and be sure to write a letter of thanks, unless he hits on a more convenient method of expressing his satisfaction."

My Blanchet might not know how to read and write, but she was as sharp as a razor. A hint from me was always enough for her. She understood me perfectly. These words meant: "Remember that to-morrow is Thursday, and that I expect a courier from Rome. You will carry my despatches to my friend in the Rue Sainte-Croix de la Bretonnerie. Tell him to read them, and be sure to send Guillaume — the private courier placed at my disposal by the Court of Rome — to Italy to inform the Pope and his Secretary of State of my sad position." Every order I gave Blanchet was executed to the letter.

I added: "Send Lafrance to me." He was my valet. To dress my hair and wait on me when I dined in the city embraced all his duties. He came shortly afterward, but the only order I gave him was to obey Madame Blanchet implicitly.

[1] See Book III.

When I returned to my companions, I threw myself on the mattress, for I had been on my legs since two in the morning. Reflecting on what was likely to become of me, I became very melancholy for a time.

The curé of Saint-Jean en Grève was a saintly man, but very lovable, gay, and even jovial. He made an effort to dispel my sad thoughts and to make me laugh, and sometimes succeeded. Then my companions joined me, one after another, and related their adventures. One of them especially attracted my attention. He was a wonderfully little man, but very handsome and dainty. He had been grand vicar to Cardinal de Rohan.

However, as I foresaw clearly the misfortunes that were about to overwhelm us, their efforts to amuse me had only very poor success, and, do what I could, I was not able to shake off the profound depression that had taken hold of me.

The hour for breakfast brought me some relief. Every one ate what he liked, and some took their meals in common. The dishes were in many cases of the choicest kind, and even the pastry left nothing to be desired.

But, as a foil to all this luxury, I saw a priest in a corner, wretchedly clad and anything but clean, eating a piece of dry bread.

The reason for this was, because, as we were not in a state prison, we had to furnish our own meals.

He appeared to be rather ashamed of making such poor cheer. I am always affected by the sight of misfortune, and when that misfortune is undeserved,

my emotion becomes very painful indeed. But priests inspire me with more compassion than other men, when they fall into misery. Nor is this a transitory feeling. When I visit the country parishes in summer, the spectacle of priests who lack the necessaries of life excites the same poignant anguish in my soul that it aroused in the days of my youth.

If I enumerate the things that, perhaps, tell in my favor, it is not from vanity; for I shall also confess to many acts of mine that you would hardly call creditable. I am determined to be candid in any case. I cannot, however, madame, shake off the apprehension that the very sincerity of my efforts to give you a full and accurate narrative of a crisis in my life may be the occasion of my partially losing that esteem in which you have been good enough to hold me, and depriving me of the kind regard you have so quickly conceived for me; for you will see that I did not ambition martyrdom, that I made very little preparation for death, and that all my courage consisted in presence of mind and inventing methods of escape. Still, after all, I think God has forgiven me my terrors, since I have been able to be useful to the Pope, at least for a short period, and to do some slight service to the Church.

I approached the priest, and said, —

"M. l'Abbé, you have evidently no relatives to look after your wants. Pardon my curiosity, — it springs from a feeling heart; tell me who you are."

My presence apparently caused him some embarrassment; but, quickly recovering his calmness, he replied, —

"I was one of the chaplains of the Hôtel-Dieu. On my refusal to take the oath, I was expelled from the hospital, with nothing but the clothes I had on. I have been here three weeks; I was arrested near the Tuileries, the day after the 10th of August, by persons who called me a rascal and a 'Knight of the Poniard.'"

At these words of the good priest, I confess I could hardly keep from laughing, and I murmured to myself as I contemplated him: "A Knight of the Poniard!"

I asked him what province he came from, and if he had any money. He answered that he was from Gascony, and had been paid so poorly at the Hôtel-Dieu that all he had about him was a few sous to buy bread.

"Well," said I, "you can keep your bread. I think my breakfast will soon be here, for I do not live a great way off, and there will surely be enough for you and me."

He was so well pleased that he took my hand and tried to kiss it, saying, —

"I know now who you are, and your charitable conduct is enough of itself to tell me that you are the worthy minister of the common Father of the Faithful."

My own emotion was great, and I pressed his hand affectionately.

The next moment, a covered basket was brought to me by a turnkey. It was my breakfast, and, among other things, contained an excellent soup *à la Borghèse*. My poor Blanchet was very clever and

skilful in most things, especially in sewing, but, as a cook, she was hardly a success. When I dined at home then, which occurred very seldom, she used to give me only soup and roast beef. And I found both in the basket, as well as some fine peaches, which she knew I was very fond of. She had added a silver spoon and fork to the provisions.

I gave the spoon to the abbé, who ate all the soup, and kept the fork for myself. He made such a hearty meal that I sent the turnkey for more bread; in fact, it was a pleasure to see him eating, — he did it so well. As for myself, I managed to dispose of two mutton cutlets and the wing of a chicken.

I shared my basket with the abbé every day. But I had not the opportunity of continuing my hospitality long, for we left this infectious and horrible place on the 1st of September, as you will soon learn.

I have said "infectious," and you will find it easy enough to believe me when you know that there were eighty of us packed together in a sort of garret that was quite too small for such a number. The roof was so low that, as I mentioned before, most of us could not stand up; the air was foul, and we slept, ate, and walked on straw, which was often not changed for several days. The fastidiousness of modern manners would revolt at other details, and therefore I feel a certain hesitation in saying, although the truth of history requires me to be somewhat explicit, that we were obliged to satisfy all the needs of nature in a barrel, placed in a corner of this hideous den, which was emptied only every twenty-four hours, and not always then.

A tall, fine-looking young man was suffocated by the stench, and did not recover, although he was immediately carried into the yard.

Such was the spot, then, where we tried to snatch an interval of repose when night came on; that is to say, we flung ourselves on the straw, but courted sleep in vain.

The venerable curé of Saint-Jean, who was as gay as a lark and as saintly as an anchorite, did a good deal to keep up our spirits. And here I may remark, in passing, that he was a shining example of God's predilection for the kind of piety that does not exclude amiability and cheerfulness; it is far superior, in His eyes, to the variety that is always pulling long faces and censuring one's neighbor. The good priest related comical stories that made us fairly roar, so that, in spite of the numerous reasons I had to feel melancholy, I laughed till the exercise became really painful. A person hearing but not seeing us might be excused for fancying that we were reclining on couches of down and purple. This lasted till one in the morning, and I was obliged to put a stop to it. "Come, come! M. le Curé," I said, "we have had enough; let us try and sleep!" He halted in the middle of his last story, and was silent for the remainder of the night. But God lost nothing by the mirthfulness of our vivacious comrade, who was up at four, or rather on his knees (for, on account of his height, he could not stand straight) praying to God and reading his breviary, as soon as he had sufficient light for the purpose.

CHAPTER III.

THE DECREE OF THE COMMUNE ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1792.

Manuel. — The Abbé Godard, Grand Vicar of Toulouse. — Message from the Bishops shut up in the Carmes to the Internuncio. — The Abbé Simon, Canon of Saint-Quentin, and Revolutionary Loyalty. — Artfulness and Artlessness. — The Abbé Sicard and the Watchmaker Monotte. — How will it End? — Where are we Going?

At length, Manuel, the attorney of the Commune, came to announce to us on Saturday, the 1st of September, that day of horrible memory, a decree passed by the municipality, according to the terms of which we were to be transferred that same evening. He did not venture beyond the threshold, as if he had to do with plague-stricken creatures; and, no doubt, he was afraid of being suffocated by the stench. He added that his object in coming was to give us notice. He left the decree behind him; it was a printed sheet, about the size of the posters affixed to the city walls.

The news drove nearly all my companions wild with joy. They thought they were at last to see the end of their misery. Some said: "We are sure to leave this evening; very likely we shall be deported, and we must collect money for the voyage." Others ex-

claimed: "They will probably send us to the Carmes, and we shall be much better off there."

But I did not share their confidence. I was leaning against one of the loop-holes that supplied the place of windows, and when I heard these words: "You are to be transferred," I gave up all hope. "Why," I said to myself, "that means, in the language of the law, that we are to be incarcerated in a state prison, for here we are only in a police-station. They are going to lock us up, and the end will be that we shall be tried for a criminal offence."

I was absorbed in these reflections when the Abbé Godard, a man well versed in ecclesiastical science, but very credulous and somewhat cowardly, went up to where the decree was hanging, and said: "Come here, I am going to read it out aloud." And as he could not stand — for he was over six feet — without knocking his head against the roof, he knelt down.

I confess I was full of pity for their simplicity; and, as in certain emergencies I find it absolutely impossible to conceal what I think, I said: "I do not wish to discourage you, but how can you expect mercy from the Commune of the 10th of August? You will have no chance of getting out of prison." I added: "You are simply going to be transferred from one prison to another; I know the meaning of judicial terms, and you, too, as men of education, ought surely to be aware that to be 'transferred' does not mean to be released. I believe it would be much more to our advantage if we remained some time longer in this prison, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, is still but a police-station, than to enter

a state prison, where we shall have to endure the sickness of heart that springs from justice delayed."

"You are a visionary," answered the Abbé Godard, "and everything assumes a sable hue in your eyes." And he broke out laughing.

Manuel, with an affected air of kindness, had told us that we might receive our relatives and friends during the day.

But, as far as I was concerned, I must acknowledge that I paid little attention to what was passing around me. I was again sunk in a deep revery, and had almost lost all consciousness of my situation, when the jailer entered abruptly and pronounced my name. I recovered my self-possession immediately, and ran to the door, which remained open. There I found a man who was poorly clad and very advanced in years. He saluted me respectfully and inquired whether I was the Abbé de Salamon, internuncio of the Pope. "Hush!" I said quickly; "do not utter those words. What can I do for you, in the sad position in which I am placed?"

Still, my appearance was by no means calculated to inspire pity. I had not changed my habits in prison, and continued to act just as I had done in my own chamber after rising; by this I mean that I was fresh shaved, and had my hair powdered in precisely the same fashion in which it is to-day, except that in those days, alas! I had a good deal more of it. Madame Blanchet had taken care that I should not want for clean linen. Consequently, my external appearance afforded a strong contrast to that of my companions, who were as wretched looking a body

of human beings as can well be imagined, with their stubby, neglected beards, and their skull-caps, which they never took off night or day, all covered with down. They resembled those convalescents in the public hospitals who wander listlessly along the corridors, not knowing what to do with themselves.

"I am a priest," said this individual; "but I have not been imprisoned, and I am sent to you by the Archbishop of Arles, the bishops of Saintes and Beauvais,[1] and the priests incarcerated in the Carmes. They have learned with the liveliest sorrow that you, the representative of the Pope and so necessary to the welfare of the French Church, are a prisoner. As they are unable to communicate with the Sovereign Pontiff, they have ordered me, should I meet you, to express the profound respect they entertain for you, and to ask your advice, especially as to the line of conduct to be adopted with regard to the new oath of liberty and equality which has been decreed, and which every one is obliged to take."

It was, indeed, a lamentable fact that the new legislative assembly had begun its labors with the proclamation of the Republic, and had then decreed the oath of liberty and equality.

My answer to the worthy priest was as follows: "I am moved to tears by the excessive kindness of the Archbishop of Arles and his illustrious brethren." And in this I said nothing but the truth. I was, in fact, penetrated with fear and respect at the spectacle of those great prelates, as eminent for vir-

[1] Mgr. Dulau and the two Rochefoucaulds.

tue as for knowledge, coming to seek counsel from me, a young priest simply, and a person who, though invested with an exalted dignity, was far from being on a level with these mirrors of the Church. For a few moments I was incapable of uttering a word; but, recovering my presence of mind, I continued: "Convey to them the expression of my humble and fervent veneration and gratitude. But what am I except a mere priest, although honored with the confidence of the Sovereign Pontiff? How could I presume to offer advice to the Archbishop of Arles, that new Chrysostom, or to the Abbé de Rastignac and the Abbé Bonnaud, those distinguished clergymen who have lately published works on those very subjects of the most luminous and elevated character? It is for them rather to enlighten me on these questions."

"Monsieur," he answered, "your modesty does you honor, and it will give me great pleasure to make it known to those who have sent me to you. But have the goodness to tell me what you think of the new oath of liberty and equality. I entreat you to do so."

"I cannot have any idea as to the intentions of the Pope, as this oath is quite recent. But I venture to assert that he will not regard it with favor, and, since you persist in asking my opinion, I have only this to answer: I shall not take the liberty of blaming those who take the oath, but, as for myself, I am fully determined to refuse to do so. Tell those gentlemen we shall go over the matter carefully when we meet again."

Alas! it was fated that we should never meet in this world!

While I was in the little ante-room of our prison, a priest named Simon, canon of Saint-Quentin, came in. He was over eighty years old, and wanted to see his brother, who was seventy-five. He was allowed to enter; but, when he was about to leave, one of the jailers said to him: "You are a priest; since you have entered the prison you must remain. You will be led before the tribunal with the rest in a few minutes." He was massacred at the Abbaye, and his brother, who was imprisoned before him, escaped. Strange capriciousness of human destiny! or rather, immutable decrees of Divine Providence, before which we must bow in adoration!

After returning to my prison, I bathed my head with aromatic vinegar. Blanchet had managed to hand me a bottle of it secretly, so that I might have some way of overcoming the foul odors and keeping up my courage.

My poor, dear Blanchet, whose devotion was always on the watch, and always searching for opportunities of serving me, used to remain in the vestibule of the prison, in order that she might at least hear the sound of my voice, or get a few words from me betimes. She never stirred from her post until nightfall, when the turnkeys hunted her away.

One morning I heard her weeping bitterly, and said, —

"What is the matter with you now?"

"Oh, monsieur," she replied, between her sobs, "I was at the Grand-Marché this morning, looking

out for the nicest peaches I could find for you; the agitation in Paris is more frightful than ever, and the execrations of the rabble against the priests are so terrible that I am sure we are on the eve of some great misfortune. And you will not let me do something to get you out of prison!"

"No," I answered, "don't be discouraged, — I must share the fate of my brave companions. Remember, if anything happens, that all my house contains is yours."

"Indeed!" she rejoined, with a mixture of tears and indignation, "and what good will what is in your house do me, if I lose you?"

Too much affected to continue the conversation, I turned away abruptly.

When I re-entered the room, I found my companions in a state of great excitement. Many were already making up their parcels as if they were about to leave in a few moments. Others were writing letters to their friends and relatives, announcing the good news, and asking money for the voyage, in case they were deported. In fact, I saw two hundred louis handed to the vicar general of Strasbourg, of whom I have already spoken. It was such things as this that gave occasion to the reports spread after the massacre — and I have often heard them myself since — that the priests had their pockets stuffed with gold to pay the Prussians and bring about a counter-revolution![1]

We remained in a state of uncertainty until Satur-

[1] It was also said in 1870 that the priests had carriages filled with gold, which they were sending to the Prussians!

day, the 1st of September, 1792. On that day, at eleven in the evening, a member of the Commune of the 10th of August, draped in his tricolor scarf, said to us in a loud voice: "Sixty-three of those who have been longest here will be transferred; let them come forward until I take down their names."

Although I was one of the newest arrivals, I hurried forward and presented myself — I really cannot tell why I did so. My name was entered without any question being put to me. It must assuredly have been an inspiration from Heaven; for if I am now in the land of the living, it is owing to the step taken by me then, as you will soon learn.

We were ordered to descend, one after the other, to the yard of the Palais.

Fifteen or eighteen of our companions remained behind us in prison. The most celebrated of them was the Abbé Sicard, the teacher of the deaf and dumb. He was, however, transferred with the rest on the following day at two o'clock, just at the very moment when the massacre began, and when the others were being butchered, without even the pretence of an examination, as they were getting out of the carriages.

The Abbé Sicard was the only one saved, and owed his escape to a watchmaker of the Rue des Augustins named Monotte, who was a notorious patriot and a great revolutionist, but, in his way, a sort of philanthropist as well. He threw himself in front of the assassins, and, baring his breast, shouted: "Kill me, but spare this man, whose life is

so necessary to suffering humanity." The assassins, seeing the abbé protected by so renowned a patriot, lowered their pikes and sabres, and let him go, slightly wounding him, though, as I have heard, in the ear. Unfortunately, he did not at once avail himself of his liberty, and was soon afterward again incarcerated in one of those little lock-ups, known in the slang of the day as "violons."

Have the goodness, madame, to excuse this slight digression. I have made it with the object of showing you that Divine Providence had already begun to shield me, by inspiring me with the happy thought of writing down my name among those who were to be transferred. If I had remained at the Mairie, I was inevitably doomed to a death of horror. I was sure to be butchered as I alighted from the carriage, with no hope that another Monotte would interpose to save my life. But I return to my subject.

As I have already stated, we descended to the yard; we were then hustled into the little carriages that were brought for us, — six into each.

As I was stepping into mine, I happened to turn my head, and perceived my whole household assembled on my right. Blanchet was sobbing as if her heart would break. She called to me to tell her where we were going. I answered, with a roughness of which I repented immediately after: "Why do you come to disturb me with your tears and make me lose courage? How can I tell where they are dragging me? Follow the carriage, if you like, and you will learn." But all the reply the poor woman made to my harsh words was to seize my hand and

kiss it. I drew it back sharply and entered the carriage.

The doleful procession began its march. An observer might have fancied we were going to execution by torch-light. We were guarded on every side, and had all the appearance of criminals being conducted to the scaffold. A dismal silence, as well as a darkness rendered more intense by a sky covered with clouds, gave additional horror to the sort of funeral procession in which we were taking part.

We passed along the Quai des Orfèvres, across the Pont-Neuf, and through the Rue Dauphine and the Carrefour de Bussy. "Why, they are not driving us to the Carmes!" said some one in my carriage; "we are leaving the street to the left of it, and going in the direction of the Abbaye." In fact, we were passing in front of the tower which is used as a military prison, and in which my friend, President de Champlâtreux, was detained at the time. He escaped the massacre in which so many of us were to be victims, but only to die on the scaffold afterward. We went on further. "Where are we going?" I said in my turn. I had hardly spoken, when we entered the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, which leads to the yard of the Benedictines.

We were escorted, along the whole way, not only by a multitude of armed men, but by crowds of the common people also. However, they kept silence, and seemed to be following us from curiosity merely.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE ABBAYE.

CANAILLE! — THE REFECTORY OF THE MONKS. — THE MILITARY PRISONERS. — AN UNPLEASANT BED-FELLOW. — THE ABBÉ VITALI, VICAR OF SAINT-MERRI. — MADAME BLANCHET IS NOT IDLE. — TORNÉ, CONSTITUTIONAL ARCHBISHOP OF BOURGES, AND PÉTION, MAYOR OF PARIS. — M. CLÉMENT DE SAINT-PALAIS. — THE EX-LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF THE KING.

WE were ushered into a large hall, which was used as a guard-house by the National Guard. The fact that they wore the uniform of the nation did not prevent some among them from receiving us with the coarsest insults. Besides, we had no place to sit down, for there were neither chairs nor benches.

This unfriendly reception, and the idea that I should have to spend the night in such a dreary abode, upset my courage completely. I was seized with a cold perspiration, and my fever returned. I staggered, and had to lean on the shoulder of one of my companions, saying to him; "And so, this is the place in which we must pass the night! I am afraid I am going to faint."

"I cannot be of much service to you," he answered; "we are all equally helpless in the midst of this *canaille*. The only thing for us to do is to suffer,

and not indulge in any womanish lamentations. Lean on me."

At this moment I saw a man enter who appeared to be giving orders. I approached him and said:

"Monsieur, shall we have to stay here the whole night?"

"It looks like it," he answered. "You were not expected; this place was intended for soldiers, and we made no preparations to receive you."

"For Heaven's sake, monsieur, conduct me to a room where I can sit down. You can see I am in a fever, or, if you cannot, please feel my pulse."

He paused a moment before replying. Then he said: "Well, I will see what can be done," and went out.

He returned soon after — it was about one o'clock — and told me to follow him.

I did so, and was led into a very large prison, lit only by a single lamp. The roof was supported by pillars. I learned afterward that I was in what had once been the refectory of the monks.

There were eighty-three prisoners, all soldiers or gentlemen, arrested on the 10th of August, or the days following it, with one exception.

This exception was a priest named Vitali, curé of Saint-Merri, a fine-looking man of charming manners. On the next day we had some conversation, and I found we had once known each other. He belonged to my native country, and we were, in fact, taught the rudiments of Latin together; but I had lost sight of him ever since I was nine years old, having been sent at that period to continue my studies at the

oratory in Lyons. Indeed, the rest of my life, I may say, has been passed far away from the home of my fathers. I was delighted at this happy meeting, which was not to last very long, however, as you will soon discover.

All these prisoners were stretched on mattresses lying on the floor.

You can easily conceive that the noise made by the prison door, opened abruptly without warning, at one in the morning, awoke every one. Each raised his head; some sat up on their wretched beds, to see who was coming at such an hour. Many recognized me at once, and said: "Ah, it is the Abbé de Salamon, ex-Councillor of the Parliament of Paris!" And then there was a dispute as to who should offer me a share of his couch.

But I did not recognize any of them — such a crowd of people in cotton nightcaps were not easily recognizable; and, thanking them from my heart, I said:

"I think I shall borrow a part of his mattress from the gentleman who is next to me, and who has had the kindness to invite me to do so, although he is not acquainted with me."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when I perceived that this gentleman was a negro, who was about to be tried for desertion, as I learned subsequently.

In spite of this discovery, I lay down beside him, without undressing; after a time, however, the odor became unendurable. I turned on the other side, and tried to sleep; I succeeded, but the noise made by my companions awoke me before daylight. They

were nearly all sitting on their mattresses, chattering away as loud as they could, complaining of the manner in which they were treated by the commissaries, who had not put in an appearance for the last three days, and lamenting that they were not allowed to purchase the things absolutely necessary for them in the city.

I have been in five prisons during the Revolution, — twice in the Mairie, then successively in the Abbaye, the Grande Force, the Grande Police, and the Conciergerie, and I have noticed in every case that the prisoners were always inclined to make complaints, and even to revolt.[1]

When the day was a little advanced, the jailer entered and said to me, —

"There is a woman yonder who wants to speak to you, but you cannot see her; you may go to the door."

Of course, you have guessed it was poor Blanchet, come to take my orders.

Then, reflecting that our imprisonment might be long and even dangerous, I began, for the first time, to think seriously of my situation, and to consider what was the best means of recovering my liberty.

"Go and see M. Torné," I said to her.

The Abbé Torné was an ex-preacher of the king; he was now a constitutional bishop, and a member of the Legislative Assembly, — a very bad man, a furious revolutionist, and, what is worse, an immoral priest. Before I became acquainted with him, I had rendered

[1] Mgr. Salamon must have been easily satisfied if he did not feel inclined to complain himself of the prisons he describes.

him certain services. He owed his success in gaining a suit at Rome, in reference to a benefice, to my intervention; he was not the more grateful to the Pope on account of that, however.

"Tell him," I added, "that I am in prison, and that I depend on him to have me released."

I ordered her to take a carriage, as the jailer had said: "The old woman who wants to see you seems to be quite fatigued and exhausted."

I learned afterward that, during the five days that elapsed since my arrest on Wednesday, she had never eaten a morsel, and had had nothing to keep up her strength, during her many wearisome journeys, but a bottle of Martinique, which she found in my cellar. She remained most of the time at the door of the prison, except when she went to market to buy me the finest peaches she could find, and a fat chicken, and to busy herself with the preparation of my simple repast.

Blanchet obeyed, and returned after two hours. She informed me that Torné, who, doubtless, was no stranger to what was about to occur, appeared thunderstruck on hearing that I was in prison. "Is your carriage still outside?" he asked. "Let us go to Pétion —" And he muttered, as he was descending: "He must be saved!"

They started at once for the mayor's residence. Torné was an intimate friend of Pétion, who was a horrible man, but so much worshipped by the populace of Paris that they used to carry slips of paper in their hats, bearing these words in large letters: "Pétion or death!"

The efforts of Torné to see Pétion were unavailing. All he could obtain from the mayor was a note, which was sent out to him and brought to me by Madame Blanchet, containing those words: "The person in whom you are interested will be liberated at three o'clock."

What cool perfidy! It was Sunday, the 2d of September, and the massacres were to begin at two! Yes, indeed, it was very possible I might be liberated, but liberated to be assassinated. Not being in the secret of the horrors that were preparing, I felt elated by the note, and endeavored to calm the excitement of Blanchet, for the poor woman also believed that the cause was won, and was beside herself with joy. "Come, come, Blanchet," I said, "all is turning out well. I insist on you going and taking some rest. I have need of nothing at present."

I left her and walked into the centre of the hall, to get a good look at my fellow-prisoners.

The Abbé Vitali, as I mentioned before, was a fine-looking man, with the most amiable expression of countenance imaginable. He came up and made known to me the pleasure he felt in my society. He begged me to accept a cup of *café à la crème*, which I did, on seeing that my refusal to do so at first gave him pain.

This prison, as I have said already, contained soldiers of all ranks, and he was the only ecclesiastic among them.

However, I recognized also an ex-magistrate of the Cour des Comptes, M. Clément de Saint-Palais, afterwards one of the commandants of the National Guard.

But I refused to address a single word to him, for I regarded him as a deserter of the good cause.

A very old soldier, once lieutenant-general of the armies of the king, on hearing my name, approached, and, saluting me with great politeness and respect, said, —

"You are an ex-Councillor of the Parliament. Would you be so kind as to tell me how I ought to answer the questions that will be put to me when I am brought to trial?"

"But why are you here?" I asked.

"I was arrested at the Tuileries on the 10th of August."

"Well, then, you must say quite the contrary.[1] You must answer that, being an old man, almost an octogenarian, you were in the habit of taking a walk in the Champs-Elysées almost every day; that you had gone there on the 10th of August, according to your usual custom, being utterly ignorant of what was occurring in the Château, and that a patrol arrested you, while innocently strolling around."

Just when I had finished my little discourse, the man who had conducted me to this prison during the night, entered and said, —

"Come along with me."

"Please, monsieur," I replied, "let me stay here; I have met a priest whom I knew in childhood, besides some other acquaintances, and I feel quite comfortable where I am."

Alas! I was unconsiously resisting that Divine Providence that had for twenty years been leading

[1] Mgr. Salamon was evidently something of a casuist.

me as it were by the hand; I was rushing to destruction! I was fated to learn, on that very day even, that all those worthy men, with whom I did my best to remain, had been butchered between three and six in the evening, and my poor vicar of Saint-Merri among them, in spite of his youth.

But the man would take no refusal, and I followed him, after thanking everybody, and particularly my negro, to whom I gave an assignat of five francs, called a *corset*. I had to borrow it from my venerable military friend, for I had not a sou at the time in my pocket.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY IN PRISON.

The Internuncio joins his Companions again. — The Last Repast. — A Monster.

We passed across a large yard in silence, and then I was shown into a very dark hall. It had been used as a chapel by a guild of artisans during the times when these corporations existed. Such chapels were quite common formerly in religious houses, especially in those of the Jesuits. I was agreeably surprised to find all my companions, whom I had left in the guard-house, assembled here. They seemed to be very glad at seeing me, and told me how grieved they were on account of my absence.

After we had exchanged many polite and friendly questions, I turned my attention to the place in which I now found myself.

It was a vast apartment, and had evidently not been inhabited for a long time. It was lighted by a large stained-glass window, like those you see in churches, broken in a hundred places, soiled with dust and rain, and covered with cobwebs.

There were neither beds, chairs, nor tables. The furniture consisted of one small bench with a very high back, capable of accommodating twelve or fifteen people at the most. It was what the Italians

call an *archibanco*. As for the floor, it was hidden by two or three inches of dirt.

The careful examination I made of this prison led me to the conclusion that we should not have to remain in it very long, and I said: "Clearly, it is the intention of our persecutors to send us to other quarters soon. You see there is no bed, no chair, and no straw here. In the mean time, a little cleanliness would do no harm. Let us ask for a couple of brooms and some water, and so get rid of all this filth on which we have to walk." Every one was pleased with the idea. The jailer was appealed to. We persuaded him to buy us the brooms, and, in a short time, the room assumed an appearance of some little neatness.

But it was now the 2d of September, a day that will ever remain horrible and shameful in the annals of France. It was Sunday, — I confess I did not think of it; but a good old priest — a far holier man than I can ever be — the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, thought of it for me. When we had finished sweeping, he said, —

"Gentlemen, to-day is Sunday; it is quite certain we shall not be allowed to say mass or to hear it; let us then kneel down, and, uniting our thoughts with those who are now celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, let us raise our hearts to God."

All applauded the proposal, and knelt down at once to pray.

We had, however, some laymen amongst us, — the first president of the Superior Council of Corsica, an advocate of the Parliament of Paris, a peruquier, of

whom I shall have something to say later on, a servant of the Duc de Penthièvre, and five or six soldiers who had deserted. In short, there were sixty-three of us all together.

After finishing our devotions, we began to promenade up and down or across the hall, in twos or in little bands. We discussed our situation, our probable fate, and the privations of all sorts we were compelled to endure, having no chair to sit on, and nothing to lean against when we were tired standing or walking. My companions had passed the whole night on their feet or stretched on the floor. As for myself, I had been but little better off, lying alongside my negro.

After a time, the jailer entered and said, —

"After to-day, it will be the duty of the nation to support you; but you were not expected, and there is nothing ready, so you must provide your own food. I have brought a caterer with me, who is at the door; you had better see him."

The Abbé Godard and I, as we were less excited than the others, went to the caterer, and said:

"Have dinner for sixty-three ready in about two hours at forty sous a head. We will be responsible for those who cannot pay."

Besides the deserters, who were a wretched-looking lot, there were two or three priests quite as badly off, and, as we were altogether uncertain what was going to become of us, it was not a time to show ourselves uncharitable.

For that matter, I must say that I have always remarked the greatest union and generosity among

the prisoners in the several prisons I have passed through. Those who had, always shared with those who had not.

The time that elapsed before dinner was spent in walking, accompanied, I am bound to say, by a great deal of noise and disorder. All spoke at the same time, and it was impossible to hear what any one was saying. I soon left them, and betook myself to a corner of the little high-backed bench, from whence I examined, not very attentively I confess, what was taking place around me. I remember very well that my thoughts often wandered, and were very sad.

Meanwhile, the caterer brought long, narrow tables into the hall, as well as benches to sit on, and served dinner at two in the afternoon. I noticed that he had provided some excellent boiled fowl; but I did not take my seat, for, just as I was about to do so, my peerless Blanchet, who never forgot anything, was at the door, and with her, a closely-covered basket containing a capital repast: soup *à la Borghèse* without bread, radishes, a very tender cut of boiled beef, a plump chicken, artichokes *au poivre* (which is a dish to which I am exceedingly partial), and the loveliest peaches imaginable. In addition to all this, was a bottle of wine, as well as a silver fork and spoon.

As the mere sound of my voice was a delight to my faithful old servant, I went to the door and shouted, —

"Blanchet, I am perfectly comfortable. Your dinner is splendid. I am going to dine now, and, if you don't do the same, I shall be angry."

"I will dine after three," she answered, "when M. Pétion lets you out. As it is, I could not swallow a morsel. For, besides the anxiety I am in on your account, I have observed that the excitement in the streets through which I have just passed is more terrible than ever."

"Well, how can I help it?" I said; "you must not let yourself be cast down by such a little thing as that."

I was far from suspecting that she had been looking on at the preparations for the massacres.

I left her, and said to my companions, —

"I regret I cannot join you. An old servant, full of solicitude for my comfort, has brought me my dinner, although I have never thought of asking or ordering her to do so. But I shall pay for my dinner like the rest, in order that the caterer may have no cause of complaint."

Thereupon, all took their seats at table very joyously.

As for myself, I sat on my little bench and set about examining the contents of my basket. I also called the poor priest of the Hôtel-Dieu, and said: "I have enough to eat for two. Do you take the soup, which I have great pleasure in offering to you; here is the spoon, I can manage with the fork."

I ate a slice of beef, the wing of a chicken, some radishes, an artichoke, and two peaches. All the rest, except the peaches, which I kept for myself, I gave to the poor priest, whom I had, in a certain sense, adopted. The excellent man ate up the whole, and drank my bottle of fine red wine as well. Very

likely the poor fellow had not breakfasted. It did me good to watch him.

We had amongst us a former servant of the Duc de Penthièvre. He still wore on the sleeves of his coat the gold lace of his livery. He was an excellent man. I often relieved the tedium of my imprisonment by conversing with him. He had conceived a warm affection for me, and was always ready to do me every service in his power. His brother-in-law had just sent him a melon, and a very prime one it was. When he saw I did not come to table, he brought me the half of it, and I had all the trouble in the world to persuade him that a slice was enough.

I went then to the Abbé Godard. "It seems to me," I said, "that you have a rather good dinner there for forty sous a head." And I added: "You must n't ask anything from that poor abbé yonder. I have invited him to share with me, and he certainly has n't a sou about him. His self-respect may be wounded if he has to confess that he cannot pay."

The Abbé Godard replied, —

"You may be easy; we 'll ask nothing of him."

These gentlemen remained a long time at dinner, laughed and joked, and made quite a noise. Every one of them had a good appetite, — and showed it. As for me, I retired to my corner, and, as I contemplated them, I could not help murmuring: "Great heavens! how gay they are!"

Scarcely had I given utterance to this reflection, when the bolts were shoved back with a loud harsh report, and the jailer flung the door open, —

"Make haste!" he cried; "the people are marching on the prisons, and have already begun massacring the prisoners!"

It was then half-past two.

You can easily conceive our stupefaction at the appalling news. Every one hurriedly left the table without finishing his dinner; and the Abbé Godard made a hasty collection to defray the expense of the half-eaten meal. There was no attempt at counting. Each put into the abbé's hat what he liked; there was even a surplus of fifteen francs, and this we gave as a gratuity to the jailer, hoping thereby to gain his good-will.

Now, this man was a monster, as the event proved.

As soon as the tables were all carried out — I should mention that one small one was left behind, whether through forgetfulness or treachery[1] you will have an opportunity of guessing — the jailer followed them, shoved his horrible bolts to, and left us to ourselves.

[1] There is nothing in the pages following to explain this remark. — Tr.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR DEATH.

HOURS THAT SEEM CENTURIES. — THE CRIME OF THE PARLIAMENT'S ADVOCATE. — THE SHOP-WOMAN OF THE PLACE MAUBERT AND THE YOUNG MINIM MONKS. — THE LAST ABSOLUTION. — THE PERUQUIER OF THE FAUBOURG SAINT-ANTOINE: "I AM AN HONEST MAN, AND THAT IS MY SOLE CRIME!" — OPTIMISTIC ABBÉ GODARD. — OH, THAT RASCAL OF A JAILER!

WE were in a dreadful state of agitation. Some cried, "What is going to become of us?" others, "Must we then die!" Many ran to the door to look through the hole in the lock, although there was no hole there, for the locks of prisons are only opened from the outside; while some stood on tiptoe, as if they could see through windows fourteen feet from the floor. Others walked this way and that, without knowing where they were going, and, in some cases, hurt themselves severely by running against the bench and the only table left in the room.

For myself, I remained seated in my corner, intent on all I saw, and counting the strokes of the clock, which struck twelve times every quarter of an hour.

I was impatient for nightfall, for I thought, when it came, the massacres would stop. Poor simpleton

that I was! Little did I know yet of the fury and wickedness of our assassins!

Sometimes I shouted to my companions to keep silence; I feared the great noise we were making might attract the attention of people outside, and hasten our destruction.

The cries of the mob began to reach us. It was like a low, mighty murmur heard at a distance.

Now and then, the noise made by my companions ceased in consequence of my appeals for silence; but they soon resumed their wild, unreasoning tramping up and down the hall.

I got up and flung myself among them, in the hope that my presence might, some way or other, restrain them.

I approached that poor advocate of the Parliament, who had given me his mattress with such hearty good-will at the Mairie. He was the most timorous of men. He was trembling in every limb, as if he had a fever, and perhaps he had one, for all I know.

"Try and calm yourself, my dear comrade," I said; "you are not a priest, you will probably be spared. But, by the way, how is it that you have got into prison?"

"For concealing a non-juring priest in my house, a man whom I had known for forty years."

"Still, you must not lose your head and get discouraged," I returned. "I only wish I was in your place. You just tell them you are the father of a family and have five children, that you are not of noble birth, and that you are ignorant why you have been incarcerated."

Alas! it was written in the book of this man's destiny that he was to die! He was slaughtered about two in the morning. He had lost his head, as I feared, and the story he told his murderers was the very reverse of the one I had invented for him.

I next accosted two young monks belonging to the order of Minims: the one was a deacon and the other a subdeacon. The younger had the face of an angel. They saluted me with the deepest respect.

"Why, how comes it," I asked, "that mere boys like you have attracted the attention of those who have put you in prison?"

"We were hidden," replied the elder of the pair, "in the house of a shop-woman in the Place Maubert. She was a pious woman, and not too well liked by her neighbors; they found we were staying with her, and denounced her. She was imprisoned in La Force and we in the Mairie."

"What a calamity for you!"

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed the younger. "I do not look on it as a misfortune, monsieur, to die for my religion. I am afraid, on the contrary, they will not let me die, because I am only a subdeacon."

I was melted to tears on hearing those words, — words worthy of the early martyrs of the church. I must even confess that they made me blush, and I was ashamed at witnessing such noble sentiments in so young a man, while I was anything but disposed to entertain similar thoughts. My astonishment prevented me from replying for a moment. But I recovered from my emotion and said to him: "Thank God! if you are not a priest, you are not intended to

be a martyr. But you wish to be one, and that is quite as praiseworthy in the sight of God. Perhaps He reserves you to do great things in His service."

At this moment, I was interrupted by the jailer, who rushed in to tell us that the people were furious; a frightful massacre was going on in the yard next the street; all in the prison where M. l'Abbé had slept — and he looked hard at me as he said these words — had been butchered, and not a single one had escaped.

It was then five in the evening.

This unexpected intelligence sent a shudder through every one of my veins. When I became a little composed, I returned thanks to God, who, in spite of myself, had rescued me from that prison.

We were all in a state of consternation. We turned by a sort of inspiration to the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, that venerable old man of eighty, who enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, and begged for absolution *in articulo mortis*. This holy priest, who maintained all the calmness of a stainless soul, answered that the danger did not yet seem sufficiently imminent, and we ought to prepare for death in a manner more conformable to the spirit of the Church. He added that there were several priests among us with faculties to hear confession, and we should prepare for every eventuality by a good confession.

What are you going to think, madame, of my apparent coldness and indifference? To please you, I am perhaps risking the loss of your good opinion; but I have promised, in all sincerity, to give you a full account of this awful period of my life. I must not, then, forget any incident in it, or attempt to

make myself out better than I am. I desire to set before your eyes my weaknesses as well as my courage, and to confess to you that, in this supreme moment, my eyes were riveted on this world rather than on the next.

Instead of confessing, I went and sat down mechanically in my accustomed place, which seemed to have been given up to me by tacit consent, for I always found it unoccupied. And there, with my face in my two hands, I looked on at what was passing around me through my fingers, without being able to analyze my own impressions.

I saw several priests still sitting on the bench beside the table which had been left behind after dinner, and others on their knees, beginning their confessions. I continued in this posture for over an hour without stirring. My eyelids closed, and I remember I had the greatest difficulty to keep from falling asleep. Then I said the *Pater* and *Ave*, my favorite prayers, from time to time. I have been so much in the habit of reciting them that I often feel myself unconsciously repeating them in my walks. I also counted anxiously the strokes of the clock.

"Ah!" I murmured at length, "it is seven; it will soon be night, and the ruffians will go away!"

At this moment, the thought came to me that I was not acting like the others. I rose suddenly and threw myself at the feet of the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, who was not then hearing anybody's confession. As he was an exceedingly tall man, he knelt down in order to listen to me.

My sad confession was interrupted by that horrible

jailer, who took a pleasure in bringing us false tidings, and who cried, in his coarse voice, —

"The people are in a greater rage than ever; there are more than two thousand of them now in the Abbaye."

And, in fact, the howls and roars of the mob, which as yet had only reached us indistinctly, were now more audible and menacing.

The jailer added: —

"I have just learned for certain that all the priests in the Carmes have been massacred."

We were afterward informed that some of them had escaped by climbing the walls that separate the Carmes from the neighboring gardens. You will remember that I called your attention to these walls the time we visited the Carmes together.

No sooner did we hear this agonizing intelligence, than all my companions, priests and laymen, fell on their knees before the curé of Saint-Jean, and begged him, with every sign of compunction and repentance, to give them absolution *in articulo mortis*. This holy man, who had been kneeling beside me, then rose up with impressive solemnity. His tall figure lent additional dignity to his attitude, and everything in him betrayed the messenger of God. After praying silently for a few minutes, he exhorted us to recite the *confiteor*, and to make acts of faith, hope, and charity. This every one did with much devotion, and then he gave us the absolution *in articulo mortis*, which we all had so ardently desired. He next turned to me and said: "I am myself a great sinner. It did not belong to me to absolve

those present, but to you, monsieur, who are the minister of our Divine Saviour's Vicar on earth, and now I beg you to give me the absolution I have given to you."

I confess I was overwhelmed with confusion at these words, and I had some difficulty in recollecting the formula which I had to pronounce. Then I arose and blessed the old man rather than absolved him.

Meanwhile, all had remained on their knees. The curé said: —

"We can regard ourselves as persons in the last agony, but yet in full possession of our reason, and perfectly conscious of what we are doing; we ought, therefore, to omit nothing that may obtain for us the mercy of God. I am about to recite the prayers for those in the last agony; unite in them with me, so that God may pity us."

He began the usual litanies, to which we responded with fervor. The tone in which the saintly priest uttered the first orison, commencing with these words: "Depart from this world, Christian souls, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," etc., melted almost the whole of us into tears.

Some of the laymen, however, complained, in a loud voice, of dying so young, and others invoked maledictions on our assassins. The good curé interrupted them, representing that we must forgive if we would be forgiven, and that God, in that case, would be pleased with our submission to His will, and would receive us into His salvation.

This act of our holy religion being accomplished,

we went back to our own places in the hall. And, indeed, we were truly like men in the last agony, like creatures who have had every spring in their mechanism broken by a long and wasting disease. It was a lamentable spectacle! The floor was inundated: sixty-three of us in this apartment ever since eight in the morning, and none allowed outside to satisfy the needs of nature. Consequently, the stench diffused around us was appalling.

Night came on. We were left without taper or candle. Fortunately, a bright moon arose resplendent in the heavens, and lit up the darkness that enveloped us. But I had to acknowledge my self-deception in imagining that night would put a stop to the massacres. They were continuing, and the shrieks of the victims and the howls of their assassins were growing more distinct in the silence of the night. Then the striking of the clock produced in me a revulsion of feeling, and the sounds which, a few hours ago, gave me pleasure and hope, now filled me with dismay and despair.

At this moment a young man accosted me. He was a perruquier. He raised his hat and said, —

"I have not the honor of knowing you, but I have been so much impressed with the courage you have shown since the morning, that something or other tells me you are not likely to die. I have come, therefore, to ask you to do me a little service, when you leave prison."

"You are mistaken," I answered; "I am a priest, and in far more danger than any one else."

"In any case, monsieur, do me the favor to give

this letter to my wife. As for myself," he added, weeping, "I know the persons who have sent me here; they are among the assassins, and waiting for my death. I live at No. 22 Rue des Amandiers in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I am an honest man, and that is my sole crime."

"If it does you any pleasure for me to take charge of your letter, I shall be happy to do so, and, if your prediction turn out correct, I will carry it to her as soon as I possibly can, after leaving prison."

The letter was not sealed, and I read it. It was instinct with all the tenderness and delicate sympathy a husband should experience for his wife. It was full of the wisest advice, and gave her special instructions as to the manner in which he wished his son to be brought up, whom, by the way, he did not want to belong to his own trade, that of a perruquier.

This unhappy man was massacred, as he had foreseen, and I executed the commission intrusted to me. I carried the letter to his wife, whom I found to be a very charming young woman. She was dressed in mourning when I saw her. She had been informed of the death of her husband before my visit, as I was unable to go near her for a fortnight after I left prison. She seemed profoundly affected, questioned me at length, and repeatedly kissed her husband's letter.

The jailer made his appearance again about ten at night, with two boys, who brought several baskets of wine. He said, —

"M. Pétion, mayor of Paris, will be here shortly with a battalion of the National Guard; he will ex-

amine you in person, and those who are not guilty will not be put to death. I have a few bottles of wine here, which will refresh you, and also some candles. We forgot to leave you any until now."

These tidings revived the courage of my companions at once. They questioned this cruel man, whose every answer was a falsehood, as he was arranging the bottles on the table. Their faces shone with joy. They were no longer the men who, a moment before, beat their breasts with compunction, prostrated themselves on the floor, and besought God's mercy. A melancholy example of the dying sinner who recovers unexpectedly! They surrounded the table, and began drinking their wine and eating their crusts of bread, as if nothing had happened.

But I was far from being a party to such self-deception, and I said to the Abbé Godard, from whom a little self-restraint might have been expected: —

"Why, how can you, abbé, on the mere word of that man, who wants only to sell his wine and get paid for it, become all at once so elated? I do not envy you whatever pleasure you may derive from drinking it, but surely this fellow is not speaking the truth. He was always telling us we were on the point of being murdered before; what value can you attach to the hopeful words he brings us now?"

"You are a very queer man," retorted the Abbé Godard; "you see assassins and executioners everywhere. What the jailer has told us is very probable."

I did not answer, and turned my back on him.

Recollecting that I had left a few peaches on the

corner of the bench, where I had sat almost the whole day, I went thither, picked them up, and ate them. While I was thus engaged, my eyes fell on the case containing my silver knife and fork. I put it in my pocket, saying, —

"If they kill me, they 'll find it on me, and if I escape I shall not have to return here in search of it."

You will be astonished, madame, to learn that, the very moment after I had been exhorting the others to banish all thoughts of drinking and amusement, and to prepare for death, I should so far forget my melancholy position as to fall to eating my two peaches, instead of awaiting prayerfully the fate reserved for me. The only explanation I can give of my conduct at the time is, that it was a singular result of the levity and inconsistency of the human mind.

When the jailer understood that his wine was being drunk, he returned to take his bottles and collect his money. Then he added, —

"M. Pétion was not able to wait, so you will not be examined until to-morrow; but he has left some of the National Guard for your protection."

Every word of this was a lie. M. Pétion had never stirred from the Hôtel de Ville for the last three days,[1] and never came near us, and the National Guard was as actively engaged in the work of assassination as the populace.

However, the tidings brought by this atrocious scoundrel were sufficient to dispel all the calmness of

[1] There seems to be some discrepancy between what the author says here and his narrative of the visit of Madame Blanchet and Torné to Pétion's residence on page 41. — Tr.

my poor companions, and they renewed their lamentations and disorderly promenading. After looking on at their fantastic capers for a while, I joined the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, who was walking by himself, praying and meditating with undisturbed serenity, as far as I could see.

"You perceive, M. le Curé," I said, "that this jailer of ours is a rascal. Was I not right in asking our companions not to drink his wine?"

"Alas! monsieur," he returned, "you were right enough, — but you have yet all the fire of youth untempered by experience. If you ever reach my age, you will also learn to be pitiful and indulgent to human weakness."

At the same instant, the low, continuous rumble that came to us from outside increased in volume, and appeared to be even nearer. I entreated my companions to listen to me. They all immediately advanced to the place where I was standing. I said to them: —

"You make so much noise that you are very likely to attract the attention of the mob. We have been here only since morning. This hall has never been used as a prison before, and it is quite possible the populace are unaware of any prisoners being here."

Little did I suspect that the jailer was a monster, and was himself coming at the head of a band of assassins to point out to them their victims.

"You ought, therefore," I added, "to keep as quiet as you possibly can, so that, should the murderers happen to approach in this direction, they may, on

hearing no sound and seeing no light, pass on further. Let no one, then, stir from the spot on which he stands, and let us all await our fate resignedly."

They followed my advice, and some even came and sat down beside me. Among the latter was the Abbé Godard.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PEOPLE.

The Prison is Invaded. — Fear Gives Wings. — Under the Pikes. — "Come Forward, Abbé! — An Excellent Woman, Who Has Only One Weakness. — Going Before the Tribunal.

Scarcely were we in this position, when the two doors of the hall — they were at the extremities, and exactly opposite each other — were assailed with violent and repeated blows. You can form some idea of the impression these blows made upon us. Our hearts stood still, and we seemed like beings turned to stone.

Suddenly, I heard near me a very loud noise. I turned my head, and noticed that the Abbé Godard was no longer beside me. Raising my eyes, I perceived that one of the panes of the window was wide open.

I confess I felt furiously angry with the Abbé Godard for the moment. "He is," I said to myself, "anything but charitable and generous, — he finds a place to hide in and never gives me a hint of it!"

I rose abruptly, placed one foot on the "archibanco," and the other on its back, and leaped to the ledge of the window, which was more than fourteen feet above the ground. Although I was agile enough

in those days, it is still a mystery to me how I did it. From my perch I saw the Abbé Godard in a little yard that seemed to me to be very low. However, I had to get there by hook or by crook, and, as I was afraid I might break my legs if I jumped, I resolved to hang on by the ledge and slide down along the wall as well as I could. This succeeded, and I reached the ground without any damage, except a slight scratch on my thigh, having torn my knee-breeches. All this takes long in telling, but was really executed in less than a minute. "I see you, Abbé; what are you doing there?" I said. "Where is the door? I see but one." And, indeed, the one I did see appeared to me to be stopped up with limestone.

The yard had evidently been long abandoned by the monks.

However, thirteen of our companions followed us, and among them the servant of the Duc de Penthièvre, who was sixty. The fear of death gives wings.

As soon as the mob had broken in the doors of the prison, they rushed forward, howling, "They have escaped! they are escaping!"

We were soon discovered, and a portion of the crowd ran round to the little door, which was easily battered down. Others climbed the walls, which were not so high on the outside, and began thrusting at us with their pikes, at the same time uttering violent outcries and imprecations. Fortunately, the pikes were very short and did not reach us. But they were alarming enough for all that, and we squatted in the angle of the wall opposite to escape

them. In fact, we were half-dead with terror, and I confess I trembled as much as the rest. I murmured in French the "Our Father," the Angelical Salutation, and an Act of Contrition. I feared we were about to be massacred on the spot, in the same manner in which the prisoners at the Carmes, as I learned afterward, were massacred.

Such was our situation when a gruff voice suddenly called out, —

"Abbé Godard!"

You can easily understand that our good abbé was in no hurry to show himself, or even to answer the summons. Dreading that his silence might serve only to irritate the mob, I said to him: —

"Come now, abbé, they know you; why do you not come forward, then? If you hesitate, you are sure to be massacred on the spot. Perhaps your tall figure — you will remember he was six feet one — will strike them with awe."

These words gave him a little courage, and he advanced toward the door; but he had scarcely reached it when he was seized by the collar by a big, fat ruffian, who hauled him through it, shouting: "We have him, the brigand! Come along, you old rascal!" Then I saw them both disappear in the crowd.

I felt quite sure that he was led away to be massacred, and for two weeks I remained certain of his death. But one fine day I met my abbé, as large as life, strolling along a street in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I was so astonished that for a few moments I could not utter a word. "Why," I at length ex-

claimed, "it is the Abbé Godard!" He told me that the men who appeared so ferocious were only there, in fact, to save him, and it was with the object of throwing dust in the eyes of the others that they acted in the way I have related, and pretended to ill treat him. He added that he had not the least doubt himself but that his last hour was come.

These men had been sent by Manuel, the famous Attorney-General of the Commune. He did not give them any written order for fear of becoming "suspect." Even as it was, he was in great dread of being compromised, as well as of being disobeyed by his agents.

The abbé was indebted to the entreaties of Manuel's mistress, whom he had known for a long time, for his safety. Her son was afterward a doctor. She was as humpbacked as Æsop, but quite as witty, and had a very pretty face. Except for her weakness in becoming the mistress of a scoundrel, she was an excellent woman. Still, perhaps I am too hard on Manuel, who perished because he refused to condemn his august master to death.

This lady owned a house at Meudon, and, as the king used to visit his château there for the purpose of hunting, during the years preceding his imprisonment, she had often opportunities of meeting him in the adjoining wood. The monarch, being doubtless charmed by the extraordinary winsomeness of this lovely person, one day asked her who she was, and she gained his entire confidence in the end. As I mentioned before, she was full of wit, and her manners and conversation were equally attractive. She

gave the king information on all matters with which she was acquainted, and, in fact, he had made arrangements for her occupying apartments in the Tuileries, before the 10th of August. Indeed, our unhappy sovereign had excited her interest to the highest degree. She had entire control over Manuel, who would have consented, if a certain illustrious personage had adopted his plans, to effect the king's escape from prison, in the early days of his detention, when he had still a part of his household with him.

But these details have too little to do with the massacres that I should dwell any longer on them. However, I can certify to their accuracy, having heard them from the lips of this excellent woman herself, when I had afterward occasion to see her. If I have ventured on this short digression it is because I am tired of always talking of myself, and also, madame, because it gives me an opportunity of mentioning an incident in the life of that august and too unfortunate sovereign whose favor and confidence your grandfather and father have deserved and enjoyed.

Now I return to myself. No one else was called, after the Abbé Godard had disappeared. The assassins stood before the door, looking at us curiously, and without anger, apparently. Then, without paying much attention to what I was doing, carried away by my natural impulsiveness, impatient to put an end to this cruel uncertainty, and thinking that, perhaps, my action might have some influence on them, I went quickly toward the door, and said, —

"Here I am; I am not guilty."

The wretches, believing, doubtless, that I was try-

ing to escape, levelled their pikes at me. I do not know whether it was imagination or reality, but I thought the point of a pike touched me, and I took a step backward. At the same time, I cried out, with all my might, —

"Unhappy men, what would you do! I declare to you, before Heaven, that I am not guilty!"

At these words, a middle-aged man, apparently from the country, his hands all red with blood, dressed in a wagoner's blouse which dripped with blood also, and carrying a lighted torch, said to me:

"Come with me, and, if you are not guilty, no one will do you any harm."

I took his arm immediately. The crowd, which, at this point, was very closely packed, separated into two lines, and allowed me to pass through, without insulting me. During the whole passage, I did not utter a single word; however, it was very long, for we had to cross an extensive yard and part of a garden. We were escorted on our way by an immense crowd of armed men, our path lit up by numerous torches and the rays of a bright moon, which shone serenely over this vile band of cut-throats.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASSACRE.

THE COURT AND THE JUDGES.—THE STRATEGY OF THE INTERNUNCIO.—THE PASSING OF THE MARTYRS.

At length we reached the dwelling of the monks, and entered a low hall, opening on the garden, through a glass folding-door. A large table, covered with a green cloth, stood in the middle, and on it several closely-written sheets of paper, and an inkstand with pen-holders. It was surrounded by a number of persons who were all disputing so hotly that they paid no attention to me. A man in the centre, dressed in black and even with his hair powdered, appeared to preside.

The man who had offered me his arm as far as this spot now left me, and I found myself stationed at a window opposite the door. The sill was wide enough to afford me a seat, and I sat down. Believing that nobody was heeding me, I looked carefully around and discovered that I had been followed, not only by those who escaped into the little yard, but also by those who remained in the hall. They all came, as if mechanically, toward the spot where I was, and then formed a line reaching to the door. I had the Duc de Penthièvre's servant just in front of me,

and of course was the farthest away of any of them from the door. I could not be placed more favorably. If they began with those nearest the door, as in fact they did, I should naturally be the last to be massacred.

As far as I could judge, we were not known, and it would appear from some observations of our captors that the committee of surveillance of the Mairie had neglected to forward a list of those prisoners whose names were not entered on the jail-book. Such turned out to be actually the case. All that was said about us was that we were non-juring priests.

In spite of my dislike to abandoning the ecclesiastical habit, I had decided to do so after the 10th of August. I therefore told Madame Blanchet that, as she was so anxious to have me cast aside the robes of my order, I would go the full length, and she must provide me with a thorough disguise. I requested her to get me a gray coat, red waistcoat, and white silk stockings.

As this striking costume was brought to me only on the eve of my imprisonment, I had forgotten to tie my hair. But after entering my prison, I tied it with the white string of my knee-breeches, and, on the whole, was scarcely recognizable. Moreover, I was very poorly clad. Arrested at midnight, and obliged to dress in a hurry, I had seized a miserable old coat, which happened to be near my hand. I had a very common-looking appearance too, for, contrary to my usual custom, I had not got shaved and powdered since Saturday. Then my face was

anything but attractive, on account of my fever, and the moral and physical suffering I had endured for twenty-four hours.

We were now awaiting our fate, when a violent quarrel arose among our judges. They were furious because certain persons, and especially the commissaries, were not at their post. Many insisted that persons should be sent to drag them out of their beds and bring them there by force, if necessary. Others said: "So much the worse for them. If they refuse to take their share in the national vengeance, we can denounce them to the Commune."

At length, by repeatedly ringing his bell, the president effected some show of order. A man took the floor and made a little speech, of which the following is the substance, —

"We are talking and acting like idiots. What difference does it make whether such and such persons are here or not here? We are intrusted with the task of avenging the people. You have before you a heap of wretches who await the just punishment of their crimes. These people are all *calotins*, — and when I say *calotins*, you know I mean priests. They are sworn enemies of the nation, for they have refused to take the oath. You know, too, that many of them have tried to escape, thereby showing they had no confidence in the justice of patriots. They are all nothing but aristocrats. We should deal with them at once, then, for certainly they are the most guilty of all."

As I noticed that only a small number seemed to approve the words of this wicked man, I advanced

to the table, and raising my hands to heaven, I cried, in impassioned tones: "No, no, we did not try to escape; only, at the noise made by breaking in the door, some of us lost our heads, and in our terror jumped into that yard, at the risk of breaking our legs. We believed assassins were coming to murder us; but as soon as we recognized the National Guards, we ran to meet them."

Here some one interrupted me and said, —

"After all, it is natural for man to fly danger. We had better examine them, and then we shall learn whether their sole crime is that of flying."

Thereupon, the president rose and asked, —

"Do you wish to examine them?" And all answered: "Yes, yes!"

Upon this, the president turned to the right and addressed the person who was at the head of the line, next the door. It was the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève. The poor old man, who walked very slowly, had not been able, doubtless, to penetrate farther into the hall. The examination was short, like all those that followed.

"Have you taken the oath?" the president asked him.

The curé answered calmly, —

"No, I have not taken it."

At the same instant, a sabre stroke, aimed at his head, but luckily missing it, knocked off his wig and exposed to view a bald head, which the years had till then respected, but which assassins were soon to lay low. But then strokes fell swift and sharp, now on the head, now on the body, and in a few seconds

he lay stretched on the floor. He was seized by the feet and dragged outside. His murderers quickly returned, shouting: "Vive la Nation!"

This death caused me the profoundest emotion: I trembled in every joint; my knees bent under me, and I had barely time to sit, or rather fall down, on the little window-sill. With eyes full of tears, I murmured to myself: "Pray for me, great saint, pray for me, happy old man, who are now in Heaven, pray that the absolution you gave me on earth may not be unavailing. Obtain for me the favor of dying with the same calmness and sweetness and resignation you have just shown."

It was next the turn of the Abbé Bouzet, grand vicar of Rheims, with whose brother — he was a major — I afterwards became well acquainted. The president asked: "Have you taken the oath?" He replied in a voice so weak that I scarcely heard it: "I have not taken it." Then they cried: "Away with him!" Immediately, several assassins separated him from the others, surrounded him, and pushed him before them into the garden, which was the scene of the massacre, and on a level with the hall. I looked mechanically before me, and saw two arms tossing about in the air, apparently parrying the blows of pike and sabre. I turned my head away quickly, saying to myself: "I cannot escape death, since I have not taken the oath." Then the cry of "Vive la Nation!" was anew repeated. The Abbé Bouzet was no more.

The poor attorney, for whom I had invented a plausible little defence, was the next victim. The

unfortunate man forgot all my story. Instead of declaring that he was no priest, he lost his head and cried: "I accuse myself of harboring a non-juring priest in my house." Thereupon, all cried out: "Oh! the wretch! he has tried to save a *calotin!*" They even added an insulting epithet which I would not dare to reproduce here. Then they vociferated: "Death! death!" They struck him down on the spot. His wig fell off, like that of the poor curé. He was dragged out of the hall, and a little after, hideous yells announced that he was dead.

The Abbé Capparuis, a townsman of my own, was the next to fall. He was a man of a very timorous character. He had at one time done parochial work in the parish of St. Paul, where he was universally venerated for his virtues.

At this moment, the worthy servant of the Duc de Penthièvre turned to me; his eyes were full of tears. "You must endeavor to be calm, my friend," I said to him; "they will soon see what you are — Why, what do you imagine they could do to a poor man like you? But be sure and tell them you are an unfortunate servant, the father of a family with ever so many children, and that you were arrested as you were passing along the Rue des Arts. Above all, do not lose your head, like the attorney. Now go a little away from me."

My plan was to isolate myself as much as possible, so that those nearest the table, seeing me alone, might at last forget me, and I might succeed in slipping out at the first favorable opportunity. I do not know if this excellent man understood me, but he went away

at once and joined his companions. The number of them had now considerably diminished. The assassins had murdered, one after the other, the Abbé Gervais, the grand vicar of Strasbourg, my poor friend of the Hôtel-Dieu, and the President of the Superior Council of Corsica.

It was now, perhaps, about three in the morning. I say "perhaps," for I no longer paid any attention to the stroke of the clock. I was becoming indifferent to the massacres that were going on around me, and had no longer thought for any one except myself, although, by the glare of the numerous torches that lit up this horrible execution, I saw all my companions perishing one by one. I felt in every part of my body a deadly chill, and my feet were frozen. All my blood had flown to my head. Sharp pains tortured my face, and I experienced the same sensations I might have if it was actually burning. I frequently passed my right hand over my head, and, in revolving different ways of escaping, I rubbed the scalp so violently that I unconsciously tore out the hair by the roots. And so, from that time, my hair began to fall out in handfuls; in less than three months, I became as bald as I am now, and yet, before that period, few could boast of a finer head of hair than I had.

Well, I must acknowledge to my confusion that, in spite of my imminent peril, and although my last moments were slipping away, I was neither wholly absorbed in God nor resigned to die. On the contrary, all my thoughts were busy with the best means of avoiding the hideous fate that was on the watch

for me. These sabre-strokes and pike-thrusts turned the very blood in my veins to ice with the chill horror of the thing, but failed to penetrate me with the piety that ought to fill us all at our last hour. I recited, indeed, the Pater and Ave, and also the Act of Contrition, but without any of that profound emotion which the approach of death inspires. This idea dominated every other in my mind: "What should I do to avoid the question concerning the oath?"

Sometimes the massacres would stop for a few minutes to give the assassins an opportunity to listen to the harangues of deputations from other sections, which handed in reports on the condition of their prisons and the massacres that were going on in them. Those of the Homme-Armé and the Arsenal, in particular, gave lengthy descriptions of the horrors taking place in La Force and Saint-Firmin.

At last the turn of the perruquier came. He defended himself with much courage, but his destruction was a foregone conclusion, as he had told me. The principal charges against him were that he did not follow the Faubourg Saint-Antoine on the 10th of August, and was an aristocrat; therefore he must die!

They then examined the two poor Minim monks. The president asked them if they had taken the oath. Before they answered, one of those around the table, who was, doubtless, acquainted with them, undertook their defence, saying, —

"They are not priests, and, therefore, incapable of taking the oath."

"But they are fanatics," retorted another; "they are rascals, and ought to be put to death!"

These words occasioned a dispute between the wretches. The vilest among them insisted that they should be dragged into the garden and massacred. Others, seizing the arms of the brothers, tried to keep them in the hall. This struggle attracted my attention, and I remarked that the young sub-deacon, who was so anxious for death, opposed much less resistance to those who wished to drag him outside than he did to those who were endeavoring to save him. At last, the baser element was victorious, and they were massacred.

CHAPTER IX.

A HAPPY DIVERSION.

THE DEPUTATION OF THE MARSEILLAIS. — A BLOOD-DRINKER. — THE INTERNUNCIO AS A JACOBIN ORATOR. — TRAGIC DEATH OF TWO YOUNG GUARDSMEN. — A GLEAM OF HOPE.

THEN the Abbé Simon was massacred. He was the old priest, you will recollect, who came to the Mairie to see his brother, and was detained as a prisoner. "Since you are here," they said to him, "remain; this is a place where you are sure to find yourself in any case before very long." When the old man was dead, there arrived a deputation from the committee of the Jacobins, who used to assemble in the Church of the Cordeliers. These were very blood-thirsty people, who numbered the famous Marat among their leaders. They were almost all members of that celebrated Marseillais band that came to Paris to take part in the outrages of the 10th of August.

They were received with great honors. The president begged them to approach, and requested them to speak. The leader of the deputation then read an order of the day passed by the Union of the Cordeliers, demanding that two prisoners, who were not present, being in another hall of the Abbaye, should be pardoned. The president, after sounding the

praises of the Marseillais and the Union of Cordeliers, replied that the request would be taken into consideration at once. Accordingly, he asked whether there was any opposition to the motion.

A young man belonging to the Unity section, who had his hair powdered, but wore a wagoner's blouse stained with blood, here rose and said, —

"M. le Président, I am opposed to the demand of the Marseillais. The prisoners whose release you ask for are scoundrels, royalist conspirators. I know them. The time for indulgence is passed. The moderates are doing us more harm than the aristocrats." At length, after uttering a thousand hideous imprecations, he concluded with this atrocious proposal: "I move that we decree 'cruelty.'"

The fury with which he spoke froze the blood in my veins. Ah, how could I ever escape the rage of such a butcher! However, I remarked that the people had heard him in silence, and that there was no applause. Encouraged by what looked like a kind of disapproval, I endeavored to recall all my courage, and making a final struggle for self-control, I advanced to the table, — there was not such a throng round it now that I could not find room, — and with uplifted arm and clenched hand, I cried in a hoarse voice, imitating as well as I was able the tones of these blood-drinkers, —

"M. le Président, is it possible there can be found one amongst us capable of rejecting a request preferred by the Marseillais? Can there be a man here who is ignorant that the patriotism of the Marseillais burns more fiercely than the ardent sun which shines

above them? Does any one in this assembly dare to doubt that, when the Marseillais are interested in two prisoners, it is because these two prisoners are the two greatest patriots in Paris to-day? The proposal that has been brought forward to decree 'cruelty,' is an insult to a nation as renowned for its mildness and generosity as ours is. I move, M. le Président, that these two prisoners be led before you at once and pardoned." And to give force to my last words, I struck a mighty blow on the green table-cloth with my fist.

The hall resounded with applause. "Bravo! bravo!" was shouted from all quarters. You can easily imagine that the Marseillais, who numbered about a dozen, were not backward in their acclamations either. As for myself, I did not judge it quite convenient to await the result of my audacious apostrophe where I was. I withdrew to the recess of the window and took my seat again on the little sill. I was in an extraordinary state of agitation. What I dreaded most was that some opponent of the Marseillais might recognize me, for, of course, in that case, I was pretty sure to be butchered on the spot. I had a burning fever, and was steaming with perspiration, after the effort I had made. I trembled all over, and although I was seated, my heart beat as fast as if I had been running a long race at full speed. I gasped for breath. But I cannot give you any idea of my condition at this moment.

The uproar continued long; however, the clanging of the president's enormous bell at length restored some sort of order, and he said to the people, —

"I shall now put the motion of the last speaker to the vote."

All, or at least the majority, shouted: "Adopted! adopted!"

The president then read the order of the Cordeliers, after which four men, armed with pikes, and four others, bearing torches, went in search of the two prisoners.

While they were absent, an incident occurred that absorbed all my attention, and filled me with horror. Two young men, or rather boys, had been arrested on Sunday and conducted to the Abbaye. They were recognized as belonging to the new guard of the king, and the intention was, doubtless, to have them massacred. But they had found favor for the moment with their escort, and were placed in the *violon*, the little lock-up of the section, opening on the place of slaughter. It was intended to keep them in detention until their character was investigated. They had said they resided in the Rue-Saint-Victor; it was a false address, and they gave it in the hope that they might be forgotten. The commissaries who had been directed to investigate the matter returned furious, exclaiming that the wretches had deceived them; they had inquired at every house in the street, and no one knew anything of the two guardsmen. They added that they were "Knights of the Poniard," and should be punished immediately. The appalling tones in which the whole crowd yelled: "Death! death!" would have daunted the bravest.

They were led forward on the spot. They were both remarkably tall and well-formed, and strikingly

handsome. I was at considerable pains afterward to find out something about them, but all I could learn was that they belonged, as I have stated, to the new guards of the king.

As soon as they made their appearance, the foulest insults were lavished on them; then a ruffian, baser than the rest, if that were possible, struck the taller of the two a violent blow with his sabre, who only answered with a shrug of the shoulders. After this, there was a horrible struggle between these vile blood-drinkers and the two youths, who, although unarmed, defended themselves like lions. They threw several of their assailants to the ground, and I really believe that, if they had only had a knife, they would have been victorious. At last, they fell on the floor, all pierced with wounds. They seemed in despair at the thought of death, and the words of one of them reached my ears: "To die so young, and in such a manner!"

This terrible death-struggle inspired me with such dismay that I lost all the calmness — and that was not much — I had recovered on seeing the two prisoners pardoned. I seemed to behold those sabres whirling round my head and feel those pikes entering my body. For the first time, I experienced a real dread of death, and I believed it inevitable. God was good enough also to restore all my fervor, and I murmured with sincere piety, from the bottom of my heart, and even half aloud, so that I might have been heard, if any one was paying attention to me, some such words as these: —

"My God, I know well that I must die! If I

have done nothing to merit Heaven, attribute it only to the frailty of my youth, and not to any want of faith and religion. You know that I love you, that my intentions have been upright, that I have never spoken against your holy religion, that I like to relieve the poor and to practise charity, — that virtue which, more than any other, pleases you: have mercy on me, then, according to your great mercy. And, O Virgin Mary, you whom the dying sinner never finds deaf to his prayers, pray now for me. I wear your holy scapular on me; it will be turned into derision if it be found there; do not allow such a dishonor to religion to occur. Do you, who have proclaimed yourself our safety in danger, give me strength to die with courage in the midst of torments, the very idea of which makes me shudder."

Meanwhile, the assassins had transported the two young guardsmen into the garden in order to strip their bodies, — a thing they always did, — and to appropriate whatever they happened to possess.

The next prisoner reached was the brother of the Abbé Simon, the old canon of St. Quentin, who had been massacred a little before.

He was asked if he had taken the oath. He answered in the affirmative, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, he presented it in evidence; it was the oath of Liberty and Equality, which he had at once sworn when it was first decreed. The ferocious assassin who opposed the demand of the Marseillais here rose and said: "This oath is no good; we require the oath which priests alone are obliged to take." Another retorted: "You are hard to please.

This oath is good. You might be satisfied with the slaughter of the two innocent victims, in which you have just taken part." He was speaking of the young Minim monks, and he repeated loudly: "This oath is good!"

Many imitated him, crying: "This oath is good!" and the old man was saved. Do you, by the way, remark, madame, the singular mixture of ferocity and justice that prevailed among these extraordinary judges?

He was the first of my companions to escape death, and his pardon restored a little of my calmness.

At length, the two prisoners who owed their safety to the intervention of the Marseillais were brought in, and I was agreeably surprised at recognizing one of them. I had met him often in the drawing-rooms of the Comte de Modène, my intimate friend, and the Marquise de Moulins. It was the Chevalier de Solérac, captain of Swiss. He seemed unluckily to have also been known to the savage butcher who tried to have him murdered.

The other was a lawyer, named Huguenin, commandant of the battalion of Saint-André des Arts.

The decree pardoning them was read, and they were directed to enter the *violon*.

CHAPTER X.

THE EXAMINATION.

The Actor Dugazon. — Oh, that Wearisome Hunchback! — "I Demand to be Heard." — Something Good even in Maillard. — Delighted to enter the "Violon." — That Hunchback again! — The Abbé Sicard or his Ghost.

It must have been then about five in the morning. To my surprise, the actor Dugazon came in at that very moment, and he came, in the absence of the president, to preside over this infernal assembly. I had often met him in drawing-rooms, where he was invited to give recitations. I was about to advance toward him and implore his protection, but a moment's reflection brought me to a standstill. "He will," I thought, "be, perhaps, confused at being seen by an honest man in such a wicked place, and that would only accelerate my destruction." So I very quickly resumed my customary attitude.

I observed then a little humpbacked fellow in a corner, who was apparently spying on me. I confess his presence annoyed me excessively, and I was not wrong, as you will soon see, in looking on it as a bad omen.

Dugazon had entered in the midst of a quarrel among the assassins; they could not agree upon each one's share of the clothing and money of the poor

victims. After giving us the benefit of his shrill little voice for some time, Dugazon went away. I must acknowledge, however, that while he occupied the chair no one was massacred.[1]

His successor was an ex-attorney at the Châtelet, named Maillard. He was dressed in black, and his hair was powdered. His countenance did not look repulsive, and this calmed me somewhat, for I was in such a state that a mere nothing sufficed to raise or depress my courage. I know not whether this new president was a blood-drinker or not, I only know that I heard him say: "Let us finish."

Thereupon, two soldiers of the constitutional guard were massacred, without any pretence of trial.

At last the turn of the Duc de Penthièvre's servant came. As his hair was cut close, they took him for a disguised priest, and asked: "Have you taken the oath?" He repeated, word for word, everything I had told him. No sooner had he ended than all cried out: "Why, he's a servant! Pardon! pardon!" And he was at once set at liberty, without passing through the *violon*.

I was delighted at his escape. He was the second of my companions who had been saved from death.

This excellent man, although he was quite near me, never turned his head in my direction, doubtless for fear of compromising me.

I was now the only one left; it was almost daylight; I was in hopes of being able to slip off, without being seen, among the many who were constantly

[1] Perhaps this justifies the presence of Dugazon.

going and coming. The men around the table were evidently occupied with trifling conversation. However, I kept an eye on the hunchback, who remained always in the same place. "What is he doing there?" I said to myself, fretfully. "Why does n't he go away?"

Still, the butchery was not over, by any means, and two persons, whom I did not know, were slaughtered before my eyes.

It was now full daylight; a large portion of the mob had left, and the outcries of the people were no longer heard. The persons who remained seemed quite weary, and ready to fall asleep. It was, at least, half past seven; but the shutters of the windows were still closed, and the hall was lit only by candles, which no one thought of snuffing, and by such light as streamed in through the glass door, through which the victims passed.

I was, therefore, preparing for flight, and was quietly moving up behind those remaining in the hall, none of whom noticed me, when that rascal of a hunchback cried: "There is one of them here still!"

I remember that I was not at all excited, and, as I wished to elude the question; "Have you taken the oath?" which would most assuredly have been my death-warrant, I rushed to the table, and, addressing the man in black, with powdered hair: "Citizen President," said I, "before I am sacrificed to the rage of a deceived people, I demand to be heard."

"Who art thou?" he said, in menacing tones.

"I was a clerical councillor in the Parliament of Paris, and am now a lawyer."

I do not know if my appearance or my courage impressed him, or whether he may not have recognized me, but his manner was milder, as he said to the people: —

"This prisoner is well known in the law courts of Paris."

"You are perfectly correct, citizen," I answered.

Abandoning the "thou," he asked: —

"Why have you been brought here?"

I began at once to relate a story half false and half true. I told him that a police regulation, made on the 27th of August, required all citizens to be in their homes by ten o'clock in the evening; — this was true; — but, being ignorant of this regulation, I remained out beyond the prescribed time, and was arrested just as I was returning to my lodgings in the Rue du Palais-Marchand; — all this was false; — and that I had been brought successively before the Committee of the section, the Committee of Surveillance of the Cité, and the Committee of Surveillance of the Mairie. I was transferred by the latter to the Abbaye: "And all this occurred," I added, raising my voice, "without any examination." I also said that I was led to the scene of the massacre, just at the very moment when Pétion was about to order my release, and I exhibited the little note which poor Blanchet had brought me on Sunday morning, and in which he promised that I should regain my freedom at three o'clock.

Thereupon, the president, perhaps with the view of helping me, perhaps remorseful for the massacre, said: —

"You see, messieurs, with what culpable levity they imprison citizens in the other sections. If we had arrested this prisoner, we should have examined him and sent him home."

These words revived all my courage, and, striking my hand on the table, I cried —

"I appeal to my section! I appeal to the deputies of the National Assembly!"

"Oh, the deputies of the National Assembly, indeed!" some one exclaimed; "we have a list of their names, and intend cutting their throats as well as other people's when the proper time comes."

Remarking that I was on the wrong track, I hastily changed my position, —

"Yes, but I am speaking of the patriot Hérault, of the patriot Torné, of the patriot Rovère!"

"Bravo! bravo!" they all cried.

The president, taking instant advantage of the current in my favor, said, —

"I propose that this prisoner be sent to the *violon*, until we receive further information regarding him."

I did not wait for their decision, but immediately hastened to enter the *violon*, the door of which happened to be open that very moment. I think I mentioned before that this *violon* opened on the hall.

I could distinguish only nine or ten persons after I crossed the threshold. Then I perceived a wretched-looking straw mattress, all full of holes, and a chair. I sat down on the mattress and rested my legs on the back of the chair. I had all I could do to keep from fainting. I was utterly broken down, had a violent fever, and my pulse was beating madly; my hands

were burning. The respite I had gained did not afford me any pleasure. I was so utterly depressed that I remained with my eyes fixed on the floor, and paid no attention to those who were in the prison with me. Extraordinary physical weakness was added to my profound sadness. In fact, I had not taken any solid nourishment since two o'clock on Saturday, and, since eleven, I had been face to face with death. It was now eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Although gifted with sensibility and easily affected, I do not weep readily; but now my courage abandoned me entirely, and the hot tears ran down my cheeks when I contemplated my lamentable situation, without help or succor in my great need, and without money.

Such was my sad case, when I saw that detestable hunchback at my side again. He was clad in the uniform of the National Guard, and I surmised that he was the jailer of this little prison. He said to me, with an air of compassion, —

"You are evidently in a state of great suffering, monsieur; would you not like to have something to revive you?"

Recognizing in the fellow my would-be murderer, for it was he who pointed me out to the president, I answered, in a tone that showed him I wanted to be left alone, —

"Pray, how can you expect I should care for anything in my present condition?"

But he persisted, and, as I did not wish to make him an enemy, thinking I might have need of him, I said:

"Bring me a cup of *café à la crème*." It was the

very reverse of what I wanted, and wanted badly, but I did not know what to ask of him.

He brought me the coffee, and I drank it, though I had neither taste nor appetite for it.

Notwithstanding the fact that I had certainly little reason for trusting this man, it was absolutely necessary for me to communicate with somebody outside, and this necessity induced me to say to him, as I handed back the cup, —

"Would you render me a great service? Give me paper, pen, and ink, and carry the letter I am going to write to a woman named Blanchet, who lives quite near here, in the court of the Palais. If you comply with my request, I will give you a piece of a hundred sous."

At the same moment, I turned to M. de Solérac, whom I had been instrumental in saving, and, without even bidding him good-day, or saying "How are you?" in fact, acting as if I had just been conversing with him, I said: "Give me a five franc assignat." He answered immediately, never addressing me directly, however: "Here are two!" I gave one of them to the hunchback, who took my note and vanished.

This prompt compliance with my wishes to some extent mitigated my sorrows, and the thought that Blanchet was now to learn of my safety afforded me wonderful relief, for I dreaded that the news of my death — and, as I heard afterward, there had been a rumor to that effect — might drive her to some desperate act.

Having become more composed, I threw myself on the mattress, and was beginning to fall asleep, when

I perceived an individual approaching the bed cautiously on the tips of his toes, evidently desirous of not making any noise.

It was the Abbé Sicard. Although his life had been saved at two o'clock the day before, he had not yet been set at liberty. "How did you manage to escape?" he asked, and, without waiting for an answer, disappeared.

Being entirely taken up with my own thoughts, I barely glanced at him. A few moments after, his face came back to my mind, but I fancied I must have seen a phantom. I looked into every corner of our little prison: there was no Abbé Sicard anywhere. Then, remembering that there was a small apartment adjoining, which was used as a water-closet, I opened the door, and in it was our abbé, seated on a stone. He was doubtless afraid that he would be sought after, and did not dare to remain among the other prisoners. I like courage in a man, and I confess I gazed upon him with contempt. I turned on my heels, and did not address a single word to him. I do not know whether it was because he resented my demeanor and wished to show his irritation at it afterward, or because he was determined to pick a quarrel with me in any case, but, although I called to see him twice, he never returned my visits. I met him once, however, at the house of Madame Pasquier, where he urged me in the strongest way to write a narrative of my adventures. He wanted, he said, to add it to his own.[1] "Abbé," I answered, "you have a passion for fame; every one to his

[1] It appeared in the "Annales Catholiques," in 1796.

taste: as for me, my sole ambition is to remain unknown. It is not, by any means, from timidity," I added; "but I should regard it as beneath my dignity to rush into print, especially for the sake of profit."

But he did not give up the fight, for all that, and he afterward sent a bookseller to me, who offered me a thousand crowns. I was at the time in pressing need of money, the Roman bankers of Paris having refused to cash a bill of exchange, on the ground that such action on their part might compromise them. But my reply to the bookseller was: "I know well who sent you, — I do not want your money."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE VIOLON.

POOR BLANCHET! — M. AND MME. DE ROSAMBO. — TWO HEROIC WOMEN. — THAT 'S M. SERGENT GOING BY! — M. JOURDAN AND THE CIVIL COMMITTEE. — THE SORT OF A PERSON THE HUNCHBACK WAS.

BUT I was greatly disturbed at hearing nothing about the note I had sent to Blanchet, and still more so when the hours slipped by without bringing her or any one of my household. This cruel state of uncertainty lasted until evening. Then I saw my hunchback again.

"And my note," I said to him, "what have you done with it?"

"I took it there, all right, monsieur, but there was no sign of her. She is undoubtedly in prison."

I had no ground for disbelieving him; nevertheless, I continued, —

"Here is another piece of five francs; it is all I have left; carry a second note to the same place."

"I am perfectly willing," he answered, and he disappeared.

Meanwhile, my fellow-prisoners had ordered in a roast leg of mutton, and pressed me to join them in disposing of it. I accepted the invitation, and made a very hearty meal.

However, as the result will show, my two notes did not reach their address. On the contrary, Blanchet had been told I was dead, and that several persons had witnessed my massacre.

Plunged in the most frightful despair, utterly at a loss where to turn, in fact, losing her head completely, she at last thought of running to my good friends M. and Mme. de Rosambo. The scene that ensued when she met them was enough to move the hardest heart. Madame de Montboissier, who happened to be present, told me that her grief was simply uncontrollable. After vain attempts to calm her, M. de Rosambo said to her: "Do not lose all hope; things are never as bad as they are represented. Go and make inquiries; you may be able to find out something about your master. In any case, we promise to take care of you." And, turning to Mme. de Rosambo, he spoke these words, which Blanchet never forgot: "If the good abbé is dead, we shall be only adding another pensioner to our household."

These words quieted her a little, and, taking a carriage, she drove to the house of one of her friends in the Rue Casette. This was a woman quite as robust as Blanchet and quite as much of an *aristocrate* also, although her husband was a violent Jacobin. To make certain whether I was dead or not, she suggested a terrible expedient to Blanchet, who adopted it on the spot. It was to examine the corpses, which were piled naked on top of one another, and discover thereby if I was amongst them, or, if I was, whether there might not be a breath of life in me.

In fact, the Bishop of Beauvais had been discovered in the latter condition by his valet; he still breathed. The valet drew him from the cart, and he lived for six months afterward; he had lost his reason, however.

But only think what an effort this woman must have made over herself to be able to control her native sensibility, for my Blanchet was so tender-hearted that the sight of any suffering or misfortune, however trivial, filled her with compassion!

That no obstacle might be placed in their way, Blanchet and her friend said that they were going to see if their husbands were among the dead; and, as they were both bathed in tears, they were believed without difficulty. Several even aided them in effecting this grisly verification.

At length, after they had turned over about a hundred dead bodies, Blanchet cried out, in tones that trembled with joy: "He is not there!" But they did not venture to make any inquiries of the section, or give a description of the object of their search.

Blanchet returned to the house, and many of her neighbors, as was to be expected, came to visit and console her. But the terrible stories they retailed of the massacres in the several prisons were anything but calculated to restore her tranquillity.

This took place on Monday at seven in the evening, and Blanchet was sitting at the window of my room, looking into the court of Les Fontaines in the Palais-Marchand. She was so terribly wrought up at one time that she was near throwing herself out of the window, when one of the women cried: "That 's M. Sergent going by!" And he was actually going by

at the time, girt with his tricolor scarf. She added: "He is very powerful in the Commune of the 10th of August."

No sooner did Blanchet hear these words than, without asking further explanation, she darted to the staircase, ran down the stairs, and was in the street just at the moment when M. Sergent reached the fountain. Then, throwing herself at his feet, she cried to him, in a distracted voice: "Oh, monsieur, give me back my master; he is one of the best of men, and the sole support of myself and my child."

At the same time, all the women of the quarter surrounded Sergent. The sight of this woman at his feet affected him deeply, and he said, —

"What man are you speaking of, — your husband?"

"No, monsieur, he is not my husband; he is my master, my benefactor, who supports me and my family."

Then Sergent, addressing the women about him, asked, —

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"Undoubtedly, monsieur, we know him well; he is an excellent man, not at all proud, and very obliging to his neighbors. It was the people who dragged him from his home who ought to have been put in prison, for he has never done harm to anybody."

Sergent raised Blanchet and said to her: "Courage, my good woman, return to your house; I am going to the Abbaye, and, if he is not dead, you 'll have him back. What is his name?" The women told him, and he started at once, saying: "Do not be anxious; you 'll have news of him this evening!"

Very probably he went to the Abbaye and learned the names of those who escaped the massacre and were locked up in the *violon;* for at nine in the evening a workman, dressed in a tricolor scarf, came to Blanchet and said: "Take courage! there is still some hope!"

As for me, the non-arrival of my faithful servant drove me frantic. "She abandons me," I thought, "or else she has killed herself in despair; for she is quite capable of it!"

At length, being utterly exhausted, and not able to stand, I threw myself on a mattress that was stretched on the floor. I might have selected a better place, for I found myself beside a prisoner who was utterly unknown to me, but I had become insensible to everything. I never even thought of informing MM. de Solérac and Huguenin that they owed their safety to my energy and courage, and I left prison without breathing a word of the matter to them.

I was soon in a deep slumber.

Suddenly I was awakened by the rattling of bolts. At the same moment the door opened, and a voice cried, —

"Which of you is called Salamon?"

In spite of the terror that seized me on being awakened in such a manner, I at once answered, "It is I."

"Come!" said the voice.

I confess my emotion was for the moment agonizing. I was even on the point of fainting; but, making a violent effort to regain my energy, I put on my wretched coat, saying: "I follow you."

I was sure I was going to my death. I recalled the fate of the two unfortunate guards whom I saw massacred before my eyes. I feared the result of the investigation concerning me had been unfavorable, and that this summons was but the prelude to another butchery.

The jailer perceived my uneasiness, and said in a voice intended to be encouraging: "Try to be calm, and be sure to keep close behind me, because we have to cross the hall, and the tribunal is still sitting. There is a third prison next to the one you have left, and the massacre is going to continue."

I did as he directed, looking neither to the right nor left. We went up a great staircase, and I reached an *entresol*, forming part of the convent of the monks.

After I entered, I perceived five men, three of whom were dressed in black. They all looked like honest people. They were members of a body styled the Civil Committee, and I had no reason to be dissatisfied with its composition.

The whole five of them rose when they saw me.

"How did you manage, monsieur," said one, "to escape from that horrible butchery?"

"Ah, messieurs," I answered, "after what I have seen, that is just the question I am asking myself."

"Pray be seated," said another. "We must relieve you from your present trying position."

Then the president, a very honest man named Jourdan, with whom I afterward had considerable intercourse, continued: "The order to examine you immediately has been brought us by M. Sergent,

member of the Commune; this is why we have disturbed your sleep and risen so early ourselves. Tell us, therefore, why you are here, and who has put you in prison."

I was about to answer, when I perceived my hunchback seated in a corner. The sight of him filled me with distrust, and I did not know very well what reply to make. After a moment's reflection —

"Can I speak in all freedom?" said I to the president.

"Yes," he returned.

"Well, that man yonder can give you a very good account of all that has passed; he might even add that he is the very person who exposed me to the pikes and sabres of the assassins."

At these words the hunchback intervened.

"Yes, monsieur," said he, "when I saw you there, I believed you guilty; but once I was convinced of your innocence, I went and offered you my services, and now I am ready to defend you against all your enemies. I am a good patriot, and do not wish that any one should suffer the slightest wrong."

I did not answer him, but, addressing M. Jourdan directly, I said, —

"I have told a certain story to the people, in order to get out of the predicament in which I was placed; but I will now tell you the truth. I am an ex-clerical councillor of the Parliament of Paris, and I was arrested in my bed, because I was the Pope's minister, on the 27th of August, at two in the morning."

"Well, then," replied M. Jourdan, "as you are a magistrate yourself, you may conduct your own ex-

amination;" and, pointing to a very tall man dressed in black, "There," he added, "is a gentleman who will act as clerk."

I gave my name, surname, etc., and suggested some questions. The president put many others to me himself.

"Did you go to court?"

"Yes, every Tuesday, to the king's levee. It was my duty as internuncio of the Pope."

"Were you there on the 10th of August?"

"No."

"Have you been especially intimate with any members of the *ci-devant* royal family?"

"No; still, I saw Madame Elizabeth oftener than the others, particularly in connection with religious affairs,[1] generally on Sunday during dinner, on Tuesday, and even on other days of the week sometimes. She was exceedingly pious; her apartments were situated in one of the Pavillons de Flore in the garden of the Tuileries."

"Have you corresponded with the Abbé Maury?"

"No; but, as we came from the same country, I thought it right to send him a letter of congratulation when the Pope conferred several honors and dignities upon him. For that matter, he never answered me. I never wrote to him again, and do not intend to do so."

"That is well, that is well indeed," said the president. "Write," he added, turning to the clerk.

And so the examination was over; then the presi-

[1] She took a great interest in them, and she was not the kind of person to sign the Civil Constitution! — The Author.

dent said to me: "Retire to a little distance; we are going to deliberate."

The deliberation, which was conducted in a low voice, was soon over.

Then they recalled me, and the president said:

"Monsieur, we should have liked to release you at once; but you have seen yourself that the massacres are still going on, and that it is not in our power to stop them. The gates of the Abbaye are watched, and if you were seen to leave under our protection, you would certainly be killed, for the mob will believe we are trying to save you. The best thing for you to do is to return and spend another night in your prison."

I was utterly crushed at hearing these words; nevertheless I answered, —

"I am ready to comply with your orders; but I have one favor to ask of you, — it is to allow me to write a note to my faithful servant; she believes that I was massacred, and she must be now in the depths of despair. Perhaps she is dead; for I have sent her two letters by this gentleman" — and I pointed to the hunchback — "and she has not appeared."

"We are responsible," replied M. Jourdan, "for intercepting your letters. We learned that your section was very bitter against you, and we thought it better you should be believed to be dead. Now that we are entirely of M. Sergent's opinion in your regard you have nothing to fear. Your servant will be notified of your safety to-morrow morning. As for the ten francs you gave this man, here they are."

I refused to take them, and begged M. Jourdan to let him keep them.

I immediately wrote three letters, one for Hérault, another for Torné, and the third for Rovère, and handed them to the president, who promised to forward them to Madame Blanchet. Then, thanking him, I sadly resumed the road to my prison.

As I was crossing the hall, in the wake of the hunchback, I saw a poor wretch massacred. This scene delayed our progress a little. But, for that matter, the assassins were in such a state of fury that they did not pay us the least attention.

When I was again in the prison I felt greatly relieved, and, as it was only about two in the morning, I stretched my aching limbs on the mattress again.

But in a prison, every incident creates excitement. So, before I could get a chance of sleeping, my companions were around me, asking where I came from, and one of them even said: "I was sure you were taking your last journey."

All the answer I gave them was: "I am very tired, and have need of rest." They left me alone, and I was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

FREE!

THIRSTING FOR BLOOD. — THE ABBÉ SICARD'S "COURAGE." — DEATH OF PÈRE LENFANT, THE KING'S CONFESSOR. — ASTONISHMENT: HONEST MEN AT LAST. — MASTERS AND WORKMEN. — A PEARL AMONG THE TRICOTEUSES.

BUT I did not sleep long. I was suddenly aroused by a great noise; it was made by some one repeatedly knocking at the window of our prison.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"The mob is approaching!" was the reply. "They have learned that there are priests here whom it is intended to save, and they want to break in the windows to get at them."

I rose at once, saying: "Keep still, and leave the matter to me."

On my return to the *violon*, I had perceived there was a sentinel stationed at the door. I went and rapped at it repeatedly.

"*Qui vive?*" cried the sentinel.

"There are several prisoners here, placed under the safeguard of the nation and the law. Bad citizens are about to make a furious attack on our windows and try to force them. Be so kind as to warn the National Guards — you will be rewarded."

"Do not be alarmed," replied the sentinel.

A moment after, we could hear distinctly a scuffle between the soldiers and the assassins, who offered resistance, but were driven back. We spent the rest of the night in tranquillity.

As for myself, all hope of sleep was banished, and I watched eagerly for the dawn.

As I have mentioned before, I wrote certain letters. Those addressed to the deputies were somewhat as follows: —

"I have been brought to the Abbaye, to the very place of slaughter, where I have seen sixty of my companions massacred. I have escaped by a miracle. Come quickly and have me liberated, for the massacre is continuing, and I am not yet out of danger."

To Blanchet I said: —

"I am safe and in good health. Carry these letters to their addresses, and get me out of here. Be sure, above all, to go to the National Assembly, and hand M. Hérault the letter I have written to him; he was formerly attorney general, and you know him well; he is the president of the Assembly."

I felt calmer when I had done this. I asked for a cup of chocolate, but it was detestable. Then I thought I would take a walk across the prison, and I entered into conversation with my companions.

The Abbé Sicard was still there; I saw him, and I felt tempted to rally him a little.

"Oho! abbé, when are you leaving? I thought you were outside long ago!"

"I ought to be," he answered, "but no one has come for me. I sent my mute[1] to the National As-

[1] Massieu, one of his best pupils.

sembly; he has not returned, however. So I have decided to write a letter to the president, at the same time asking him to have it read from the tribune of the Assembly."

He read it to me. It was the same I have since seen in the newspapers. You cannot conceive a more abject[1] production; moreover, it was stuffed with patriotic sentiments. Accordingly, carried along by my natural frankness, I said to him: —

"What! so that is the road you take to get free! you, the man of genius! you, 'the necessary man!' I would remain here ten years rather than write such a letter as that! Can you not have a little patience? The massacre will soon be over, and they will be forced to restore you to your unfortunate pupils, to the children who are beseeching them to give them back their father! Try and have confidence in Providence."

"But," he replied, "though Providence helps us, that does not prevent us from helping ourselves."

"Oh, now," I retorted, "are you really ignorant of the fact that God is all powerful, — you a man of such noted piety? Was it not He who inspired the watchmaker with the idea of saving you? Was it not He who gave me the courage to defend myself?"

And at this point our little dialogue was broken off by a cry of "There goes the king's confessor! the king's confessor!"

[1] Quite too severe. But the internuncio never loses an opportunity of scoffing at the Abbé Sicard, while Sicard, in his description of the massacre at the Abbaye, speaks with sympathy and respect of Mgr. de Salamon. — Tr.

Our curiosity was at once excited, and we looked through the bars of the window. It was, indeed, the Abbé Lenfant, preacher to the king. Another priest was along with him, and both were going to their doom. He sat down on a chair and confessed the other priest who was to die with him. He seemed tranquil enough.

Astonishing inconsistency of the human mind! I was very glad to have escaped, and yet I must say that I envied his lot, and began wishing I might make as fine an end.

I drew back quickly, not to see him die.

It was now Tuesday, and I had no news of Blanchet. I could not account for this delay. "She would surely have come," I thought, "if she were alive!" This uncertainty rendered me painfully anxious.

However, she had executed my orders. Hérault received my note, and went immediately to the Commune and insisted that I should be speedily set at liberty.

But it was for Blanchet that the consolation was reserved of freeing me.

As she was returning from the National Assembly, and crossing the Tuileries Garden, she met the Abbé Torné.

"Come," said she to him, "come and save your old friend. He has not been massacred, but may be at any moment."

"What! not dead!" cried the constitutional bishop. "Well, he must be saved; I will go at once and see him after the session."

Madame Blanchet was a tall vigorous woman. She seized Torné by the collar of his coat, and said:

"It 's all very well for you to say: 'I 'll go and see him — after the session.' You 'll go now, and I shall not let go of you until you promise to come with me."

Torné knew of old the temper and resoluteness of this woman; he did not care to have an unpleasant scene in the very middle of the garden, with any number of people looking on. He decided the best thing for him to do was to follow her.

On the way, they met another deputy, who saluted Torné. Blanchet, whom nothing escaped, said to the abbé, —

"You know that gentleman?"

"Yes, he is one of my colleagues, and a friend also."

"Oh, monsieur," said Blanchet, addressing the new-comer, "would you not like to do a good action?"

This gentleman, having been informed as to what was expected of him, exclaimed, —

"Very well then, let us all go and rescue him from his rather unpleasant position."

I saw them arrive on Wednesday, about eleven. They were accompanied by one of the gentlemen who had examined me after I was summoned out of the *violon*. I was conducted to the same garret I first entered, and the two deputies having written on the register that they would be responsible for me, I was at once set at liberty.

The Abbé Torné said to me: "Go to my house."

Blanchet called a carriage, and we started for the hôtel of the deputy.

I remained there eight days, and I must say he showed me the greatest attention.

In the evening, a decree of the Commune of the 10th of August was handed to me. It was signed by Robert, president, and Tallien, secretary. It declared me free, and had been granted on the petition of Hérault de Sechelles. I was to be set at liberty immediately.

I left behind me the Abbé Sicard and M. de Solérac. They were not released until Friday, after the massacres were over.

The Wednesday morning before I left, I noticed through the window of the *violon* a member of the Commune, in his tricolor scarf, with several bags of money beside him. He was paying the assassins.

The wages of those who had "worked well," that is to say, "massacred well," was from thirty to thirty-five francs. A certain number had to be content with less.

There was one of them who obtained only six francs. His labor had been considered very insufficient.

It was a horrible spectacle to see those wretches arguing which of them had done the most butchery.

I saw also a woman, who must have been whelped in hell, insult a corpse. She was astride of it, and shouted: "Look how fat this dog of a *calotin* was!"

I turned away, quivering with indignation.

EPILOGUE.

THE INTERNUNCIO IS NAMED VICAR APOSTOLIC FOR FRANCE. — A PRESENT FROM PIUS VI. TO MADAME BLANCHET. — MEA CULPA.

AND now, madame, you have all the details of my lamentable story, which I have here set down at your express wish.

Your tender heart will be deeply horrified and affected by this dismal narrative of an atrocious butchery.

It is the record of my recollections, which I have gathered together as best I could, and resembles the account I sent the Pope after I was released. I did not, unfortunately, keep a copy of this document; besides, in the narrative I wrote for Pius VI., I described simply what occurred to myself personally, and made no mention of the Abbé Sicard. When a person writes to a sovereign he ought to be terse and concise, and confine himself to those subjects that are likely to interest his august correspondent. How much more necessary was this, when I had the honor of writing to the greatest of all sovereigns, the immortal Pius VI.!

His Holiness deigned to console me in a letter written under his own hand. It began with the words: "Mon cher abbé;" all the rest was in Italian. It was full of affection and tenderness.

Cardinal Zelada also sent me an important decree, by order of the Pope. It emanated from the sacred congregation of cardinals instituted at the beginning of the Revolution for the supervision of French affairs, and conferred on me the title of Vicar Apostolic for all France, with the most extensive spiritual powers.

Pius VII. confirmed these powers, on becoming Pope. They did not cease until the arrival in France of a legate *a latere*,[1] who delegated to me special powers for the administration of Normandy.

I will add that, a month after the massacre, Madame Blanchet also received her letter from Rome. It contained a bill of exchange for three thousand francs on the brothers Rassuret, bankers, Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin, payable to her name.

The Abbé Maury used to lodge formerly in this street, and I suspect it was he who addressed her to these bankers.

This munificence toward a plain woman of the people is, perhaps, without example in the annals of the court of Rome. It was the more pleasing to me inasmuch as it was an evidence of the high value the Pope placed on my life. Cardinal Zelada, however, has never alluded to this incident in his despatches, and so I have never mentioned it to him.

Doubtless, madame, your emotions have been painfully excited by the relation of such misfortunes; but a lady gifted with your piety must derive great consolation from the thought that religion alone can work miracles.

[1] Mgr. Caprara, in 1801.

All these priests died with heroic resignation. Not a murmur escaped a single one of them, and none had the baseness to invent a lie to save himself.

On the other hand, almost all the laymen bewailed and resisted their fate. There were some even who died in despair.

As for myself, madame, what will you think of the odd fancy I had? At the very moment when I was within an inch of death, when everything ought to have become indifferent to me, I kept looking back at wicked Sodom, and saying to myself: "Shall I never have the chance to wear my red waistcoat?" Now notice that, up to the 10th of August, I firmly refused to put off my ecclesiastical habit, and it was only on the evening of my arrest that my gray coat and red waistcoat were brought home.

Well, after confessing my weakness, I ought to add that I did my best to banish this bad thought, and, if I have sinned, you know there is mercy for every sinner.

BOOK II.

MY LIFE DURING THE TERROR.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CHAMBRE DES VACATIONS.

Subject of this Second Book. — The States-General and the Chambre des Vacations. — Usher, à l'audience! — Very Impolite of Manuel. — Bailly and the Procession. — The Affair of the Quarrymen of Montmartre. — The Protest of the Parliament.

You wish me, madame, to continue the history of my adventures, and relate those which have marked the second period of my life. Although this period has not been as terrible as the first, yet I do not know but that it has caused me more vexation, weariness, and torment than the former, doomed as I was to wander from forest to forest around Paris for the space of nine months, and with no shelter or refuge in my distress.

I was condemned to death in my absence, with forty-nine of my associates in the Parliament of Paris, who all perished on the scaffold on Easter Sunday, 1794.[1] At their head were my two best friends, the

[1] On the 20th of April, according to the *Moniteur*.

First Président de Saron and the Président de Rosambo.

The States-General was convened in May, 1789, at the urgent and repeated demand of all the Parliaments, and especially of that of Paris. One of its first acts was to abolish the exalted magistracy which had given it birth. This was, indeed, the height of ingratitude. But that France might not be left without courts of law, tribunals called "Chambres des Vacations" were created in all the Parliaments.

I had the honor of being chosen by the king to sit in that of the Parliament of Paris, presided over by the Président de Rosambo, the gentlest and most merciful of men.

We did our work with heroic zeal and courage, in the midst of the first turmoil and effervescence of the Revolution. We were constantly threatened with death, and every effort was made to force us to abandon our post. Emissaries of the Revolution were ever at our heels, trying to frighten us. We were told at one time that we should be attacked in our seats, in the very presence of the spectators; at another, that the assault would take place after we left the Palais and were getting into our carriages.

There were many old men amongst us, and old men are as cowardly as women. The stories told by the court ushers often filled them with dismay, and I frequently found them deliberating at the *buvette*, — a little room in which refreshments were dispensed, — whether they should hold court or not. M. de Rosambo was sometimes undecided how to act. Occasionally the old men got the better of him, when they

would say: "We cannot stay here any longer — we get neither honor nor profit by it; why should we risk our lives?"

I groaned at the spectacle of such irresolution. But I always waited until M. de Rosambo asked my opinion, a thing he never failed to do. Then I said: "I think we should hold court; the king has placed us in this perilous post, and the king alone can relieve us of our functions. If we must perish, it will be a glorious thing to die on the *fleur-de-lis*, victims of our fidelity to the orders of the king. Does a soldier with any sense of honor abandon the post confided to him? A magistrate ought to have as much courage as a soldier. Do you march first, M. le Président, I follow you."

Président de Rosambo did not lack courage, but he required to be supported. Accordingly, as soon as I had thus expressed myself with my natural vivacity, he cried to the usher: "*À l'audience!*" The old fellows grumbled between their teeth, but ended by following us, and I must say that we have never been insulted. Courage always awes rascals.

I ought to add that during the sixteen months we sat in this chamber, we always showed a firm front, and never fell into the snares that were laid for us on all sides.

Manuel, the famous attorney of the Commune, used to write very impertinent letters to the president, giving him orders, in fact. He would command him, for example, to hear such and such a case. The latter was annoyed at such officious intermeddling, and would often ask, —

"M. l'Abbé, what is to be done?"

"Nothing, M. le Président," was my invariable answer. "Impertinent people do not deserve an answer; and, as to the contents of the letter, you will act as you think fitting."

M. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, also tried to humiliate us, or rather to lay a trap for us.

The festival of the Assumption was drawing nigh. It was usual to have a solemn procession on this day in memory of the vow of Louis XIII., in which the Parliament took part. The mayor did not fail to invite us to be present, which was not at all necessary. His object was to give the Commune precedence over the Parliament. Now, this ancient body had always had precedence over all others. We took the matter into consideration. Many were of opinion that the invitation ought to be accepted, for, in fact, said they, the Chambre des Vacations was not the Parliament, and could not have precedence over the Commune, especially a Commune as illustrious as that of Paris.

Such a proposal made me flush with indignation, and, when it was my turn to speak, I said, —

"M. le Président, we are the Parliament; we have all the attributes of the Parliament, and it is a point of honor with us to sustain its dignity. It is the first corporation of the realm, and, if it must perish, let it perish while guarding all its prerogatives. — They are setting a trap for us. M. Bailly," I added ironically, "that modest philosopher, wishes to see us in his train. I oppose such a pretension with all my energy."

"But what excuse can we give for our absence?" cried several voices.

"This one," I answered. "I propose that, without making any reference to the mayor's invitation, we pass the following resolution:—

"'The Chambre des Vacations, having considered whether under existing circumstances its presence at the procession in honor of the Assumption of Our Lady would be advisable, and having reflected that it has been appointed by order of the king to dispense justice to his subjects without any interruption, resolves:—

"'The Chambre des Vacations will not attend the procession on the festival of the Assumption, in memory of the vow of Louis XIII., and it will continue, with zeal and assiduity, to dispense justice to its fellow-citizens.

"'The aforesaid resolution will be communicated to M. le Maire by M. le Président.'"

My proposal was adopted; we did not go to the procession, and our action met with general approval. As for M. Bailly, he was very much surprised, but did not venture to complain.

At other times, we received hints that it would be just as well for us to imitate all the rest of the great corporations of the state, and send in our adhesion to the work of the National Assembly, and also present it with an address of congratulation. But we firmly resisted these perfidious suggestions.

As it became evident we could not be shaken in our resolution, an effort was made to intimidate us, by exciting a kind of revolt against us.

A certain person, lately deceased, had bequeathed a sum of two hundred francs to each of his workmen in some quarries which he owned at Montmartre. His heir wanted to have the will broken, and had brought the case before the Chamber. The quarrymen were present to sustain the validity of the will. I was appointed to report on this dangerous affair.

The time needed for a thorough examination into a matter of such importance occasioned one of those protracted investigations, the necessity of which the parties to a suit cannot even conceive, much less can they bear them patiently. Accordingly, the quarrymen imagined, or rather some mischief-makers put it into their heads, that we did not intend to decide the case at all, and that we purposed, by repeated delays, to deprive them of their legacies for the profit of the heirs, who were influential. They resolved, therefore, to compel us to give judgment by force.

A rumor of these machinations reached us. Some councillors were of opinion that it would be better to abandon the affair altogether. It was too important, they said, to be decided by the Chambre des Vacations. Let us declare ourselves without jurisdiction, and dismiss it to the Grand Chamber, which would hear it on the return of the Parliament. "Another evidence of their weakness," said I to myself. So, when my turn to speak came, I opposed this cowardly measure.

"Messieurs," said I, "you will doubtless be irritated because I happen to hold an opinion, although I am the youngest among you, the very reverse of that expressed by M. Frédy, who is the *doyen* of

the Parliament. I respect and honor M. Frédy; but our enemies will regard our adoption of his proposal as a sign of great weakness, and the quarrymen as a denial of justice, since they know, as well as you do, that the Parliament will never sit again. The attacks on us will become more audacious than ever, when we have shown ourselves so destitute of manly firmness. As for myself, I am of opinion that we should use all due diligence in investigating this affair and bringing it to a conclusion; and, most assuredly, I shall work at my report, in season and out of season."

I reported the state of the case every day to M. de Saron, our first president. He entertained a very warm regard for me, and I loved him as a father. Although he died on the scaffold with great courage, his disposition was naturally feeble and timorous. After I had spoken as related above, he said to me: —

"M. l'Abbé, I think you have been wrong. We ought to pluck this thorn out of our foot the best way we can. If the case turns out badly for these workmen, you will be the first victim."

"I am willing to run the risk of that," I answered. "An act of weakness actually turns my stomach with loathing, and to give way to revolutionists is not at all to my liking. Besides, what motive have you for saying that these workmen will lose their case? My present belief is that the will is perfectly regular."

"God grant it!" he replied.

This excellent man used to give us a formal dinner every week, although he was not the president of the

Chambre des Vacations, in order to lessen the expenses of M. de Rosambo, who was obliged to receive us twice a week at his table. The banquet was usually on Tuesday.

Now, some days after the conversation I have related, we were just sitting down to dinner with M. de Saron, when word came to us that the quarrymen to the number of two hundred had gone to the Palais in search of us, and, not finding us, they were now at the house of M. de Saron, with the same object in view.

At this news, there was general dismay, and one of my confrères turned to me, saying, —

"See now what your giddiness and boastful courage have brought upon us!"

These words stung me to the quick, and, rising unceremoniously —

"Permit me," I said to the president, "to deal with this disturbance myself. I am going to put on my robe, which is in my wardrobe at the Palais. Do you remain quietly at table, and do not allow this trouble to interrupt your dinner."

I returned soon, garbed in my black robe. At the same moment, the servant said: "Here they are! they are entering the court!" I hastened down, stopping at the top of the grand staircase, so as to prevent them from mounting to the apartments of the First President. I could see there was a great uproar in the court. The workmen were parleying with the guard stationed at the door, who refused to let them go further. But they forced an entrance, and were already on the first step of the staircase,

when I appeared to view. My presence at the head of the staircase, clad as I was in my official robe, seemed to astonish them very much. "What brings you here?" I exclaimed. "Who has given you the perfidious advice to come to this place in a disorderly band? Do you believe you can intimidate the magistrates of the Parliament? Undeceive yourselves. They are not a bit afraid of you, and have given proof of their courage in more difficult circumstances than this. As far as I am concerned, I am here in your presence, and I do not fear anything you can do to me, — and it is on me especially that you ought to wreak your unjust fury, for unfortunately I am your reporter. But be assured there will always remain enough of magistrates to punish your reckless outrages, and fling the whole of you into prison. And besides, what a strange method you are taking to get justice done you! Don't you know that if you won your suit by violence, your opponent would say that the verdict was null, and it would be set aside by the king? Much better off you will be then! Let four of you come up here and tell me what you want."

They listened in silence, and four of them mounted the stairs. I advanced and took my place on the first step, in order to force these ambassadors to remain on the second. Thus I had the advantage of towering above them. "What do you desire?" I said; "you may speak with perfect freedom."

My own servant stood, with some of the other servants, behind me, to defend me in case of need. I recommended them to keep quiet and make no movement.

One of the four quarrymen spoke in behalf of the others. I noticed that one of his companions kept his cap on his head. Striking my left arm emphatically with my right hand, I exclaimed: "As long as I wear this robe, I shall not permit any one to offer it disrespect. Off with your cap, sir!"

He doffed it immediately.

Then the other one said, —

"We have not come here to show you any disrespect, but we have been told you were unwilling to decide our case, that the Parliament will never return, and we might as well bid good-by to our money."

"Those who told you that," I answered, "are idiots. There is not a word of truth in it; they are your enemies. Have confidence in your judges. Your attorney must have informed you that a suit of this sort cannot be decided in a hurry; it takes time, and that is the cause exactly of all those delays which make you fancy you will not have justice done you. Retire quietly, and await our decision calmly and respectfully. The case will be soon over, I assure you, and I am your reporter. But remember I have not the slightest fear of you, and if you do not obey me, I shall have nothing further to do with it. Send also two of your comrades to me in the evening. I shall present them to M. le Premier Président, in order that they may apologize, in your name, for your audacity in daring to create a disturbance within the precincts of his court. Now, trust to me and retire."

The poor quarrymen, who had been simply the

tools of cleverer knaves than themselves, at once withdrew, after promising to send two of their comrades to me in the evening.

I did not take time to pull off my robe, but returned immediately to the dining-room.

"So there you are, my dear abbé!" exclaimed M. de Saron, when he saw me. "I perceive that everything has passed off well. Come now and finish your dinner in peace." But I was still excited, and had no longer any appetite. I said, with a smile to M. de Saron, —

"This evening it will be your turn to play your part. I have to present two of our quarrymen to you; they are coming to apologize on the part of their comrades, for pressing their acquaintance on you without an invitation. You must be prepared, then, to make them a little speech."

M. le Président would have preferred if I had spared him the visit, but he consented with good grace to receive them. The quarrymen were faithful to the appointment; I requested M. de Rosambo to be present also, and all passed off well.

Six weeks afterward, the court rendered judgment, and these good fellows got their legacies.

It was this incident that gave occasion for the report that I had been saved during the September massacres by the quarrymen of Montmartre: it was not true.

For sixteen months, we labored without interruption, and I may add without honor or profit, for no one deigned to express himself satisfied with our unremunerated toil. Yet we got through over twenty-

three thousand cases, civil as well as criminal, and it fell to my share to report three thousand four hundred of them. The president was overwhelmed with requests from parties who would have no one but me for reporter, because I was so affable and so quick in disposing of every affair brought before me. The effect of such excess of work was to drive me into a sort of consumption, while, for the entire month that brought our labors to an end, I was afflicted with a terrible dysentery. At last, we begged the First President to tell the king that it was utterly out of our power to serve him any longer, that we were nearly all sick, and that, therefore, it was our earnest prayer he would be graciously pleased to consent to our separation. He granted our petition on the 1st of November, 1790.

But before separating, we resolved to leave a monument that should witness our principles and our attachment to our sovereign. After deliberating a whole night in the study of M. de Rosambo, our chief, we drew up a protest against the subversion of the laws of the realm, the annihilation of the royal authority, and the decrees tending to overthrow the rights of the clergy and nobles. This protest was signed by all the members of the Chambre des Vacations present. It was intended to be placed in the hands of the king at once, and to remain a profound secret.

But, by a fatality which is to me inconceivable, M. de Rosambo locked it up in a private drawer in presence of his *valet de chambre*, who had been in the service of his family for forty years.

This old servant became suddenly smitten with revolutionary principles, and, in the month of September, 1793, he denounced his master and revealed the secret of the famous protest to the section of Bondy, in which the Hôtel de Rosambo was situated. No one knows why he did so, for he loved his master.

The first care of this abominable section was to get a search-warrant and proceed to rummage the entire Palais for the important document. Then it sent its commissaries to Malesherbes in the Loiret, and the whole family of M. de Rosambo, including M. de Malesherbes and M. de Châteaubriand, his son-in-law, were conducted to different prisons.

All the members of the Parliament of Paris composing the Chambre des Vacations were eventually seized, one after the other, and with them the *présidents à mortier*,[1] whose names were inscribed at the head of the document, but who had not signed the protest; these were M. Bochard de Saron, First President, M. de Gourgues, M. de Champlâtreux, and M. Noiseau d'Ormesson.

[1] So called from the shape of the cap; it was made of black velvet, with a gold band around it, and resembled a mortar. — Tr.

CHAPTER II.

THE WARRANT OF ARREST.

The Section of Bondy tries to seize Mgr. de Salamon. — A Lady of the Île Saint-Louis who lacked Courage. — A Devoted Friend. — A Discovery: MM. de Saron, d'Ormesson, de Marcé, and Pasquier. — The Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu: a Magistrate who makes Stockings. — Madame Dellebart and her Daughter. — On a False Scent. — Letter from M. de Chateaubriand to Mgr. de Salamon.

Commissaries of the section of Bondy came to that of the Unity, where I resided, and asked permission to take me within their jurisdiction.

I had been living in perfect tranquillity since the massacre, and, as I took my turn at mounting guard, I passed for a good citizen and felt that I was quite secure. The revolutionary committee of my section were unwilling to have any part in my arrest, and answered that they did not know where I was living. Indeed, one of them came secretly to my house, and asked for me. Blanchet told him I was not in. "So much the better!" he replied. "Tell him not to show himself here for some days, because the section of Bondy wants to have him arrested. We really do not know why."

As it has always been a custom with me to tell my servants the place where I am going, Madame Blanchet found me in the Île Saint-Louis, just as I was sitting down to dinner.

She sent in word for me to come out to her, and said, —

"The section of Bondy has a warrant for your arrest, so you must not come home for a few days."

After I had dismissed her and charged her to try to find out the cause of this new persecution, I returned to table, but no longer had any appetite. Still, I put as good a face on the matter as I could, for the lady in whose house I was had no courage, and would certainly have had an attack of the nerves if she knew my danger. I stayed until dark, although in a state of great anxiety, and after I left, at half past eight, I wandered at haphazard, not knowing where I could get a night's rest.

As I was tramping along, the idea occurred to me of going to the Rue Sainte-Apolline, near the Porte Saint-Martin, where a rich widow lady of my acquaintance lived, having a little hôtel all to herself. She was a tall, handsome woman, about fifty years old, and had an excellent heart. I had only known her for about fifteen months, but it was enough to render her very much attached to me. She took a singular interest in my stories of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September. Her sole companion was a daughter, who had wished to become a nun, but had returned to her mother on the suppression of the religious orders.[1]

Still, I felt some hesitation at the notion of entering at so late an hour. At this period a mere nothing excited terror, for domiciliary visits and arrests were becoming more numerous than ever. But the

[1] In 1792.

danger of being surprised while wandering through the streets banished my scruples, and I entered the house of this excellent woman.

It was her evening for receiving, and there were several persons present. I saw at once that my sudden arrival surprised her; but she did not betray her astonishment, for fear of creating suspicion among her guests. On the contrary, she said, as soon as she saw me: "Ah! how pleased I am to meet you! You must dine with me!" When we were alone, however, she exclaimed, —

"My dear friend, what has happened?"

"Alas! madame," I answered, "I am afraid of being arrested. People are speaking of several arrests, and particularly of those of the members of the Parliament. Madame Blanchet has told me not to come near my own house for several days."

"Well, then, my friend," she said, wiping away the tears, "you must stay here. There is a very fine bedroom on the second story. I have none with me but my daughter, whom you know well, and servants whom I can trust."

I replied, at the same time embracing her, that I accepted her offer for the moment, but I would not abuse her kindness; for, if I were to remain long under her roof, it might be fatal to her. I added that it would drive me to despair, if she suffered imprisonment through me.

"Let us not speak of that," she said, interrupting me; "and now you must think of nothing but getting a good night's rest. To-night, my daughter will sleep with me, and you will have her room. We shall have yours ready to-morrow."

I went out early the next morning, leaving word for Madame Dellebart — such was the name of this admirable woman — that she need not expect me at breakfast.

I ran straight to the hôtel of the First President de Saron in the Rue de l'Université, in order to notify him of what had happened. His *concierge*, who, as the event showed, was an abominable fellow, received me with these words, uttered in tones denoting pleasure, —

"He was taken to La Force at three this morning."

From there I proceeded to the house of M. d'Ormesson. As he was in a very feeble condition, he had not been dragged to prison, but he was kept under surveillance.

I made several other wearisome journeys. I went to M. de Marcé, councillor of the Grand Chamber, Rue Michel le Comte. He had been in the Madelonnettes since morning. I then called on my colleagues in the Marais, one after the other. They were all in prison.

It was now four o'clock in the evening; I had been walking since eight, and was still fasting.

Nevertheless, I started from the Rue Saint-Anastase in the Marais, and went to the Rue de la Madeleine in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, where the Pasquiers, father and son, resided. I found no one at home but Madame Pasquier, who was very fond of me. As soon as she saw me, she said: —

"You are just in time — I have a capital fowl, all the way from Mans, for dinner, and you will join me in eating it."

"I thank you, madame, — but where is M. Pasquier?"

"He is at M. d'Aulnay's, Rue-Neuve des Mathurins."

I related briefly our perilous situation, and left to warn my colleague to fly. I met him in the Rue de l'Arcade. "For God's sake!" I said to him, "fly! — do not return home — all our friends have been arrested. Men belonging to the section were at my house yesterday, and I am surprised they have not been at yours. We are lost — and I am still completely in the dark as to the cause of our arrest."

This was the last time I saw my dear friend. He was not arrested in his house, but peculiar circumstances led to his imprisonment afterward, and he was guillotined with our unfortunate colleagues.

I was now utterly worn out, but I managed to drag myself along from the Faubourg Saint-Honoré to the Rue Simon le Franc in the Marais, where I had been already. I called on one of my friends, a clerical-councillor like myself, the Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu. I found him on the sixth story, in a wretched room. He had learned a trade, and was busy making woollen stockings.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "you take life easy, and we are all in a state of anguish!"

"I have lived unknown," he answered, "for the last two years. I am supposed to be a common workman, and so I have no fear. I would be inclined to wager a good deal that I am in no danger of arrest."

This assumption of perfect security reassured me,

and I was thinking whether I ought not to pass the night with him, when a leg of mutton, garnished with potatoes, was brought in; it had been roasted at the baker's oven, and exhaled a delicious odor.

"You will dine with me," said the abbé at once, and he added, with a smile: "I call this my dinner, though it is the only dish to which I can invite you."

"I accept the invitation gladly, for I have walked four or five leagues to-day, and am still fasting."

I made a hearty meal, and bade him good-bye about eight o'clock.

The Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu was never molested during the entire Reign of Terror, and he is living to-day in the same quarter. But he occupies a far finer apartment than the one I met him in, and practises as a lawyer.[1]

When I reached Madame Dellebart's, at ten in the evening, I found her in tears. She had imagined that I must have been arrested in some street, and had given up all hopes of me. I related how I had spent the day, and she felt relieved; but when I told her of my long and weary journeys, she burst into tears again. She was, as I have said already, a woman of rare goodness of heart.

She informed me that Madame Blanchet — that woman has always seemed to me to divine intuitively whatever steps I took — had come in search of me, although I had never given her a hint of the place of my retreat. Blanchet related to her that she had found

[1] The Abbé Chaubri de Beaulieu, like many other clerical councillors, and, indeed, like a large number of the abbés of the ancient *régime*, was not in holy orders.

out the reason for this new persecution of so many eminent persons. It was caused by the discovery of a document concealed in M. de Rosambo's desk, in which my name figured among the rest. At the very moment I heard these words, that accursed protest flashed across my memory, and I could not refrain from crying: "Ah, how could M. de Rosambo have kept such a document!" But I added, in extenuation: "He has not been able to reach the king and give it to him."

You can easily guess that Madame Dellebart and I had a long conversation on that evening, and it was two in the morning before we retired.

She conducted me herself to the beautiful chamber she had prepared for me. It was an exquisitely neat apartment, hung with Persian muslin.

Madame Dellebart loved fine furniture and fine stuffs, but neatness and cleanliness more than either. So, in this respect, her house, although rather small, was a perfect jewel of a house. From hall to attic everything shone as if it were new.

I went to bed and slept well, indeed, much better than I expected. Then, at nine in the morning, this excellent lady sent me, in a little silver coffee-pot, some remarkably fine coffee and cream; the cream came from her farm at Pantin, formerly owned by Mlle. Guimard, the famous dancer at the Opéra.

Her daughter was present at my little breakfast, and showed me all the sympathy to be naturally expected from a person consecrated to God and full of good feeling besides. She was, for that matter, a woman of rather limited understanding, and her piety

also was of a somewhat unintelligent character. "My daughter is a bigot," her poor mother used often to say to me. She was twenty-seven, and very pretty, but very pale. The reason she came to keep me company in my room was because her mother rose late.

Blanchet arrived on the same day, at about ten o'clock. She appeared extremely dejected. She had wept much, both on account of the danger I ran and also because she had not seen me for two days. I did my best to calm and console her.

However, the discovery of the protest was ever in my mind, and inspired me with the liveliest anxiety. I had always had a presentiment that it would be fatal to us; and when it was discussed, I was totally opposed to its adoption, not through want of principle or love for revolutionary ideas, but I believed it equally useless, whether the Revolution continued or came to an end. Nevertheless, I signed it. It was, then, only by a violent effort that I could keep from appearing sad and pensive, for when my thoughts are preoccupied, I am naturally inclined to show it in my countenance.

Blanchet told me that the commissaries of the section of Bondy had returned the day before, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and were in a very bad temper at not finding me at home. They insulted her grossly, and asked where I was. Not knowing how to get rid of them, she answered imprudently that I had gone to the Château of Bonneuil on business. It is unnecessary to say that this was false. The scoundrels believed her on her word, marched to Bonneuil, which is four leagues from Paris, turned the château upside down, and, of course, found nothing.

I did not learn of this till later, and I reproached Blanchet very severely for her conduct, although her motive was good, and she wished to send these wicked men on a false scent. I recommended her to confine herself to a simple negation for the future.

I passed my time very pleasantly with Madame Dellebart, who anticipated all my wishes and attended to my wants as carefully as on the first day I entered her house. I sometimes departed in the morning and did not return until evening, after aimlessly rambling through Paris, without very well knowing where I was going. Every morning, my little breakfast was brought into my chamber. Blanchet came to see me every other day. She related the gossip of her neighborhood, and all the rumors that were in circulation, and certainly they were not reassuring.

One day I committed a great imprudence: I returned to dine at the house of the lady in the Île Saint-Louis, where Blanchet first warned me of the peril in which I stood. It was a recreation, and I needed something at the time to divert me from my sad thoughts. Of course, you will easily understand that I did not breathe a word as to my melancholy position to the lady.

When I made my appearance in the evening at the house of Madame Dellebart, she told me that she had not seen my poor Blanchet, although it was the day for her visit. I was very uneasy, but I did not venture to send any one to inquire into the reason of her absence, for my messenger might want discretion, or might be "shadowed" on the way back.

At length, Blanchet came at noon, the next day,

with the news that my house had been searched for the third time, and that those engaged in the search, after uttering the most terrible threats, left the place in a perfect fury at not finding me. She handed me a letter at the same time, which the wife of one of the seventy-two deputies imprisoned in La Force[1] had brought for me, offering to take charge of my reply.

The letter was from M. Châteaubriand, the brother of the author, who, being under the impression that I was at liberty and in no danger, wrote that he and his friends were all in prison, that they had been separated, and he was ignorant where M. de Malesherbes and Madame de Rosambo were confined. I answered that I was myself a wanderer and an outlaw, not daring to go to my home, which had been searched three times; that I was obliged to live in Paris as best I could, and was absolutely ignorant of what was taking place; however, I had heard that M. de Malesherbes was in the Madelonnettes, and Madame de Rosambo at the Anglaises. I added that I despaired of being useful to him in the future, because it was my intention to get away as soon as possible, and I was determined to do everything I could to avoid arrest.

He received my reply, but I had no further news of these dear friends.

However, I still remained with Madame Dellebart, who showed me all the solicitous affection that a mother would show a beloved son. We had such

[1] Partisans of a moderate policy. They were expelled from the Legislature on the 31st of May, 1793, a date that witnessed the fall of the Girondins and the inauguration of the dictatorship of Robespierre. They resumed their functions after the 9th Thermidor.

delight in each other's conversation that we often remained, after the daughter had gone to bed, up till two in the morning, relating the various incidents that marked our lives. She had witnessed many strange scenes in hers, and she was a born *raconteuse*. Besides, she was familiar with fashionable society, and still had persons of the highest distinction at her receptions. As for myself, I had travelled extensively, had frequented the best society in Paris, and, above all, had witnessed the September massacres. Besides, she was very much interested in politics, and had been on terms of the closest intimacy with the famous Favier, the great diplomatist employed by Louis XV., while I, on the other hand, corresponded with a court considered, not without reason, the most sagacious of all the courts in Europe.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUVENT DES ANGLAISES.

BLANCHET ARRESTED. — THE SECTION OF "BANDITS." — TWO AWFUL AUVERGNATS. — THE PRISONERS AT LES ANGLAISES. — MESDAMES DE CHAMPCENETZ, DE SOYECOURT, DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, D'URTAT AND DUCHILLEAU. — THEIR CONDUCT TO BLANCHET. — INTERVENTION OF DOCTOR GUASTALDI. — DEATH OF BLANCHET'S SON. — A BAKER WHO WILL BE MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSE. — MGR. DE SALAMON INTERESTS THE DUCHESSE DE SULX AND MADAME D'AULNAY IN BLANCHET. — LETTERS FROM ROME.

HOWEVER, I remained four days without receiving any news of Blanchet. Her absence caused me much distress and fear. Madame Dellebart shared my anxiety, for she had become very fond of Blanchet, and never spoke of her without adding: "That excellent woman!" We had a presentiment — which turned out only too true — that she was arrested.

After mature deliberation, we decided that Madame Dellebart should send François, her confidential servant, to the Rue des Augustins, to make inquiries in the neighborhood of my house, and particularly of the woman who kept the bakery opposite.

François was perfectly successful. Madame Blanchet had been dragged out of the house on New Year's Day, at four in the morning, and all she was

allowed to take with her was the clothes she wore. The section had seized my plate and money, that is to say, fifteen hundred francs in specie and two thousand in assignats, had affixed seals to my apartments, and had stationed two guards in my kitchen and hall, who were to receive five francs a day. But he could not discover where they had taken Blanchet. All he was able to learn was that they tore away her son, a boy of fourteen, from her arms, and flung him into the street, where he would have been frozen to death on that cold winter's morning, had not the baker given him shelter. François had been warned also to be careful not to mention where I was.

You can easily imagine my consternation at these tidings. Madame Dellebart, her daughter, and I were in such a state of grief that we could not dine; indeed, we did not even think of sitting down to table.

I spent the following fortnight in trying to find out the prison where she was confined; but all my efforts were unavailing.

However, she was, as I learned afterward, lying, at this very time, on a wretched mattress in a lock-up belonging to the section of Bondy, in the parish of St. Laurence, weeping as if her heart would break, and suffering dreadfully in body as well as in mind.

Her amazement and terror, when she was suddenly startled out of sleep and saw her bed surrounded by armed men; her horror at being dragged half-naked through the streets; the chilling cold of one of the severest nights in winter; the agony of being separated from her only son, the last of nine children, — all this affected her to such a degree that she fell

seriously ill, and was for three whole weeks on the brink of the grave.

In spite of her condition, these barbarians always kept her in sight constantly, as if, indeed, there was any chance for the poor woman to escape; and their presence, as she confessed to me afterward, was a greater torture to her than all her other sufferings. They even spied on her and put questions to her during her sleep, in the hope that they might wrest from her some hint as to the place in which I was concealed; but she never uttered a word.

At last her vigorous constitution triumphed, and she was restored to health, but after a long convalescence.

There was in the section of Bondy — Blanchet called it the section of "bandits" [1] — a revolutionary committee composed of abominable men. Two of them were especially noteworthy for their infamy, two loathsome creatures from Auvergne, named Jérôme and Baptiste. These wretches were the immediate cause of the death of nearly two thousand persons. They often came to torment Blanchet with their questions. When they had worn out her patience, she said to them sternly in Provençal, which is very like Auvergnat: "Yes, I know where he is, but you shall never know. He will live to have you both hanged, and all people of your sort."

These words so frightened the savages that they took to their heels immediately.

[1] The French pronunciation of "bandits" is so near that of Bondy as almost to excuse Blanchet's pun. — Tr.

At length, as nothing could be got out of her, they imprisoned my stout old housekeeper in the convent of Les Anglaises, Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor.[1]

This poor woman, the victim of her loyalty to her master and to the good cause, suffered many humiliations in a place where she might have expected consolation and encouragement.

She was given a wretched mattress in the room of Madame de Champcenetz. This charitable dame, furious at seeing her apartment invaded by "common people," as she said, gave fifty francs to the keeper to remove Blanchet.

Yet Blanchet's virtues might have excited the respectful compassion and sympathy of this haughty lady.

It must be admitted, however, that her external appearance at the time was not calculated to inspire confidence, for she had only just recovered from a grievous illness, and her convalescence advanced but slowly in a prison where she was deprived of everything. Then, her clothing was almost in rags, for she had, as I mentioned already, been dragged from bed at four in the morning, and not given time to take anything with her except what was under her hand.

She was pitilessly chased, then, out of Madame de Champcenetz' apartment, and banished to a garret, which had no windows, but only shutters, in which she was exposed to every wind that blows.

Seeing herself abandoned by everybody, and being absolutely in want, she decided, in her despair, to lay

[1] The Convent of English ladies of the order of St. Augustine is to-day at Neuilly.

her case before Madame de Soyecourt, *née* Princesse de Nassau-Sarrebruck, without, however, mentioning the cause of her detention, for fear of injuring me. This lady was under the greatest obligations to me. I made her acquaintance at a time when she was sunk hopelessly in debt. All her property had been sequestrated, and her creditors wished even to seize her pension. She appealed to the Parliament to make at least provision for her subsistence. I was appointed her reporter, and I treated her as I thought a princess should be treated, for I was the means of getting a decree passed which granted her a pension of four thousand francs, and this pension was placed out of the reach of her creditors. Blanchet saw her more than once at my house, and witnessed the cordial reception I always gave her. Accordingly, she thought she would make bold to ask her for a little soup. Madame de Soyecourt received her haughtily, saying: "Citoyenne Blanchet, I have not enough for myself."

Blanchet retired, all in tears, when luckily she ran up against M. Guastaldi, a countryman of mine, and also my physician. He was passing without noticing her, for, indeed, she was little better than a skeleton. Blanchet believed he was avoiding her purposely. So she placed herself in front of him, and, seizing him rather roughly by the arm, exclaimed: "So you, you abandon me also!" Guastaldi recognized her immediately, and cried: "What! Blanchet! you here!" After she told him what had happened to her, he turned back to the ladies. "You have a treasure in this house," said he, — "a treasure you have thought unworthy of your notice until now. This

Blanchet is one of the most estimable women in the world."

Then, every one was in a hurry to help her, — even Madame de Champcenetz, who gave her fifty francs. Madame Duchilleau never ceased, as long as she was spared, to show her the most tender affection; in fact, if Blanchet had permitted it, she would have made her a present of everything she had brought with her into the prison. Madame de La Rochefoucauld, who had been deserted by her maid, also treated her with much kindness. Blanchet became very much attached to this lady; she tended skilfully the leg-sores from which she suffered, and obtained a number of little delicacies for her from the keeper, — chocolate, for example.

Pardon me, madame, all these details; they are unimportant enough, and can have but little interest for you, but the history of Blanchet is so closely connected with mine that I must speak of her.

As I have already related, her imprisonment was the source of much sorrow to Madame Dellebart, as well as to me.

We were informed, in course of time, that, besides my plate and money, two beautiful clocks and sixteen hundred of my choicest books had been carried away from my house; the books were scattered among the public libraries.

To resume the thread of my adventures, I went to the residence of Madame de Senozan, sister of Madame de Malesherbes, and the best and most estimable woman in the world. Sentries were stationed in front of the gate, to watch those who entered her

hôtel; but I made my way in by a secret staircase, without any one noticing me, except the *concierge*, and he used to see me coming every day to the house formerly.

As I was describing to her the sad events that had occurred during the last few days, she interrupted me, saying: "I know everything, perhaps more than you do; the child of this poor woman has been transported to the Hospice de la Charité, and has, for the last three days, been lying between life and death." She added that she sent her servant Comtois every day to inquire after him.

He died the next day of brain fever, calling with heart-rending cries for his mother and his master.

I felt the loss of this young man excessively, and at the present day I never think of him without sorrow. He was a remarkably clever youth, and I was beginning to employ him as secretary, even for my Roman correspondence; for, though he was scarcely fourteen, he showed a discretion beyond his years.

Madame de Senozan also informed me that her brother, nephews, and nieces were all now reunited at Port Royal, which had been changed into a prison and called Port Libre.

I left her, feeling the utmost compassion for her many misfortunes; it was our last meeting.

I returned to Madame Dellebart's in the evening with these melancholy tidings. I did not stir out of her house for six days after. On the seventh, I determined to pay a visit to Madame la Vicomtesse d'Allemane, who was then living at Versailles, with whom I had been very intimate. She, too, was a

prisoner in her own house, under the surveillance of two keepers. She had not been dragged to prison, owing to a certificate of ill health which I had persuaded Doctor Guastaldi to give her. I made known to her my doleful situation, and begged her to send her *valet de chambre* to the baker-woman who lived opposite my house, to inquire whether there were any letters for me.

I learned afterward that the commissaries, finding out that this woman took charge of my correspondence, had come to the shop to seize it, just at the very moment when the *valet de chambre* was carrying it away in safety.

Two of these letters were from Rome, and one of them contained a cheque on the Italian banker Caccia, Rue Saint-Denis. It was for three hundred Roman crowns, and was to be paid me in specie.

I went there early the next day; but the banker, through fear of compromising himself, refused to cash my cheque, and this embarrassed me very much.

The other letter was from the Cardinal Secretary of State; it was full of consolation and encouragement, and showed the deep interest his Eminence took in me. I had found means, in fact, to make him acquainted with my distressing situation. As I was not able to procure the necessary books, I had also requested him to ask the Pope to dispense me from reading the breviary. His answer was that the Pope granted me all the dispensations I needed, and recommended me to use every precaution to avoid arrest.

On the next day I went to see the Duchesse de

Sulx, whom I had the honor of knowing. She lived in the Rue des Saints-Pères. She was not in prison, because, as she had resided only a short time in this quarter, she was but little known in the neighborhood. I begged her to go to the prison of Les Anglaises and inquire about Blanchet, also to carry her sugar, coffee, and anything else she might desire. She accepted the commission willingly, and visited the prison, dressed as a servant. As she was slim and active, the distance did not frighten her; besides, she was a charitable, good-hearted woman. She often went on the same journey; but, after a time, she told me that the door was shut against everybody, and Blanchet had been taken to another prison. I thanked her from the bottom of my heart. I did not see this virtuous woman again until fifteen years afterward.

In this fashion I went knocking at every door, with the view of softening somewhat the afflictions my poor Blanchet had to endure. The same purpose led me to the door of Madame d'Aulnay. She lived in the Rue des Mathurins, and was an extremely charitable woman. For a wonder, she was never incarcerated during the entire Revolution. I requested her to hit on some plan by means of which I might be able to convey two hundred francs to Blanchet. She promised to do so, and succeeded, employing as her agent one of those roving peddlers who seem capable of making their way anywhere and everywhere.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH PARIS.

Mgr. Salamon leaves the House of Madame Dellebart. — — His Hostess in the Rue Paradis. — An ex-Abbé becomes Professor in a Medical School. — A deplorable Fellow-countryman. — The Fine Shirt and the Old Bordeaux of the Jacobin.

I had been wandering up and down Paris for about a month, but had continued to take my meals at Madame Dellebart's, when one day her daughter said to me, —

"François has told mamma that two men have been asking whether there was not a stranger here, but mamma does not want you to know."

I thanked her for intrusting me with this important secret, which, I observed, I should turn to account at once. "In fact," I answered, "one of two things must have happened: either this is true, and I ought to move out as quickly as possible; or it is false, and then it is clear the servants are tired of my presence. Perhaps, too, they are afraid — and not without reason — that I may compromise their mistress. Who knows but some day or other they may say as much to myself, without meaning to hurt me? So, in any case, it is my duty to leave you."

The *religieuse* was in despair at having told me. She dreaded a scolding from her mother, but I soon brought her to her senses. I spoke to Madame

Dellebart in the evening of my resolution; she raised all kinds of objections, and pressed me earnestly to stay with her.

It happened at the time that there was a lady in the house who was her particular friend. This lady and her husband caught some portion of our conversation, and invited me to spend the night with them. I accepted the offer gratefully, but, I must add, to the great annoyance of Madame Dellebart.

I started out at midnight with my new hosts. They crossed the boulevard, entered the Faubourg Poissonnière, and conducted me to the Rue de Paradis.

It did not take me long to perceive that the good lady was in far greater alarm than I was. She introduced me into the house with the greatest caution, looking this way and that, and murmuring every second: "Good God! we have been seen!" Then she showed me into a tiny little room under the roof, in which I did not close an eye the whole night, for they seemed to be making a racket all the time below stairs. Accordingly, I left very early in the morning, without giving notice to any one, and I have never seen my hostess since.

It will strike you as an odd circumstance that I had all the time found a lodging in that very section of Bondy which persecuted me.

I resumed my wanderings through Paris. I did not know very well where to go, when, on passing through the Rue des Cordeliers, near the École de Médicine, I perceived a young man whom I thought I recognized. I was not mistaken.

He was a priest of my native town, son of an

apothecary, and I had known him formerly; his name was Audin Rouvière.

I approached him and said, —

"I believe, monsieur, I have seen you somewhere."

"The very impression you make on me also," he answered.

"You would not happen to be the Abbé Audin?"

"Ah, monsieur," he said quickly, "do not pronounce that word 'abbé.' I am a professor in the École de Médecine, and I live in the *entresol* you see yonder."

I told him, in my turn, that my name was so and so.

He begged me to enter his lodgings, with many demonstrations of friendship. When we were seated, I said, —

"I thought you were chaplain at the Hospice."

"Did you now?" he answered, bursting into a roar of laughter. "As if there were any chaplains left! But tell me what are you doing yourself?"

"You know well that I was clerical councillor in the Parliament, and I am very much afraid I may be arrested."

"In that case, you had better remain here, — the devil himself would never find you out in this hole! Our *concierge* is a regular wine-barrel, and there is no danger from him. Here is a key; you can come in and go out when you like."

I took him at his word, and accepted his offer.

The *entresol* was almost devoid of furniture, and there was no sign of any servant whatever. "Well," said I to myself, "I have at last found a lodging where I am not likely to be disturbed for some time!"

He showed me into a small closet, where there was a little pallet stretched on rough planks; there was a bed-quilt, and that was all. "I shall not be badly off here," I said to him.

He brought me a large sheet, however, which I made up into a kind of pillow, thinking myself very lucky to have something to rest my head on.

But when I had lain down, I felt the air blowing in on me from all directions, and I was regularly frozen throughout the night, owing to the want of bed-clothes.

I slept very badly then.

But my companion would have kept me awake in any case. He cried out in his sleep like a madman, now uttering exclamations in Latin, now in French, and jumping and tossing about furiously.

At seven in the morning, he left his room, making a great noise as he did so. He appeared again at half-past eight. "I have been giving my lesson," he said to me.

He asked had I slept well. "Ah!" I answered, "how could you expect me to sleep well, considering the sad situation in which I am placed?"

We breakfasted on nuts. Then he went out, and returned with a few small fishes, which were to compose our dinner.

When it was dark, I made my way to Madame Dellebart, and informed her of my new domicile. She entreated me to, at least, dine with her every day; but I told her it would be the greatest imprudence for me to consent.

When I returned, I met my young professor, who

was enthusiastic over his profession. He was in love, he said, with a niece of Dr. Portail, who did not know he was a priest and invited him once a week to dinner. He confided to me that he intended to marry her.

"But you seem to have forgotten that you are a priest?"

"Oh!" he answered, "you are still imbued with those foolish prejudices, are you?"

"Do not speak in that way," I answered. "Portail will never give you his niece."

"But I assure you the doctor thinks a lot about me. He has me to dinner every Sunday. And, as for his niece, I am fairly wild to get her."

I thought to myself: "I pity the poor girl, if she marries you!"

I learned eventually that the affair had gone very far, and he had been on the point of having her; but Dr. Portail discovered he was a priest, and showed him the door.

I passed my time, then, tranquilly, though sadly, in my new home, thinking myself very fortunate to have this little retreat instead of being in prison. The ex-abbé cooked our meals himself; they generally consisted of fish fried on the gridiron, though occasionally we had a leg of mutton, with a plentiful seasoning of garlic. We spent the evening playing draughts, a game to which my companion was passionately addicted; I had barely an idea of it, yet I won often enough, which gave him a high idea of my capacity. I judged thereby that he was not much of a player himself. It was a terrible bore to me, spend-

ing two hours at a stretch in such a childish occupation; but, of course, it was necessary to keep in the good graces of my host.

Our nights all resembled one another. He leaped and tossed about in the queerest way. Sometimes he would thunder out phrases from his lessons, and sometimes passionately implore the favor of his *inamorata*.

As sleep was impossible, I turned and turned in my bed, where, as I have stated, I had not sufficient covering, and was often chilled through.

I had been ten days in the apartments of my deplorable compatriot, when a man entered unceremoniously. The *concierge* had left the door open by mistake, and I was not able to hide myself so quickly as not to be seen.

It was the cousin of my host.

His first words to him were: "Who is that man?" I did not very well hear their conversation after this, but my entertainer had the weakness to confess everything.

"You are a dead man," said his cousin to him. "If this man is discovered with you, you will be guillotined along with him for a dead certainty!"

He was gone at last, and I perceived that Rouvière was quite upset. I asked him who the man was, and added: "Evidently, my presence here is beginning to frighten you."

"He is my cousin. But no, I am not frightened, not at all."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. If you have told him who I was, he must surely have tried to alarm you as to the consequence of having me here."

"Well, then, you have guessed the truth! He told me if you were found in my apartments, I was sure to be guillotined along with you. But no matter, I am not afraid."

"He has told you nothing but the truth, my dear fellow," I answered, "and I have made up my mind to leave you; for, without meaning any harm, he might mention to one of his friends that I am here."

I set out the same evening, and related my adventure to Madame Dellebart. She said immediately:

"Well, you see now you must stay with me. We are accustomed to each other's ways. Don't be alarmed: nothing will happen to either you or me, I assure you — Why," added this excellent woman, whom I had known for only a little over a year, "why, since your departure, the house has looked empty!"

I embraced and thanked her again and again.

But in the midst of those perpetual alternations of fear and hope, I had not the consolation of accepting the offers of my friends, knowing that such acceptance on my part would endanger their lives.

"No, no," I answered, "I must wander wherever my fortunes direct me. And you will not see me again more than once a week, and then only when I am sure the coast is clear." While I was uttering these words she wept bitterly.

Nevertheless, I consented to stay during the night, and I left the next morning at daybreak.

All this time, I had no news of Madame Blanchet, and found it impossible to discover the prison in which she was detained.

I proceeded next to the Rue Cassette, to find the husband of the woman who had aided Blanchet in her search for me among the dead bodies at the Abbaye. He was a Jacobin, and therefore, I thought, likely to have access to the prisons, and to be able to discover where they had put my faithful old servant.

When I knocked at the door, he was still asleep; but he heard me after a time, and came and opened the door. He was in his shirt sleeves, and I noticed that this same shirt was made of the finest Holland linen. Yet he was but a poor carpenter, and, to add to that, a professional drunkard. In fact, he had killed his wife by his ill treatment.

He received me with effusive good nature, and ran to dress himself in order to talk with me. He began by pressing me to take something. I answered that I did not come for eating or drinking, but to get news of my poor Blanchet, the friend of his deceased wife.

"Well, we can eat a bit, for all that; it won't prevent us talking," and the tears came to his eyes.

I did not venture to decline a share of his breakfast, for fear of offending him; but I was in dread he might offer me some of his wine, which was sure to be bad, and bad wine I cannot abide in the morning. So I sat down to breakfast, and he placed a large black bottle immediately on the table, a bottle corked and sealed too. Good gracious! it was Bordeaux! — then some beef, which looked appetizing enough for an epicure.

I ate more than I should have believed possible, — indeed, more than I ought. The wine was delicious.

I said to myself: "Decidedly, he never came by that shirt and that bottle honestly!" But you may be sure I kept my suspicions to myself!

At last, I explained to him the cause of my visit. When I told him that Blanchet had been arrested, he wept copiously.

"Ah!" he cried, raising his overflowing eyes to heaven, "she was the friend of my defunct!—I loved her from my heart, although she had the misfortune to be an *aristocrate*."

"*Aristocrate* or not," I answered, "I want you to go into all the prisons and find out where she is now."

He promised, and arranged that we should meet in two days' time at his house, in the evening. I left, feeling quite happy at the thought that Blanchet would soon have news of me, and I should have news of Blanchet.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERNUNCIO LEAVES PARIS.

The Internuncio leaves Paris. — "Pardon me, I have made a Mistake!" — Nights in the Open Air. — A Hermit Canon. — The Internuncio's Council: MM. Joli, Le Moyne, and Girard, Author of "Le Comte de Valmont."

I walked mechanically along the Seine, as far as the École Militaire, and reached the bastions raised on the side of the hill called La Montagne des Bons Hommes, or La Montagne de Passy.

The keeper of the bastion said to me politely: "If you have no certificate of civism you cannot pass by here, unless you are willing to accompany me to the barrier of the guard house."

I thanked him, and descended toward a little street which passes through the park of the Princesse de Lamballe.[1] I crossed the Rue Basse and the Rue de l'Église,[2] and found myself near La Muette (a villa of the king) without having any real consciousness of where I was going.

I remembered then that Madame Pasquier and her children had a suite of apartments close by, in which I had given the nuptial benediction to her eldest son, who married a widow, Madame de Rochefort.

[1] Now the asylum for the insane kept by Dr. Blanche.

[2] Now the Rue Berton and the Rue de l'Annonciation.

I went thither on the spot, but was thunderstruck at seeing a sentinel before the door, who shouted at me: "What do you want?" I turned on my heels, answering quickly: "Pardon me, I have made a mistake."

After this rebuff, I rambled here and there through the Bois de Boulogne, watching for some spot where I could spend the night with as little inconvenience as possible. The place that offered most chances of comfort was the kiosk in which the inhabitants of Auteuil dance on Sundays. I returned there late in the evening, when the lights were out in the cottage of the gamekeeper, who lived quite near. I stretched myself on the floor, after placing a bundle of straw under my head; I had picked it up in the meadows, where the people who are in the habit of leading their cows for pasture into these quarters doubtless had brought it for a seat.

I fell asleep, but my slumbers were often interrupted; I sometimes started up, fancying that my hospitable shelter had been discovered.

Later on, I found another place which was comfortable enough; it was near the Villa Bagatelle, close by the Pyramid, and not far from Madrid, where I used to come very often, when M. de Rosambo resided there.

In fact, this was the reason that made me select the Bois de Boulogne in preference to the other woods around Paris. I knew nearly all its windings.

The next day, I returned to Madame Dellebart's; she shed tears on learning where I had passed the night. She declared I must stay with her, not only the rest of the day, but the night also.

I yielded, especially as I should be nearer my Jacobin friend, whom I was to see on the morrow.

In fact, I kept my appointment with him to the minute. He informed me that Blanchet was still at Les Anglaises, in the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor. He assured me also that he had warmly recommended her to the keeper of the prison, and had asked him to furnish her with soap and coal.

After hearing this good news I left Paris and went to Saint-Cloud, with the intention of taking some refreshment — I was frightfully hungry — in one of the wretched inns of that village.

I slept during the night under the arch of a bridge, on the straw which the women who came to wash there left behind them.

On the fourth day I returned to Madame Dellebart's in the evening. She had been bitterly anxious about me, and when she saw me enter, looking altogether woe-begone, with my hirsute beard of several days' growth, she could not restrain her emotion, and melted into tears.

I told her all that had occurred since my last visit, and particularly what I had learned about Blanchet. She promised to send François the next day to her with sugar, coffee, and even money if she needed it.

I said that this was hardly necessary, because I gave her, when I saw her last, fifteen hundred francs in assignats and twenty-five louis-d'or.

However, I was afterwards informed that the section of Bondy had deprived her of the assignats, but did not discover the gold, which she had hidden under her clothes.

Notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of Madame Dellebart, I left her on that very evening, but promised to see her on the Tuesday of each week and remain the whole day. Only on this condition would she let me depart. She gave me a little bottle of Malaga wine, and stuffed my pockets with bread.

I did not start until very late, and I had an object in this delay: I wished to be at the barrier just at the moment when the washerwomen leave the city. As I wore a *carmagnole*, they took me for one of their lads, and I followed in their train, luckily without any one asking for my certificate of *civisme*. It would have embarrassed me considerably to present it, as I happened not to have any.

I availed myself constantly of this expedient to get out of Paris, and it was always successful.

On this evening, I made for the kiosk of Auteuil, and as some one had appropriated my straw, I lay down on a heap of dry leaves. It rained during the night, but I was not as uncomfortable as might have been expected.

I spent the following day in the Bois de Meudon. The weather was fine. While strolling around I met a man who was busily engaged in gathering herbs. We entered into conversation, and it did not take long for me to see that he was disguised. I asked if he was living in the neighborhood of Paris.

"Yes," he answered, "I am somewhat like the Wandering Jew, — I cannot say exactly that I am pursued, but, on the whole, I feel more comfortable outside Paris than in it. I roam about the forest every day, picking up herbs, and am beginning to be

quite handy at it. I travel, in this way, about six leagues a day, and eat only in the evening, when I return to Passy, where I lodge." Feeling more confidence in me after a time, — honest people soon learn to know one another, — he told me his name was Joli; he had been canon of Sainte-Geneviève and preceptor in the family of M. de Mégrigny. He had a keen intellect, talked to the point on every subject, and was specially interested in politics.

I was not quite so confidential in the beginning; but when I had sounded him thoroughly, I confessed my identity, and ever after he treated me with much respect.

We were now often in each other's company, and I sometimes consulted him on certain points.

In fact, I am often distrustful of my own capacity for dealing with matters of high importance, and I like to seek the advice of intelligent people; not that I always take it, but I am quick to see whether it is good or bad, and so am enlightened on a subject.

After some days, we conversed at length on ecclesiastical affairs. He recommended several priests to my notice, and even wished to present some of them; but I refused, and simply granted the dispensations he asked in their behalf. I also decided for him certain cases of conscience and the validity of a number of marriages.[1]

I could not, however, neglect to see M. Le Moyne, grand vicar of Châlons, a relation of M. Thierry, the king's *valet de chambre*. I was acquainted with his

[1] One of the most thorny questions connected with the canon law of this period.

reputation for wisdom and talent, and knew that he might be able to render me considerable services.

With these two gentlemen and the Abbé Girard, author of the "Comte de Valmont,"[1] of whom I shall have to speak soon, I formed a little ecclesiastical council. Having been charged, as I have said, with all the ecclesiastical affairs of the realm by Pope Pius VI., and being endowed, so to speak, with the plenitude of his power, I had the greatest need of assistance; and it has always been a source of sincere satisfaction to me that I gave my confidence to these gentlemen, for they were men of good counsel.

We held our meetings in some corner or other of the Bois de Boulogne or in the neighboring woods, and, occasionally, even in the apartments of the Abbé Le Moyne.

Thus God, who is the Sovereign Master of all things, bestows on men the means of doing His work in the most difficult times; and, in fact, religion was better observed at that dangerous period than it is now.

[1] Usually spelled Gérard. The "Comte de Valmont" was a controversial romance, very popular in the latter part of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. It went through fifteen editions on its appearance. The author had been a profligate and an infidel in his youth, and the work is partly autobiographical. — Tr.

CHAPTER VI.

IN SEARCH OF A LODGING.

THE DECREE AGAINST THE NOBLES. — THE INTERNUNCIO HITS ON A PLAN. — THE INTRUDED CURÉ OF PASSY. — A PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAID. — MADAME GRANDIN'S GARRET. — SORROWFUL PARTING. — MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. — THE HONEST PERRUQUIER. — A LADY FROM HOME. — AN ALARM.

IN this way, I roamed about for three days, having no shelter, and living entirely on potatoes, which an old beggar-woman of Boulogne, with whom I left a store of them, cooked for me. I could not get bread, for, without a certificate of civism, no baker would sell me any.

I went, according to promise, every Tuesday to Madame Dellebart's. I arrived at daybreak, and snatched an interval of repose before she left her couch. As usual, her daughter and I breakfasted in my room, and the excellent coffee and cream tasted, as you may well imagine, delicious after my lenten fare.

However, the horrors that tracked the whole course of the Revolution were increasing. The decree banishing the nobles from Paris was passed,[1] and it became necessary for me now to act with greater caution than ever.

[1] On the 16th of April, 1794, according to the "Moniteur Universel."

I announced to Madame Dellebart that it would be impossible for me to visit her again. This news drove her wild with despair, and we embraced, weeping, as if we were looking upon each other for the last time.

I had no more assignats, and the banker Caccia had, as I have mentioned already, refused to cash my bill of exchange for three hundred Roman crowns. Although he would have made an enormous profit by paying me in assignats, he said my name should have to appear on his books, and, if discovered, it would lead him to the guillotine. His excuse was valid enough, but, as we are always naturally prone to attribute bad motives to others, I ascribed his refusal to ill will. Later on, I complained of his conduct, and he lost the valuable privilege of being banker to the court of Rome.

I ought to add that it would have been easy for him to slip a little money into my hand, a thing I entreated him to do; but he declined, and this made me suspect him of duplicity.

My position was assuredly critical enough; I had not a sou about me, there was no one to whom I could appeal for aid, not even Madame Dellebart, although she had repeatedly pressed me to accept her kind offers.

In fact, I have been actuated by one principle during my whole life, and that is, never to borrow from my friends, and never even to hint to them that I needed their assistance.

Luckily, there were some of my potatoes left, and I was sparing of them, to make them last the longer.

But the wandering life and the nights in the open

air, during which I was sometimes exposed to the rain and always to the cold, wore me out at last.

As I have spoken of the cold, I may mention that although it does not take much to make me feel chilly, I did not suffer excessively from it at this period. In fact, I was the fortunate possessor of a *carmagnole* made of very thick stuff. It looked like camlet on the outside, but it was lined, the sleeves as well as the body, with fur that was exceedingly warm. My flaming waistcoat was as comfortable as it was charming. The trousers were equally so, and both my socks and boots were thick. The latter pinched me at first, but after a time became quite easy.

I asked M. Joli if the people in Passy were very wicked, and what was going on in this village.

"People are pretty much the same there," he answered, "as everywhere else. The same method of terrorizing the inhabitants is adopted, persons are dragged out of their houses from time to time, and some of these have been executed. The Revolutionary Committee is made up of scoundrels, of workmen in the quarries mostly. However, the municipality, although very *patriote*, is not fond of arrests, and no one is arrested without its permission. Accordingly, there is no danger except during the sessions of the municipality, which are held in the evening. A lantern is placed at the door of the hall, and when it is extinguished, that is a sign that the meeting is over."

All these details suggested a scheme to me by which I might, possibly, obtain a lodging in Passy. At least, I might take a rest when the municipality

was not in session. But I did not breathe a word of this to M. Joli.

I recollected that at the time I went to Passy to marry M. Pasquier in 1793 — he is at present Prefect of Police [1] — in the house of some of his relatives who had taken refuge there, his mother, Madame Pasquier, one of the most pious and virtuous of women, invited Mademoiselle Girard, sister of the author of the "Comte de Valmont," to be present. She also informed her that the internuncio of the Pope would perform the ceremony. Mademoiselle Girard, who was equally pious and virtuous, was glad to have the opportunity of showing me the respect she entertained for me, and even consulted me on a certain ecclesiastical affair. But I am one of the least inquisitive of individuals, and not at all fond of talking, so I neglected to ask her name, and was now absolutely ignorant of it. Yet I said to myself, as I was making my way to Passy: "If I could only know the name of that woman I saw at Madame Pasquier's, I am sure she would do me a service. These pious women are full of resources."

I entered Passy with the determination to find her. I walked along a part of the main street, next took the Rue Église, and reached the Rue Basse. As I was turning to the left, conducted I am sure by my angel guardian, I perceived in front of me an individual in very shabby clothes, whom I judged to be an ecclesiastic. I was not mistaken, — it was the

[1] This passage enables us to fix the date of the composition of the Memoirs, at least approximately. M. Pasquier was Prefect of Police from 1808 to 1812, and Madame de Villeneuve died in 1812.

intruded curé of the parish. I advanced toward him, and, after saluting, said: —

"I must take the liberty, monsieur, of asking you a rather strange question; but if you belong to Passy, you can certainly answer it. Do you know where I can find a lady, rather aged, somewhat humpbacked, very little, lean, and ugly, with a yellow complexion, and — very pious?"

"Monsieur," he replied, "you could not hit on a better person for the information you require. I am the curé of the parish, and the person you seek is Mademoiselle Girard. Yonder is her house."

I thanked him, and, without further compliments, went and knocked at the door he showed me. I asked for Mademoiselle Girard. "She has gone out," was the answer, "but her brother the abbé is in." I begged to be introduced to him.

The abbé, who was naturally very timid, was rendered even more so by my sudden entrance. Considering the time in which we lived, the appearance of a man clad as I was, was enough of itself to alarm him. It is hardly necessary to state that I did not give my name. As for the questions I put to him, he contented himself with answering simply that his sister had gone out, and he did not know when she should return. He did not even offer me a chair.

I was about to rid him of my presence, when Mademoiselle Girard arrived.

In spite of my disguise, she recognized me immediately, and received me with much respect and amiability. Upon this, the Abbé Girard, although

he did not yet know who I was, for his sister did not take time to inform him, apologized with great fervor.

"You cannot think how glad I am to see you!" repeated Mademoiselle Girard, over and over again. "What can I do for you?"

I was very careful not to inform her of my cruel situation; I might have terrified her, for, at this epoch, a man pursued by revolutionary *justice* was an object of dread. I said simply, —

"You know who I am. The nobles have been expelled from Paris, and I am afraid of being arrested. Could you not find me a room in which I might take refuge? I don't care of what sort it is; if it is only a garret I shall be well pleased."

"You may be sure," she said, "I shall do whatever I can, with the greatest willingness. But you must dine with us first. After that we will discuss the matter."

Dinner was served at two exactly; it was frugal, but what there was of it was good. I remember particularly an excellent turkey patty, wherewith the abbé had already regaled himself. In short, we dined well and at considerable length; but I did not feel at all gay, and I noticed with anxiety that Mademoiselle Girard did not appear to be in any hurry to hunt after a room for me.

At last she rose, saying: "I am now going to work for you."

An hour after, she returned in high spirits. "I have found a room for you, though, indeed, it is but a wretched garret, open to all the winds, for

there are no windows, only shutters. On account of the arrival of the nobles, it is very hard to get lodgings, and what you do get are very high. They want two hundred francs a month for this attic. But though you won't be very comfortable, you will at least be safe. The landlady is a noted sharper. Her husband, however, is a municipal officer, a great *patriote*, not a bad man for that matter. He is very close, and you must pay in advance."

I was profuse in my thanks to Mademoiselle Girard. I was so glad to have at last found a place where I could lay my head. The necessity of paying in advance disturbed me a little, for, as I have said, I had not a sou in my pocket.

But, as I could not pay with cash, I paid with effrontery, and I said: "I accept the terms; let us go and see the room, however." And taking leave of the Abbé Girard, I went, in company with his sister, to call on Madame Grandin.

I found a woman polite enough, but who chattered like a parrot. She was all airs and graces, with the view evidently of having me take her for an *aristocrate*. She had her trouble for her pains, though, as I received her advances in silence.

The chamber provided for me was on the fourth story, and you had to climb up to it by a wooden ladder. Although I did not expect anything very choice, I was ready to sink all in a heap when I saw where I had got to lodge. There was no ceiling, — the beams of the roof took the place of it. Three planks stretched across a frame, with a wretched pallet and a mattress as hard as a rock, formed the bed; and the

rest of the furniture consisted of a little shaky wooden table and two straw chairs.

Nevertheless, I put a good face on the matter, and I said with a smile, —

"I am perfectly satisfied, and shall come to-morrow evening at eight."

As we were descending the stairs, Madame Grandin remarked: "I must beg of you, monsieur, to bring some sheets. As for earnest money, I do not ask any, because Mademoiselle Girard knows you."

A narrow escape, for a time at least, as I had no money; but, without betraying the slightest embarrassment, I said, in a free and easy tone: "Well, then, we 'll leave it for to-morrow!"

I bade good-by to Mademoiselle Girard and started immediately for Paris, in order that Madame Dellebart, whom I had not seen for ever so long, might have news of me.

I entered her house at eight in the evening. Her joy and surprise at seeing me were so great that she was nearly fainting. Her daughter also had an attack of the nerves, but it was from fear. She was a little bit of a coward, and did not at all resemble her mother.

Madame Dellebart was enchanted to learn that I had a room at Passy. "Ah, so much the better!" she exclaimed; "you will no longer live like a wild beast, — you, the most sociable of men!"

She ordered dinner for me, and we remained talking, as usual, up to two o'clock in the morning; she had sent her daughter to bed at ten. I gave her a long account of how I had spent the time since our separation.

We also stayed together the next day, and then, although I had not asked her for anything, she said:

"Now that you have found an asylum, I wish to give you everything you may need."

She made up a bundle containing sheets, napkins, two shirts belonging to her deceased husband, packages of coffee and sugar, two neckties, and a bottle of Malaga wine.

She desired to have François carry it for me, but I refused the offer.

At nightfall, I set out with my bundle, and a heavy one it was, from the Rue Sainte-Apolline, near the Porte Saint-Martin, for Passy.

I was so little accustomed to carry a load that I had to stop every moment, now shifting it on my shoulder, now changing it from my right arm to my left. When I reached the Place Louis XV.,[1] I was all in a perspiration.

I made my way along the Seine by Challot. I should have then turned to the right, by the Montagne des Bons-Hommes; but, as I trudged wearily on, I was full of sad thoughts, and yet of the necessity of appearing quite content with my situation, with death in my soul and not a sou in my pocket; in fact, I was utterly distracted, and went on straight before me.

It rained, and the night was as dark as it well could be.

The sides of this road are frightful when it has rained; I sometimes sank up to my knees in the mud. Indeed, I narrowly missed stretching my full length in the gutter.

[1] At present, the Place de Concorde.

However, when I had come up near the Point-du-Jour, I saw I was on the wrong path.

Fortunately, a launderer was passing at the same moment.

"Am I far from Passy?" I shouted to him.

"Passy, indeed! you have passed it long ago. Turn back and walk until you come to a lantern; then go to the left, and you will reach the Montagne des Bons-Hommes."

I was so exhausted that, at the thought I had still more than half a league before me, I fairly burst into tears.

At length I arrived at Madame Grandin's. It was after eleven, and I and my bundle had been on the road since eight.

When I encountered my hostess, she was in a very bad humor.

"It is anything but like a gentleman to keep people out of their beds as you are doing. A nice hour indeed! And now you come into my decent house all daubed with mud! more like a beggar than anything else! A carriage does not cost so much, and, with that bundle, you need n't have been so stingy," etc.

I did not utter a word. After all, my arrival at such an hour and in such a pickle was not calculated to give the good woman a very high idea of me.

But her daughter, who was nineteen, and who was very attentive to my wants afterward, took my part.

"How you do treat this man, whose condition ought to excite your pity!" she said to her mother. "It would be better for you to let him warm himself and to offer him something to eat."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," I answered gratefully. "But I do not need anything; beg your mother to have some one show me my room."

She then turned to the servant, and I heard her saying: "Conduct him to his chamber and make his bed. He is, perhaps, some poor *émigré* in hiding."

There the conversation ended, and, following in the wake of the servant, I climbed up the ladder and was in bed immediately.

But I slept badly, and was up early.

As I was crossing the hall, I met the young girl again. She was tall, with very beautiful eyes, but her demeanor was rather reserved. "I am very glad," said I, "to find you alone, in order to tell you how deeply I have been affected by your kindness yesterday evening. Please try and interest your mother in my favor; assure her that I shall return early this evening, and in better shape than when she saw me last."

After I left the house, I saw a perruquier's shop very close by, and entered.

I had myself shaved and my peruke powdered. I put on a new necktie I had taken out while dressing; in short, I looked like an honest man at last.

When I entered the perruquier's I forgot I had not a sou in my pocket-book, and it was only when I had completed my toilet that I recollected the circumstance.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "I have forgotten my pocket-book! But wait a moment, I lodge near by with Madame Grandin; I 'll return immediately."

"Don't take the trouble, monsieur," replied the perruquier; "you can pay on your next visit."

I went on this day to the village of Neuilly, then to Courbevoie.

As I was passing in front of the château of Madrid, whom should I meet but the Marquise d'Eutelx, a native of the Comtat, like myself, and one of my best friends! Her own name was de Graveson, and she was the daughter of the Comtesse de Vogüé.

She had taken refuge at Neuilly, when the decree against the nobles was passed.

She was delighted to see me, especially as in the absence of her husband, who was a general in the armies of the Republic, she was very lonely. She insisted that I should stay in her house, and would not hear of me leaving.

But I refused firmly, although regretfully. Very lucky it was for me I did so, for I soon learned the Committee of General Safety had ordered the arrest of all the nobles in Neuilly.

But I could not decline dining with her, and we did not separate until a little before night, when I had to return to Madame Grandin.

This time, my hostess was in the best of tempers. She invited me to warm myself, and even offered me refreshments.

"Thank you, madame," I answered. Then, approaching a delicate subject: "I have not forgotten," I continued, "that I have to pay you for my lodging in advance; but I should like the citizen your husband to be present, as I wish a receipt."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Madame Grandin. "The

citizen my husband won't appear in a hurry, — he is at the Commune, swilling his wine, or amusing himself with his trollops. You can pay when you like."

This was enough; I hastened to say good-night, and was soon in bed.

Still, this absolute dearth of money was a great affliction. I was afraid, if I did not settle my account as I had promised, I should get the character of a vagabond.

I presented myself next morning at the Abbé Girard's, to pay him a visit and thank his sister. She said to me: —

"Madame Grandin likes you very much, but she complains that you are too shy, and she never gets a glimpse of you, except when you are passing out. You would confer a great favor on her by spending an odd evening in her parlor."

"Very well," I answered, "I promise to do so without fail."

But I was fully determined in my own mind to do nothing of the sort; for Madame Grandin, I repeat it, was as loquacious as a duenna, and was a shrew besides.

It ought to have been enough for her to know that I was a priest, as Mademoiselle Girard told her.

However, after a little reflection, I thought I would keep my promise, for this evening at least, and I remained with her for some time.

Her daughter was quite amiable. She told me she had recommended me to her father, whom I had not yet seen, and had added that if any misfortune happened to a person staying in the house, she would be

inconsolable. Her father told her not to be uneasy. Those who lodged in his house — he might have said, "Particularly those who pay well" — did not run any risk.

Madame Grandin asked me how I liked my room.

"Not very well," I answered; "but a person has to be content with what he can have."

"Oh, well," she said, doubtless confused at making me pay so dear for such a hole, "you can have a room on the third story, which will soon be vacant, at the same price." Then she continued, in a mysterious tone, "We have been greatly alarmed this evening. The Revolutionary Committee has ordered several places to be searched, particularly the château of La Muette. My husband, being a municipal officer, had to take part in the search. They wanted to come here, but Grandin showed his tricolor scarf and declared he would allow no one to enter his house. It is rumored they are on the lookout for an abbé who is of noble birth, and formerly held a position at the Palais."

"Ah!" said I to myself, "it is I whom they seek. I am lost! Is his name known, madame," I asked; "has he been discovered?"

"No, very fortunately," she replied.

I had no longer any desire to sleep in my chamber that night, and I left the house as quickly as I could, without saying anything to Madame Grandin, except to request her for a key.

She gave me one immediately, adding, however, that there was no need of it, as, on account of the large number of her lodgers, the house was never closed.

I spent a frightful night. I was too anxious, because of the news I had just received, to think of lying down; instead, I took my post at the corner of the wood by the cross-road of Mortemart, to see if the lamp of the Revolutionary Committee was still lighted, and to wait until it was extinguished.

It was lighted, and was not extinguished until five the next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK OF CHECKERED FORTUNES.

"Do you know an Old Woman named Marianne?" — Citizen Grandin. — M. de la Feuillade. — The Internuncio does his Cooking and holds his Council in the Thickets of the Bois de Boulogne. — A Botanic Promenade with M. Jussieu in the Bois de Meudon. — M. Collet, ex-President of San Domingo. — Blanchet gives as good as she gets. — A Hardened Young Scapegrace. — The Thunderbolt falls.

The want of money had become an absolute torture to me.

Luckily, I had informed my Swiss correspondent, who resided at Saint-Maurice in the Valais, that the banker Caccia had refused to give me any money, and that I was terribly embarrassed. In his answer, he told me to try and find his old nurse, giving me at the same time her address.

She was an admirable old woman of seventy-five, named Marianne, and was entirely devoted to the service of God and her neighbor. She resided near the Rue Saint-Bertin-Porée, in a lane running into the Place de Grève; but he had neglected to mention the number, or, perhaps, it dropped from my memory.

As it was still early and the weather was bad, I thought I could not do better than make a search for this good woman.

It took me a long time to find the street, and, when I had discovered it, it took me a still longer to find the house. Every time I asked, "Do you know an old woman, named Marianne?" the invariable reply was, "No, we know nothing of her." At length, I decided to enter every house, and search every story. You can easily guess that the same thing happened to me which happens to other searchers in similar circumstances. I did not find the old lady until I had climbed nearly every staircase in the street, one after the other, so that I was completely out of breath.

In this way, I reached the third last house on the right, which I entered.

I think I went up above the fifth story, and, perceiving in front of me two worm-eaten doors, nearly side by side, I knocked at the first, almost mechanically.

It was opened by an aged woman.

I asked her if her name was Marianne. "Yes," she answered, and, after looking at me searchingly: "Enter," said she. Then she walked quickly to an old buffet, opened a drawer, and took out a large letter, which she handed me.

I asked her if she had need of anything.

"I have need of nothing," she replied.

I thanked her, and immediately ran to Madame Dellebart's, intending not to leave Paris until nightfall.

It was, in fact, much easier for me to come in than to go out. I found Madame Dellebart very ill. My presence gave her some relief, and she listened with pleasure to the tale of my adventures.

I opened the letter: it contained two assignats of a thousand francs each.

I blessed Providence, which did not abandon me, and I thought of nothing but returning to Passy and paying Madame Grandin.

After a substantial dinner, I took my leave, as soon as it was dark.

"We have been terribly anxious about you," said Madame Grandin, "two days having passed without your putting in an appearance."

"It is true, madame; but I had business in Paris, and I have been there since. Perhaps," I added, "you were also alarmed about your money. — Here it is."

And I threw upon the table two assignats of a hundred francs each.

Just at this moment, M. Grandin entered. He was a tall man, abrupt in his manner, and passably brutal.

"Ah!" he said, "so it is you, citizen? I 'm sorry I have not seen you before. I am so busy at the Commune that I have not a moment to myself. By the way, you have been now several days in my house, and I ought to present you to the Commune; you can come with me to-morrow evening."

This announcement struck me with consternation. I knew every one was obliged to present himself and show his certificate of civism; but I believed that, through the intervention of Mademoiselle Girard, I had been exempted from the ordeal.

Taken at a disadvantage, I answered that I was very tired, my papers were in Paris, and I ended by asking for two days' grace.

I left the house on the spot, in order to complain to Mademoiselle Girard.

"I consented," I said to her, "to pay two hundred francs a month on your assurance that I should be protected from all persecution. If that assurance had no value, I had better go away. I am sorry, all the same, though, that I paid my two hundred francs."

Mademoiselle Girard did her best to calm me.

"Try to keep cool," she said; "I will arrange all this."

In fact, I heard no more about the matter afterward.

In consequence of the decree against the nobles, a large number of persons had taken refuge at Passy, and more were coming every day. This influx was a source of great anxiety to me, for it increased the risk I ran of being recognized. I concluded, therefore, it was my wisest plan to avoid the village in the daytime, and not return till night, when I could see whether the lamp of the Revolutionary Committee was extinguished or not.

But I was never to be free from vexations.

Madame Grandin was ravenous after money, and found it convenient to forget she had promised me a better room at the same price. She even had the cheek to say to me one day: —

"I have been at an awful loss by letting you that attic; I could get three hundred francs for it at present."

As I made no reply, she continued: "How lucky you have been! You will not be obliged, like the rest of the nobles, to have your name inscribed at the Commune and to present yourself every evening at seven, because you came here before the decree."

"Pray, madame," I asked, "who has told you I am a noble?"

"Nobody told me; but it did not take me long to guess. Your manners betray you in spite of your coarse dress."

"Well, then!" I answered, "be good enough to keep your suspicions to yourself."

Her daughter, who perceived my embarrassment, immediately interfered.

"Mamma," said she, "what does it matter to you whether the gentleman is a noble or not? — You had better be careful not to hint anything about this to papa. You know he does not like nobles, and he is always quarrelling with M. de la Feuillade."

M. de la Feuillade, in fact, occupied a chamber in the house, but I had always done my best to avoid meeting him.

He had a trusty servant, however, who used to watch for the moment when I was alone in my attic. Then he would come to me and ask whether I needed anything. And yet this honest fellow had never seen me until now.

I told him I was quite comfortable. Still, I missed my soup badly.

I therefore procured a little portable stove and a saucepan, which I carried with me, tied to a button by a string. I bought the necessary ingredients, such as carrots, celery, and all sorts of vegetables, from the women who used to peddle them in the village. Then, when I perceived there was a public distribution of butter in the places through which I passed, I took my station at the end of the line and got now and

then a half-pound, and occasionally even a pound of butter. Still, I sometimes waited a whole hour, and came away with my hands empty.

I then withdrew to the most remote part of the wood, lit a fire with a flint and some brambles, cooked my vegetables, and had, I assure you, a first-rate dish of soup, at but small expense.

Three years ago I broke my stove, and I cannot tell you how sorry I felt. As for the saucepan, I have it still, all but the handle.

When the coast was sufficiently clear, I ventured on purchasing a little cruet, made of coarse earthenware, so that I might have the means of making a salad, of which I am very fond. I have kept it also, and it is not the least precious of my possessions.

These two objects recall my misfortunes to my mind. They are also a standing proof of how very little we really need in order to live.

Nevertheless, I was not forgetful of the grave interests with which I was charged.

From time to time I called my council together; it was now composed of the Abbés Le Moyne and Girard. I no longer cared to have M. Joli present. He was talented enough, but his knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs left much to be desired. Then he was too much of a scholastic, too much of a theorist for my fancy; I am not fond of theories. — Give me morality. He was also too impulsive to be a sound guide in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. Besides, the smaller the number the better I liked it. Still, I occasionally consulted him.

One day, I ran up against M. Jussieu[1] in the Bois de Meudon. He was followed by all his pupils, among whom were several women. I joined the band, listened with great interest to the entire lesson, and went to dine with them at Sèvres. We had a capital repast, and coffee at the finish — I had almost forgotten the taste of it, — all for the modest sum of an assignat of five francs. During the whole time, nobody seemed to take any notice of me.

I felt very much fatigued toward evening; but for all that, I was unable to reach my attic before eight the next morning.[2]

On the next day, when rambling in the neighborhood of Auteuil, I perceived a very aged individual coming toward me, whom I thought I recognized.

It was, in fact, M. Collet, ex-President of San Domingo. He was eighty years old. He and I had formerly been rather intimate.

When I approached him, he exclaimed: "You are the very man I have been seeking. I dine every Tuesday with my cousins at Auteuil, and I have just met Madame d'Aulnay there. She informed me that you were in the Bois de Boulogne, and charged me, should we meet, to say that the affair of the Parliament is taking a good turn, and you need not be alarmed."

All the relatives of this lady were in prison, accused of signing the protest, so I thought she must be well informed, and I gave credit to her message.

[1] The celebrated naturalist.

[2] On account of the lamp of the Municipal Council, which remained lighted.

And yet matters were, in reality, worse than ever.

I might have been a little more distrustful, for I knew of old that Madame d'Aulnay liked to look at the bright side of things.

Still, I must confess I felt very much relieved for the time.

I took advantage of the opportunity to ask the old man to try and see Blanchet at the prison of Les Anglaises ; he was well acquainted with her, and I had had no news of my dear old friend for a long time.

He promised willingly. When I saw him again, however, about a week afterward, he said that no one was allowed to hold any communication with her, but that she was in good health.

Other details I have since learned from Blanchet's own lips.

The length of her imprisonment completely wore out her patience toward the end. Besides, she had to endure trials and mortifications of all kinds.

For instance, Madame la Duchesse d'Anville La Rochefoucauld found a pleasure in rallying the old woman, and said to her one day, —

"Citoyenne Blanchet, you will be guillotined just the same as if you were one of us!"

"I know it is very likely," retorted Blanchet. "But there is this difference between us: I shall die for your cause, the cause you have deserted; and you will die, you may be quite sure of it, although you have espoused the cause of the 'patriots.' Your death will be more degrading than your life. Nobody will pity you, while all honorable people who learn my

sad fate will weep for me. I have always been an *aristocrate*, I have! — and you, you have always been the *friend* of that despicable Condorcet. Oh, I could tell nice tales of the pair of you!"

Meanwhile, having an important despatch to send to Rome, I entered the apartments of the Abbé Le Moyne, wrote my letter, and ventured — for I was beginning to have more confidence and assurance — to carry it to the post-office at nightfall.

I threw it into the box at the moment the sentry had his back turned.

Happily I found the lamp extinguished on my way back to Madame Grandin's, and was able to proceed straight to my lodgings, where I slept until two in the morning.

On that day, I took a walk to Surennes. The authorities of this village were well disposed, and did not oblige the nobles to present themselves before the Commune. So I had no fear of trouble from this quarter.

I even risked entering an inn and asking for refreshments.

I was served with a fricassée of fresh pork, potatoes, bread, and a little white wine.

On the next day, I met with a terrible adventure. I had gone into Paris to make some purchases of which I was absolutely in need.

I remember I bought sugar, among other things. It was about seven in the evening.

I laid an assignat of five francs, a *corset*, in the slang of the time, on the grocer's counter.

"It 's a forgery!" cried the young man who served

me. "Come with me to the section. You 'll see how we treat people who peddle forged assignats."

To go to the section was for me to go to my death.

"Citizen," I answered, "I am not obliged to take your word for it, but, as I have not time to go to the section, here are other assignats; take whatever one you like, and tear up the forged one. If I have received a forged assignat by mistake, I alone have to suffer for it."

But the wretch would not listen to me; he insisted that I must appear before the section.

However, I made a vigorous resistance.

At last, a man who was sweeping the floor, took pity on me, and, addressing the young clerk:

"What does it matter to you," he said, "whether the assignat is forged or not, since the gentleman is giving you another? Let him alone; or, if you don't, I 'll call the man who employs you. How should you like it if you were dragged to the section yourself against your will?"

After these words, the young man released me.

But it is impossible to describe my alarm. I was utterly broken up. Even when I was outside the barrier, I trembled in every joint at the thought of the danger I had incurred.

I went to Meudon the day following.

The weather was very beautiful. We were now in the middle of April, or, to be accurate, a little farther on than the middle.

I entered a café and asked for beer and biscuits. I had taken off my hat on account of the heat, and was moving around the hall, while drinking my beer.

Suddenly, a citizen rushed in, crying, in an ecstasy of delight: "Hurrah! it is the turn of the Parliament to-day! Every man of them is in the dock, — except that rascal Salamon!"

A thunderbolt striking the earth at my feet would not have dismayed me as much as these tidings. I hastily picked up my hat, paid the reckoning, and made for Passy as fast as my legs could carry me.

As soon as I reached it, I knocked at the door of one of my friends, who had sought refuge in this village, M. Fournier de la Chapelle, ex-intendant of Auch.

I told him what I had just learned.

"This," said I, "is the very reverse of the news sent me by Madame d'Aulnay. Do you go, I entreat you, and find out the truth."

"You see," he answered, "it is near nightfall. If things are as you say, there is no remedy, and it is as well to remain as we are for to-night. I will set out at six to-morrow, and at eight I shall be at the Pyramid, near Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne. Do you be there."

I did not close an eye the whole night, and I was at the place appointed before daybreak.

M. Fournier arrived at the hour named.

He was in a state of consternation.

"They are all dead!" he gasped.

"Here is the journal," he added; "you will see you have also been condemned in your absence."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO FUGITIVES.

In the Depths of the Forest. — "Keep still, whoever you are!" — In the Dark. — Sappho. — "Pardon me, Mademoiselle." — A Visit to Marianne. — Letter from Cardinal Zelada. — Some Curious Details on the Correspondence between the Nuncio and Pius VI.

After that day, I no longer ventured to return to Passy, and my dejection was extreme.

I did not know what course to adopt.

I never stirred out of the thickest and remotest part of the Bois de Boulogne.

It seemed to me as if every one I met saw outlaw written on my face, and was ready to hand me over to the executioner.

One night I was aroused from my reveries by the screams of two women, who recoiled in terror on perceiving me through the obscurity of the night.

They were a mother and her daughter, who were also flying to avoid a warrant of arrest.

I cried to them: "Keep still, whoever you are! You have nothing to fear."

Then I heard the young girl say: "I think I recognize that gentleman; I have seen him several times on his way through Passy to the house of Grandin."

They asked me what I was doing in the wood at such an hour. "I suppose," I answered, "the same thing you are doing yourselves."

They became quite confidential after this; but you can easily guess that I was a little more reserved.

The mother proposed I should come along with them, as it was going to rain. She added that she possessed apartments in a very retired spot.

"But, madame," I answered, "how can you trust a man you do not know?"

"Because," she returned, "you seem to be as unfortunate as we are ourselves. Besides, what harm can you do us? On the contrary, your presence will give us courage."

"Oh, in that case, I am ready to follow you. Where are we going?"

"Besides our residence at Passy," she replied, "we have safer quarters in an out-of-the-way part of the forest, but they are very far from here. You may come with us if you like."

They made me take a number of sharp turns and windings; in fact, it was beginning to strike me that they wanted to lead me astray, for, instead of going by the Porte Maillot, the shortest road to the Faubourg du Roule and the waste lands near the barrier, we reached them by crossing the Place Louis XV.

I came to the conclusion, then, that, in spite of their apparent frankness, they had not perfect confidence in me.

When we were near the house, they told me to stay behind for a minute or so.

In the mean while, the mother proceeded, in a very

mysterious manner, and without striking a light, to open the door.

I must admit I was now beginning to repent — without exactly knowing why — of having followed these women.

Nevertheless I entered, guided by the daughter, who held me by the hand, for it was very dark, and I found myself in a fine and beautifully furnished ante-chamber.

We passed into a large hall, where they pointed out a long sofa to me, saying: "There is your bed. We will get you sheets and bedclothes immediately."

But, before they did so, they insisted on showing me all their apartments, and in particular the place where they slept; it was a rather narrow *entresol* reached by a staircase in the dining-room.

In order to carry the inspection through effectively, they had decided to light torches, and it was only then I was enabled to get a good look at them.

The mother, apparently about forty, was very graceful and bright-looking. She had a great deal of vivacity, for a mere nothing made her laugh, and my *carmagnole* was a source of endless amusement to her.

The daughter was, perhaps, about nineteen, evidently a very amiable young person. She was as ugly as sin, but she made a far better impression on me than the mother.

They asked me whether I should not like to eat something, and on my refusal, set about making my bed.

"I feel," I said to them, "as if it would be almost

impossible for me to sleep. I would give a good deal if I had some Italian book to read."

"What!" exclaimed the mother, "you know Italian? So much the better. You can teach it to us."

"But, madame, I am not likely to be with you long enough for that."

"Why not, monsieur? We will stay here as long as you please. It is enough for us that you seem to be unfortunate and a man of good birth."

"I feel much flattered, madame," I replied, "but I must leave you to-morrow."

Thereupon she brought me "Sappho" [1] in Italian, and both of them then retired.

I read until I fell asleep, forgetting to extinguish the taper. A little before daybreak, a noise made by some one shutting the street-door awoke me abruptly.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "what does that mean? Have they gone away and left me here alone? They are, perhaps, — who can tell? — loose women, who want to play an ugly trick upon me. And yet," I added, making an effort to banish my uneasiness, "they do not look bad."

For all that, I could not control my anxiety, and, dressing hastily, I waited for the first approach of day, when I should instantly take my departure.

But I made up my mind to find out whether those ladies were still in their apartments or not. I mounted quickly to the *entresol*, and went straight to the bedroom of the mother.

It was empty.

[1] "The Adventures of Sappho," a romance of Verri, author of the "Roman Nights."

I then knocked at the young lady's chamber and opened it; she was in bed, and burst out laughing when she saw me.

"Forgive me," I said, "for entering your room, mademoiselle; but I have been surprised at hearing some one leave the house at a very early hour, and you must admit I had some ground for my surprise."

"It was mamma," she answered, "who has gone to the Rue Grammont to be present at the marriage of a relative of ours; but she will be back for dinner. She told me to request you to join us, as we have an excellent turkey."

I thanked her warmly, but said I must leave immediately.

She did not press me. When I was outside the door, however, she cried after me: "Remember! at six this evening!"

As I was within the borders of the city, I took advantage of the opportunity to visit old Marianne, whom I had good reason to regard as a friend specially sent me by Providence.

She handed me a letter that had lately come from Switzerland.

This time I opened it in her room; it contained a thousand francs in assignats. I had all the trouble in the world to force twenty francs on the good old woman.

Cardinal Zelada again emphasized the fact that the Pope granted me all the privileges and dispensations I needed, and was only anxious that I should keep out of prison. "For his Holiness," he added, "is always in dread of something happening to *his little*

Jacobin; he would be in despair if he fell into the hands of the *blood-drinkers.*"

The reason why Pius VI. called me *his little Jacobin* was because I occasionally adopted the language of the Revolutionists in writing to him. It was a device to secure the transmission of my letters in case they were opened.

When I announced a defeat, for instance, I wrote: "*Vive la République!* There has been a great battle, in which the vile slaves of the Austrian tyrant have forced a great number of our brave patriots to bite the dust; but we shall soon avenge our noble dead on these contemptible minions of despotism."

I wrote to the cardinal under the pseudonym of Giuseppe Evangelisti,[1] and he signed himself "Citoyen Blanchet," taking the name of my poor old servant, and sometimes "Eysseri," which is the name of one of my Italian ancestors.

Thanks to these precautions, and also to the goodness of God, my correspondence with Rome was never interrupted during the whole course of the Reign of Terror.

[1] Strange to say, this was the name of the secretary of legation attached to the embassy sent by Pius VI. to negotiate with the Directory in 1796.

CHAPTER IX.

TOGETHER AGAIN.

Fall of Robespierre. — The Internuncio's Letter to Citizen Legendre. — The Baronne de Courville and her Daughter. — Blanchet searches for her Master, and finds him at Ranelagh. — The Internuncio and Bourdon de l'Oise.

These harassing adventures were brought to an end, at least for the time.

Chaumette, attorney to the Commune, and the rest of the wretches perished on the scaffold. Robespierre himself met with the same fate.[1]

His fall revived my courage, which had been cruelly shaken by the murder of so many excellent friends. I decided to write at once to the Committee of General Safety, and ask the release of Blanchet.

I made as pathetic and eloquent an appeal in behalf of that faithful servant as I was able. I gave full details of all the horrors she was forced to endure at the hands of the section of Bondy. I dwelt especially on the death of her child, whom they had barbarously flung out on the street at four o'clock on a January morning, half naked and sick, and exposed to a piercing cold, so that he died three days after in the Hospice de la Charité, in the Rue des Saints-Pères.

[1] On the 10th of April and 28th of July, 1794.

In conclusion, I entreated them to set her at liberty immediately, since no crime could be alleged against her, except that of being a faithful servant, devoted to her master, whom she had cared for since his childhood.

Then I threw myself in the way of President Collet, as he was making his customary visit to his cousin at Auteuil, and begged him to carry the letter to my secretary's niece, who would see that it reached its address.

This woman lived in the Rue de Seine, and was acquainted with Legendre, whose sister was her intimate friend.

Everything turned out as successful as I could have wished. Blanchet was released on that very day, so that Collet was able to announce to me on the next morning: "Blanchet is free! She is now at your house. The seals are still left on your private apartments, but they have been removed from the rest of the rooms."

These tidings took a weight off my heart; I felt less melancholy than I had done for a long time. I determined to pay another visit to my two ladies, and I ate my share of the turkey to which the daughter had invited me, after all!

My unjust suspicions had vanished, and I was charmed to make their acquaintance, for they belonged to the very best society.

The lady was styled the Baronne de Courville, and her husband was commandant of Saint-Dizier.

When she mentioned her name I was for the moment somewhat confused; for I remembered that a

certain Baronne de Courville had been seriously compromised in the trial of Cardinal de Rohan, on the subject of the famous necklace. However, I soon discovered she was not the same person.

This lady is still alive, but her amiable daughter died at the early age of twenty-three, having, some time before, lost her husband.

Her death occurred during the trial I had to undergo on account of my connection with the Pope,[1] and I have been told that, when she was in the last agony, she asked: "Has that gentleman been acquitted?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, tell him, then, that I was very glad."

It was a considerable time before these ladies knew my name; so, when they spoke of me, they used to call me "that gentleman."

Meanwhile, Blanchet had set out on a search for me, two days after she left prison, in company with the baker woman who had taken in her child, and at length discovered me on the road that leads to Ranelagh.

She was so pale and thin that I did not recognize her at a distance.

She approached, trembling, and did not utter a single word, for fear of endangering me.

I told her, reassuringly, that I was no longer exposed to the same perils I had been in the past.

Her first care was to give me three hundred francs, which she held in her hand. She had earned them by doing up the linen of the ladies imprisoned in Les Anglaises. She was extremely skilful, and preferred

[1] Book III.

working to obeying the orders of the patriots, who told her she must force the *aristocrates* to support her.

But she confessed to me that she had very little reason to be grateful to most of these great ladies. Accordingly, she used to reckon the slights she received from them in making up the account, and her charges were pretty high. As she was a first-rate needlewoman and ironed to perfection, these ladies, who were just as coquettish in prison as they had been at Versailles, would have no one else to work for them.

Nevertheless, she had become attached, as I have already mentioned, to old Madame de la Rochefoucauld, whose legs were covered with sores, and who had been deserted by her women.

She parted from me in tears.

I told her she must come and see me in my attic, which I pointed out on our return through the main street of Passy.

She also informed me that the section of the Unité, my own section, and always inclined to favor me, had removed from my house the two keepers, who had cost me five francs each a day for two months, and had burned four cartloads of wood and all my candles, as well as eaten all my oil.[1] Luckily, they did not touch the cellar; for this, I had to thank Blanchet, who insisted on having the seals placed on it, as well as on the rest. The presence of mind of that woman was unique.

[1] This detail will not surprise anybody acquainted with the excellent oil of the south of France. It is eaten with bread, just as butter is in the north.

I was careful not to say anything to her about her son, but my silence told her plainly enough of her misfortune.

I directed her to leave the Rue des Augustins and take apartments in the Faubourg du Roule, so that she might be nearer Passy, where I had had a little lodge for the past eight years.

But I had still to be on my guard until the 9th of November, for the Terror reappeared again for a time.[1]

At length, however, I decided to adopt such measures as were likely to lead to the removal of the seals from my apartments and the restoration of my books, clocks, and plate.

With this object, I paid a visit to Bourdon de l'Oise, who had been attorney to the Parliament. He was a bad man, but I had done him a great service once upon a time. He lived in the Rue des Saints-Pères.

Although nine years had passed since we met last, he knew me immediately, and said bluntly, —

"Eh! so it 's you, is it? Come in. What do you want?"

"Listen to me," I answered; "you know me of old to be a sincere and trustworthy man, do you not?"

"Yes," he returned, quickly.

"And I know that you, too, are a sincere and trustworthy man, a bad head — don't be angry — but a good heart. So I have come to ask you to do me a service."

[1] Without doubt, after the 13th Vendémiaire.

"But did you not subscribe to the protest of the Chambre des Vacations?"

"Well, supposing I did, Bourdon de l'Oise, what follows? You know better than any one that in the Parliament the minority was pledged to accept the ruling of the majority and to sign it. This is why I subscribed to the protest, although I was opposed to it."

"I 'm very glad to hear that! Well, tell me what I can do for you."

"You can obtain the removal of the seals from my apartments, and the restoration of everything that has been taken from them."

"Come this evening to the Committee of the Section. I 'll do all I can for you."

"But I am condemned to death by default. Besides, the decree against the nobles has not been repealed. If I go before the Committee they may arrest me."

"Have no fear," he said; "all you have to do is to invoke the protection of Bourdon de l'Oise. Come this way. You have read, I suppose, in some of the newspapers that Bourdon de l'Oise is nothing but a drunkard, is always swilling wine, nothing but the best Bourdeaux will satisfy his luxurious palate. *Ecce signum!* Here is a basket of it; have a glass or two."

"Thanks," I answered; "but I see some very tempting grapes on your table. If you will let me have some, I should prefer them."

"Take what you wish."

I took three or four bunches of grapes, and went

away, eating them. I appeared before the Committee in the evening, and a decree was passed in my favor. The seals were raised, nor was I asked to pay anything for their removal.

But the property the rascals took from my house, I never set eyes on again.

EPILOGUE.

DEATH OF BLANCHET AND MADAME DELLEBART.

You have now, madame, the narrative of the second period of my misfortunes. I might have mentioned many other little details, but they would have bored you. Still, your tender heart must undoubtedly have taken an interest in my faithful servant, and in my excellent friend Madame Dellebart, and, perhaps, you may wish to learn what became of them.

Blanchet died six years ago,[1] after suffering cruelly from a long and painful illness. I could not save her as she had saved me; but I had the consolation of proving to her that I exhausted all human means in the effort to do so. For the nine months and a half that she kept her bed, I watched her day and night, taking turns with a servant whom I had employed to take care of her for some years. I spent three nights out of every week beside her pillow, and on other nights I had to get up more than once, for the poor woman would sometimes not suffer any one near her but me. She would only take her

[1] About 1805, according to presumed date of these Memoirs. It is not strange, then, that we find her mixed up with the trial of the internuncio in 1797. See Book III.

medicine from my hand, and I rendered all such services to her as are rendered to the sick, even the most repulsive, as much from affection as from gratitude.

She died with great courage. When she saw her end approaching, she did not speak of death, for fear my sorrow might overpower me, but she asked for a confessor, and for M. Colin, my notary. I brought them to her bedside. She insisted on making a will, giving me back all that she had ever received from me, for whatever relations she had were very distant. Before dying, she gazed steadfastly upon me, without speaking; but I knew she wanted to say something, and I asked: "What do you wish, Blanchet? Tell me, I will do whatever you desire." "I wish to embrace you," she murmured. "Then embrace me, my dear, dear friend. Why did you not say so at once?" As soon as I saw that she was in the last agony, I recited the prayers for the dying. She expired in the morning, gently, like one falling asleep. I attended to her burial in a proper manner, had a solemn Mass sung for her in the church of Le Roule, and followed her remains to the grave.

I had also the consolation of soothing the last hours of Madame Dellebart. The Revolution had made a profound impression on her, apart from the fact that it had deprived her of a portion of her income. She fell sick. Her daughter wrote me a letter, saying that the condition of her mother had grown worse, and that she complained of not having seen me for a long time. Although it was eleven at night when I received this message, I ran immediately to the Rue Saint-Apolline. I found her very

ill. No one had ventured to speak to her about the sacraments, — not that she was exactly without religion, but she was not pious, and the thought of death had always been repulsive to her. Not knowing very well how to approach the subject, I conversed with her on my misfortunes and the many consolations I had found in religion. "It is it," I said, "that has supported me in all my affliction; thanks to my prayers, I have escaped from the midst of assassins, and have saved my life by the almost miraculous interposition of Divine Providence. And if I have again, quite recently, escaped the hands of my executioners, even after they had condemned me to death, it is to God I owe my safety.[1] But you people of the world," I added, "you do not raise your eyes to Heaven, you never have recourse to religion. Even you, my dear friend, you who are so good and charitable, do not ask your God to cure you, but your doctor, who is powerless to relieve you. You are weak, no doubt, but you are naturally full of good dispositions. Beg of God to restore your strength, and you may be cured. My prayers in your behalf will be heard. But you must begin by purifying your soul, for it is a long time since you have confessed. Do it now, and all the rest will follow. Say the word, and I shall have a confessor here to-morrow."

She remained silent for a moment, then, offering me her hand, a thin poor hand that had been once very pretty, for Madame Dellebart had been beautiful in her time, she murmured, —

[1] As this trial took place in 1796-97, Madame Dellebart must have died in 1797.

"Thank you, my friend; God has preserved you to be of service to me. Do not send for a confessor; a man so good as you are must be as compassionate a confessor as one could desire, — and, indeed, I have need of indulgence."

"Well, then," I answered, "rest a little for the present; it is now one o'clock in the morning. I think I require a little repose myself; but to-morrow morning I will be near you."

I left her without saying a word to her daughter of what had occurred; the latter would have persecuted her with her exhortations and warnings to prepare herself well. She was, as I have mentioned, a very scrupulous and very tiresome person, though, as a *religeuse*, regular enough. Her poor mother, who knew her thoroughly, sometimes said to me: "You cannot imagine how much my daughter makes me suffer!"

Madame Dellebart ordered my breakfast to be sent to my room as usual, and requested me to come to her at ten. "I have passed a very good night," she said, "and it is to you I owe it. Pray finish your work." After confessing her, I explained that, as I could not remain long with her, I was going to the parish of Bonne-Nouvelle, where I knew a priest who would bring her a consecrated Host. When I returned I perceived she had informed her household of the good act she had just been engaged in. Her daughter was on her knees at the foot of the bed. In order not to excite her too much, and knowing that she was now well prepared, I did not deliver any exhortation. I contented myself with reciting the *Con-*

fiteor, and, after the usual absolution, I gave her Holy Communion. The news of her conversion was a source of much satisfaction to the entire household, and it afforded me great consolation to find that she felt much better the next day; she was even able to sit up for two hours; but it was one of those passing gleams of brightness that forebode death. I returned to Passy, but was by her side the next day. She was extremely feeble, and the doctor told me she had not much time to live. "How happy she ought to be," I thought, "to have received the sacraments!" When I asked her if she wished me to recite the prayers, adding that it was better to do so sooner than later: "Yes," she murmured, "I should like you to do so." I made haste then to say the prayers for those in the last agony. As soon as they were finished, she asked me should I not like to have a souvenir of her affection. "Gladly," I answered, "and I shall cherish it as a precious possession." She gave me a ring enriched with diamonds, a "hoop-ring," I think they call it. "I was once very fond," she continued, "of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau. Perhaps you may wish to have them?" "Yes," I replied; "this is also a sacrifice you should make, for these two philosophers have done much harm to religion, and I do not wish you to keep them any longer."

At length, she died, very piously indeed, but she wept much. I left the house, promising her daughter to return in the evening and to recite the Office for the Dead. On the next day I said the prayers, gave the absolution, and performed all the ceremonies

which are customarily used before earth is thrown on the coffin. I accompanied the remains of Madame Dellebart to the cemetery of the Barrière Blanche, and I have often shed tears since over the memory of this excellent and charitable friend.

BOOK III.

MY TRIAL UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

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CHAPTER I.

PIUS VI. AND THE DIRECTORY.

LOOKING BACKWARDS. — PLAN OF A CONCORDAT BETWEEN THE POPE AND THE DIRECTORY: DEL CAMPO, PIERRACCHI AND CARDINAL BUSCA. — COCHON, PREFECT OF POLICE, ARRESTS THE COURIER SENT BY THE INTERNUNCIO TO PIUS VI.

THE last portion of my adventures took place after the Revolution.[1]

They were not less perilous than the others, and more humiliating.

It was then that I was thrown into a dungeon, lighted only by a narrow, grated window, placed immediately under the roof; a little straw served me for a bed. It was then, also, that I was transported to the Grande Force, in the midst of thieves and cut-throats, and, finally, incarcerated in the Conciergerie, which was ordinarily the anteroom to the scaffold.

[1] De Salamon considers the Revolution to have ended with the beginning of the Directory.

I was charged with a *capital* crime, and for about five months I was confronted by an adversary bent on sending me to the guillotine, — the terrible Directory.

To believe my accusers, I was the chief of the most skilfully-devised conspiracy that had ever been invented, and twelve portfolios, discovered in my rooms at Paris and Passy, afforded indubitable proofs of this conspiracy.

In short, I was involved in such a critical situation, that I was abandoned by everybody, even by my closest friends.

In 1790, after the flight of Dugnani, I had been named by the late Pope Pius VI. internuncio to Louis XVI. Obliged to perform all the functions of Nuncio Apostolic, I received, in my official capacity, the various briefs of his Holiness directed against the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and transmitted them, in *the canonical forms*, to the metropolitan archbishops, of whom there were still many in France, charging the latter to make them known to their respective suffragans.

On my side, I gave these briefs the widest possible publicity, and had them translated into French and printed, in spite of the decree of the National Assembly which pronounced the penalty of death against all who "published, printed, or distributed" briefs or other acts emanating from the court of Rome.

Where the interests of our holy religion are involved, no human consideration should have the slightest weight with a true Christian, still less with a man who, like me, was the organ of the Holy See.

Moreover, God rewarded my zeal and fidelity, for the printers and booksellers who were prosecuted on account of these briefs never denounced me.

It was also my sad mission to notify Cardinal de Brienne, Archbishop of Sens, that, by the degree of the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals, he was expelled from the sacred college, and forbidden to wear the robes of a cardinal.[1]

It was in compliance with the orders of the Pope that I took charge of the internunciature, and I was, in consequence, very nearly falling a victim during the September massacres, from which I escaped, contrary to all expectation, and solely owing to Divine protection.

When these sad scenes terminated, I received conclusive evidence of the Pope's satisfaction with my conduct.

The Sacred Congregation for the Affairs of France named me Vicar Apostolic of the whole kingdom, and also of Brabant.

In this capacity, I kept up an active correspondence with the nuncios at Brussels and Lucerne, and with the Vice-Legate of Avignon, who had taken refuge at Nice.

Frightened at my heavy responsibility, and distrusting my own strength, I formed a little council of advisers.

My immense correspondence demanded also the greatest prudence.

I must confess that all my success was owing to the help I received from certain good priests and many

[1] The decree was issued on the 26th of September, 1791.

pious women, that class of women who are always full of resources for the service of God.

They were particularly skilful in furnishing me with the means of despatching my letters, and seeing that they safely arrived at their destination.

So, until 1796, I was able to fulfil my mission undisturbed, and almost without interruption.

In the same year, the Directory seemed inclined to enter into negotiations with the Pope, and even made overtures to him, through the medium of the Marquis del Campo, ambassador of Spain.

Cardinal Busca, the Pope's new Secretary of State, ordered me to confer with M. del Campo, and sent an Italian priest, named Pierracchi, to assist me.

We had also an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.[1]

The object was to conclude a concordat between the Pope and the Directory.

The Directory was willing to make many concessions, if the Pope consented to sanction the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. The half of the former bishops would be recalled and restored to their sees, and the half of the constitutional bishops would retain theirs. In case of vacancy, the Directory would submit three names to the Holy See, from which it was to select one.

Such was the basis of the concordat offered by the Directory.

It was, in fact, already *printed*, but a new oath was

[1] In 1796, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or, as it was then designated, of Exterior Relations, was Charles Delacroix. He was succeeded by Talleyrand.

required from the bishops and priests. This oath displeased Pius VI., and he refused firmly to accept the proposal.

Immediately the Directory broke off all negotiations; the Abbé Pierracchi was ordered to depart in twenty-four hours, and I received a hint that it would be better for my health to keep out of the way for a time.

Meanwhile, General Bonaparte was making the most rapid progress in Italy. The legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Urbino were already invaded, and the Pope, to preserve the remainder of his possessions, saw himself under the sad necessity of sending Cardinal Mattei and his own nephew, Duke Braschi, to the tent of the conqueror, to sue for peace.

The French general granted an armistice, on condition of receiving a contribution of several millions; during this armistice, a final peace was to be negotiated.

But the conditions were very hard. Pius VI. consented to them only with the view of gaining time and saving his capital. It was his settled purpose, however, to form an alliance with the King of Naples, and obtain from him a considerable force of soldiers.

He also collected a small army secretly, and intrusted the command of it to an Austrian general,[1] sent him by the Emperor of Germany.

The treaty he made with the King of Naples also implied that the latter should despatch a respectable army to his relief.

These tidings, which I had learned only quite

[1] General Colli.

recently, gave me great satisfaction, and I was beginning to feel somewhat tranquil, when, having attended a reception given by a Belgian banker, who liked to see foreigners at his house, I noticed that Prince Belmonte, the Neapolitan ambassador, was looking quite radiant.

I began to have some suspicions, and I observed him narrowly.

I noticed also that he had recognized me, and had turned away his eyes when my looks met his.

But I did not lose sight of him. I made my way to him slowly, seemingly without any desire to address him in particular, until we were near each other. Then I kept my ears open, to glean what I could in case he asked or answered a question.

Chance favored me, — indeed, served me better than I could have hoped for.

The Prince of Reuss, whom I had formerly often met in society, approached the ambassador, and, after the usual compliments, inquired if there was anything new.

"Yes," he replied, "peace has been concluded between the King of Naples and the Directory. I signed it myself this morning."

My surprise and consternation at this news, news I had not the slightest grounds for expecting, may be easily imagined.

I listened eagerly for something else; but I was unable to learn anything further of importance.

Accordingly, as soon as I could do so without arousing suspicion, I drew near the Prince of Reuss and asked him to tell me frankly what the Neapolitan ambassador had said to him.

This Prince and I had always been on good terms, and he was acquainted with my mission, having met me more than once at the Tuileries, when I went there as internuncio.

He answered freely, without any hesitation: "The King of Naples has made peace with the Directory, and such a peace must assuredly have serious consequences for the Holy See."

Without making any response to this reflection, I inquired if Prince del Belmonte had entered into any details.

"No," he replied, "all I know is that his courier is ready, and on the point of starting."

I thought to myself: "The Pope is betrayed! He is lost! Believing that he has the support of a strong army of Neapolitans, he will break the armistice; the French general will invade Rome and make him prisoner."

The thought occurred to me, like a flash, that it was still possible to send a courier to his Holiness, who could inform him of what had happened, and show him that it would be imprudent to be the first to break the armistice.

The Pope kept a courier near me, named Guillaume, who was always at my disposal. I left immediately to give him instructions. Naples being a hundred and fifty miles farther from Paris than Rome was, it was quite possible to despatch a messenger who could reach the Pope and acquaint him with the situation of affairs long before a courier could arrive in Naples. My courier had always a passport for Switzerland on his person, so that he might be able to start at a

moment's notice. Accordingly, before it was midnight, he was already outside of Paris.

But whether he had spoken of his mission, or whether he had been "shadowed," I cannot say. At all events, he was pursued by order of the Minister of Police, — at that time M. Cochon, — and arrested at Pontarlier, just as he was about to eat a morsel in a tavern on the road.

His despatches were seized, but he was allowed to go free himself.

It was a great pity, and a great fault also, for him to have delayed his journey on any account. Another half hour would have brought him across the frontiers of the Valais, a neutral country, and he could have fulfilled his mission. In that case, I should not have groaned for five months in fetters and Pius VI. might have been saved.

However, I had sent by post a copy of my despatch at the same time, using a false address, according to my custom. It reached its destination all right, but it arrived too late.

I said, toward the close of my letter, that if the armistice was broken, the only thing his Holiness could do was to take measures for the safety of his person and of whatever else he deemed of most value.

I have been told by the present Pontiff that Pius VI. was about to follow my advice implicitly, and had actually given orders to make all the necessary preparations for leaving Rome. Unfortunately, the generals of the Dominicans and Camalduli, as well as two cardinals, came to him in the night, and per-

suaded him to change his resolution; and when Cardinal Chiaramonti, now Pius VII., presented himself at the Vatican in the morning, he found everything quiet, and the Pope still asleep.

Pius VI. had good reason afterward to regret that he had allowed himself to be guided by the counsels of the two generals and the two cardinals.

When the latter visited him at the Carthusian monastery in Florence, he aroused himself from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and said angrily: "If I had taken the advice of the Abbé de Salamon and my nephew I should not have been here!"

This anecdote has been told me by Duke Braschi himself.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE INTERNUNCIO.

Police Agents at the Internuncio's. — He is Arrested with Madame Blanchet. — The Dungeon of the Prefecture of Police. — Madame Colin. — A Search in the Apartments at Passy. — Madame Grandin again. — A Tragic Night.

After this short digression, I return to my subject. I was congratulating myself on my foresight in sending a courier to the Pope, and thinking that this same courier was making his way successfully through Switzerland, when all of a sudden Madame Blanchet entered my room — we lived then in the Rue Florentin — and said: "Monsieur, there are three men belonging to the police below; they want to see M. Eysseri Blanchet."

"Show them up," I answered.

They entered, and asked to see M. Eysseri Blanchet.

"I do not know any such person," I replied.

"In that case we must examine your papers."

"Just as you like. Yonder is my study, and you can rummage the desks and drawers."

They found absolutely nothing, except some letters which referred to a sort of commerce I carried on in Switzerland.

I was in the habit, in fact, of sending many books of piety and all the new publications to the Valais, from whence they were forwarded to the Pope.

Pius VI. was very inquisitive, and had asked me to supply him with all the books and caricatures that had recently appeared, even those directed against his own person.

On the other hand, I received chocolate from Italy, and cheese from Gruyère, the invoices of which I kept by me. These rascals, furious at discovering nothing else, upset everything in my apartments.

During all this time, Blanchet, who was trembling, did not dare to utter a word. At length, seeing that the hour for dinner was past, she said she would go and bring in the soup.

"I want to continue my work also," I added; "I was just racking off a barrel of wine, and I cannot leave it as it is."

"Don't stir, citoyenne!" cried one of them; "you must remain where you are."

"Have you an order to arrest this woman? Show it to me. She can neither read nor write, and she is here simply to wait upon me."

"We shall see; but meanwhile we take it upon ourselves to arrest her."

Thereupon a man left, and returned an hour after with a warrant for the widow Blanchet's arrest.

I recollect there was among these policemen an abominable man, named Bertrand — but he is dead; let him rest. God will avenge me on him. As for myself, besides that God forbids it, I have a nature that scorns revenge.

The agents drew up a report, which I refused to

sign, and Blanchet and I were conducted between four men to the police station.

It was eight in the evening.

We had to wait an entire hour in this sinister abode, and, during all the time, there were persons coming and going, who looked at us with an air of curiosity, and then went away, murmuring: "They are conspirators!"

At length, I was led into an old-time dungeon, for it was underground and had to be reached by a staircase.

Its sole furniture was a miserable pallet, as hard as the floor upon which it was stretched, and a sorry quilt, utterly worn out. There were no sheets.

Neither was there a seat, except the one in the corner, which served as a water-closet.

The keeper withdrew, shot the bolts on me, and left me helpless, not inquiring even if I needed food; yet the only thing I had taken since evening was a little soup.

I learned the next day that Blanchet had been incarcerated in a prison devoted to thieves and to those loose women who prowl about the streets.

As for myself, I never slept a wink the whole night, for I was devoured by fleas and tormented by big mice, animals that have always inspired me with horror. It took up all my time to keep beating the mattress in order to frighten them off.

Daylight was so long in coming that I awaited it impatiently. This dungeon had only one small window, and that was at the top of the wall, and only received its light from another window opposite to it,

of about the same size. Even when the sun had risen, therefore, it was so dark that, if I had had a book, I should not have been able to read it.

About ten, the door was noisily opened, and a pound of black bread, still quite warm, was brought in, as well as a wooden dish containing a little soup and some cabbage cooked with rancid butter; there were also a pitcher of water and a wooden goblet.

I should not have been able to see these articles except for the light that penetrated through the half-open door.

I devoured the crust of the bread greedily, but I could not eat the soft part, which was still warm and almost raw. I threw it into the pitcher, so that the mice might not find it; but I acted very foolishly, for I obtained no fresh water for two days, and I was forced to drink the water in the pitcher at last.

I did better afterward, and threw whatever I did not use into the water-closet.

I remained in this horrible dungeon an entire week, seemingly abandoned by all creation, when suddenly the door was flung back with a great noise: this occurred about the middle of the day.

I was not long in recognizing the wife of my notary, Madame Colin, with whom I had been on friendly terms for a number of years. She was a tender-hearted and kindly woman, a good friend as well as a good mother; moreover, full of wit and very pretty. "So I am not deserted by every one!" I said to her. "I am sorry I cannot offer you a chair; you will have to sit at the foot of the staircase leading to my prison."

She sat down and gazed on me steadily, and, seeing me with a beard of eight days' growth, linen almost black, clothes in disorder, and looking altogether haggard and forlorn, she burst into tears, crying: "Ah, my friend, in what a condition do I behold you! I have actually almost broken through the walls of the prison to get at you. I have been threatened, have been inscribed on the register as a 'suspect.' No matter! I was determined to see you. You can hardly imagine what an audacious person I have become! Catch me taking 'no' for an answer! Why, I have actually condescended to jest with these creatures! Think of it! But you know," she added smiling, "that a pretty woman always gets what she wants in the end, and so, my dear friend, here I am! But what, in the name of goodness, have you done? Everybody believes you are a criminal of the deepest dye, and are sure to have your head chopped off. All your friends fight shy of you, for they regard you as a dead man. Tell me what it is all about. You pass for the head and front of an awful conspiracy. It is rumored on all sides that twelve portfolios were found in your house, full of treasonable documents."

I let her go on as long as she wished, for this excellent woman loves to hear herself talk. I did not attempt to interrupt her once until she had done.

"Are you sure you have finished?" said I. "Well, every single thing you have just uttered is a lie, and the whole is a tissue of falsehoods. I have never been told the cause of my arrest. I am not a con-

spirator, and neither portfolios nor documents have been found in my residence."

At these words she jumped on my neck, crying:

"Is what you tell me quite true?"

"Really, you know me well enough not to think me capable of deceiving you, and that at the very moment when you are subjecting yourself to considerable annoyance for my sake. What good would it do me any way? You will soon learn the truth. No, I repeat, I am not a conspirator."

"How glad you make me! Do not be uneasy, my friend, I am going to work for you. Meanwhile, I must send you some clean linen, bread, a few bottles of good wine, and one of those roast turkeys which, as you know well, my cook prepares so skilfully."

I thanked her with all my heart.

This visit, which I did not at all expect, was a source of great consolation to me. It was as if an angel had been sent by God to revive my drooping courage.

Nevertheless, I entreated her not to return before I was examined. I feared she might incur suspicion herself, and perhaps be refused admission.

From that moment this excellent woman, as full of devotion to her friends as she is of sprightliness and gayety, was constantly on her feet, running to all her acquaintances and telling them that the stories related about me were utterly false, that no letters had been discovered in my house, and that I was wholly in the dark as to the cause of my detention. She incurred considerable risk by her advocacy, but she laughed at danger.

The result was that my friends began to entertain some hope in my regard and to speak in my favor.

The police, having learned that I had another residence at Passy, — I kept it for eight years, — resolved to make a thorough search in it; and the same individuals who arrested me in the Rue Florentin came to my prison to conduct me to Passy, in order that I might be present at the inspection of my papers.

They offered to provide a carriage to relieve me from the fatigue of a journey on foot. But I saw very well the offer was made for their own sake, not for mine; so I answered that I could do without it; they might hire one for themselves if they liked, but most assuredly I had no intention of paying for it.

We proceeded, then, on our way to Passy, walking along the Seine until we came to Chaillot.

I perceived Madame d'Aubusson at some distance from me on the road; she is a charming and estimable woman who has always liked me. I did not wish to look in her direction, but she recognized me, and, without exhibiting any alarm, cried: "Good day, my friend! I hope to see you soon." I was afraid I might compromise her, and, addressing the *sbirri* who attended me: "Whom is that woman speaking to?" said I. They made no answer.

When we reached Passy, they demanded permission of the judge and mayor of Passy to search my apartments.

These gentlemen, who had known me for a long time, were surprised beyond measure at seeing me in custody, and they answered: "Citizens, you must be mistaken. This citizen is a very honest man, and

has never given any cause for complaint as long as he has lived in this commune."

Nevertheless, they granted the permission asked for, — indeed, they could not very well refuse it; but they pushed their interest in me so far as to be present in person at the search.

The investigation made by my keepers was of the most minute character; but, having absolutely found nothing of importance, they took possession of some burlesque verses I had composed as a recreation, and of a letter written by my sainted mother.

I called their attention to the fact that this letter had no interest for any one but myself; that it was the letter of a tender mother to her son; and that to deprive me of such a precious souvenir would be an act of indescribable infamy.

But they turned a deaf ear to my appeal.

However, I was hungry, and, as I never lose my head in any difficulty, however serious, I lit a fire in the chimney, and sent word to Madame Grandin to bring me bread and biscuits. Madame Grandin was the virago with whom I lodged during the Terror. Whether through curiosity or through a kindlier motive, she hastened to comply with my request.

Accordingly, I made two excellent cups of chocolate, which I drank in the presence of my jailers.

When I had finished the second cup, one of them said, —

"Something inside of me tells me it is about the hour for lunch, and I only wish I could imitate you. This is a tough job we have been working at, and I have a good appetite."

"Nothing prevents you from imitating me," I answered; "there is an excellent restaurant close by, kept by the brother of M. le Juge de Paix; and," I added, drawing myself up proudly, "the time is past when the victims hired carriages for their executioners and provided banquets for them."

We returned from Passy on foot also; it was about four in the evening.

I was no sooner in the prison than I threw myself on the pallet. I felt very tired, for I had been on my legs since seven in the morning, and had walked over two leagues.

There was no sign, on my return, of the bad soup and bad bread with which I was in the habit of being regaled; and, as I asked the reason of this, I was told in reply, that, seeing the door of my prison open, no one expected I should return, but that orders would be given to supply me with the usual fare.

Nothing came, nevertheless, and for twenty-four hours I had to content myself with a small loaf.

It was lucky I had swallowed my two cups of chocolate.

When night fell, I slept better than usual, partly from fatigue, and partly because I had become better acquainted with the mice, and they were losing their terrors for me.

But I was suddenly startled out of sleep; the door of the prison was opened.

The grating noise produced by drawing the bolts always makes a rather alarming impression on prisoners.

At the same instant, a man entered; he was in rags, and his hair was in wild disorder; he seemed

drunk, and was supported by two gendarmes. When they released him, he rolled on the floor, and then lay like one dead.

All this horrified me, and I asked who the man was. "He is," was the answer, "an assassin, and will stay here the rest of the night." I could not master the feeling of consternation that took hold of me.

I entreated, I begged that they would put this man in some other prison. I grew furious, I tried to prevent them from shutting the door. But they were deaf to my cries, and, several other persons hurrying to the scene, I was flung back into my dungeon, and left alone with the assassin.

You may conceive the appalling nature of my situation.

Every moment I was on the watch, expecting that this wretch, who for the time was dead drunk, would start up from some frenzied dream and murder me, and I was absolutely defenceless. The only resource I had was to cry out and beat the door, until at last voice and strength gave way, and I fell back exhausted on my pallet.

Fortunately, the horrible creature did not stir the whole night, and at five in the morning he was removed.

CHAPTER III.

THE INDICTMENT.

A Letter from Cardinal Busca.—A Curious Type of an Examining Magistrate.—The Provisions of Madame Colin.—"I am Unworthy of Sleeping alongside that Angel."—Before the Jury.—He meets Blanchet.

On the morning of the eleventh day of my imprisonment, I was informed that I must undergo my first examination.

Thus, in my case, the law was violated which enacts that a prisoner be examined within twenty-four hours after his arrest.

The delay, doubtless, arose from the fact that they were unable to find sufficient evidence against me, and they hoped to discover in the letters that were likely to arrive from Rome fresh matter for my condemnation.

But, by a special mercy of Providence, the postman, who was acquainted with my servant,[1] met her in the street and handed her two letters.

However, they managed to get hold of a third, which did me more good than harm.

It was from the new Secretary of State, Cardinal Busca. He announced his nomination, and told me

[1] The servant he had hired to wait on Blanchet.

that I must henceforth correspond with him, adding: "Your employer is well pleased with you, and wishes you to work away at your job."

I was in the habit of using these words, "*employer* — *job*," and the cardinal had merely borrowed them from me.

On reaching the hall where I was to be examined, I saw a little man in black, with his hair powdered, and a harsh, repulsive physiognomy, which he did his best to render amiable, but it was a failure.

He requested me to sit beside his desk, and asked my name, surname, and profession. "What is the use?" said I, "you know them."

"A mere formality, citizen, a mere formality."

Then I answered the question.

While he was writing, he mumbled between his teeth, —

"A conspirator! ah! A traitor to his country! Corresponding with the enemies of the state!"

At the same moment, I perceived on the corner of the desk a folded letter. I was able to read the heading, however. The date — I always date my letters at the top of the page — was in my handwriting. It was like a flash of lightning. "Ah," I thought, "my courier has been arrested, and that 's my letter!"

But he went on writing, slowly and laboriously.

This fellow, who, for the misfortune of honest men, is still employed in the police department, had anything but a fluent pen, evidently.

When he had finished, he required me to sign the papers found in my house, and particularly my poor

mother's letter. "No!" I exclaimed indignantly, "I do not intend to sign! How can you have had the atrociousness to present that dear letter to me, which your hideous satellites have torn from the hands of a son, — that letter which has been the only consolation left to me, and which I have treasured as a relic! What do you intend doing with it? Do you make it one of the counts in your indictment? If you do, I suppose it is because it breathes nothing but tenderness and piety! No, I will not sign it!"

Then, taking up the letter I had perceived, he handed it to me, saying in an ironical tone, —

"And this — does this, too, excite the best sentiments of your affectionate heart? You recognize it, eh?"

"Before I answer you, citizen, have the goodness to tell me whether you are the person appointed to decide on my case."

"No, the judge and jury, before whom you are shortly to appear, must look to that."

"Ah! so I am to appear in court, and in presence of a jury, am I? Write down, then, that I have nothing more to say to you."

This determination of mine seemed to embarrass him considerably. He became very mild, he adopted a thousand schemes to get at me; but he had his labor for his pains, he could worm nothing out of me. "I see clearly," I added, "that you are absolutely resolved on finding me guilty. You insult my misfortune with your contemptuous and contemptible snickering; you speak of conspiracy, treason, corresponding with the enemies of my country. A hu-

mane and compassionate judge does not act precisely in this fashion. I repeat it, you shall learn nothing from me."

Nevertheless, he persisted in reading my letter to me and demanding explanations of certain passages.

The only answer he got from me was, "I have nothing to say."

He was beside himself with rage. His forbidding countenance, although naturally ghastly, became as red as fire. The perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead, as he lashed himself into fury.

But I remained quite cool and self-possessed. Far from depressing me, the presence of danger usually gives me renewed energy, and it is in such critical moments that the firmness of my nature shows at its best.

Not being able to make me speak, he thundered out, —

"Take him back to prison."

"What!" I cried, "back to the gloomy dungeon I have just quitted! Can any one who has the semblance of humanity send me again to that infectious den, where no air and no light can penetrate, except once in every twenty-four hours, when the door is opened?"

"You will not be there long," he answered in a milder tone.

In spite of this promise, I had to spend ten more days in this frightful place.

But on the next day, my prison was opened earlier than usual, and I received from Madame Colin all that she had told me she would send. The excellent

lady had got permission to supply me with whatever I wanted.

The parcel contained a turkey, two bottles of white wine and one of Malaga, bread, and linen.

I fell on my knees and thanked God that there was still some one left to take an interest in me.

I begged the servant to carry half the turkey and a bottle of white wine to Madame Blanchet.

Blanchet prevailed on the keeper of her prison to go and thank me in her behalf, and to tell me she was not as badly off as I was, but that she was living among bad women, and this troubled her a good deal. Still, those poor women treated her with great respect.

She related to me afterward that one of these unfortunate creatures had a very pretty daughter. She said to Blanchet: "You seem to me to be an honest woman; and so I am going to ask you a favor: Would you mind letting this little child sleep with you? I am unworthy to sleep alongside this angel."

Blanchet made some objections at first; it was distasteful to her to consent, but she yielded in the end.

After that, these women could not do enough for her; they forced on her all the best they had, and it must be confessed they fared well, for they were constantly receiving presents of fine young turkeys from their friends outside.

At length, after an imprisonment of twenty-one days, I was summoned to appear before the tribunal whose office it was to investigate the charges against me.

It was now the month of December, and it was, perhaps, about seven in the evening.

I found Madame Blanchet in the anteroom. An affecting scene took place. "I am told," she cried, throwing herself at my feet, "that I am never to see you more. It is not for myself I am anxious, but for you. This time, monsieur, I cannot save you, but, at least, I can die with you. As my poor child is gone, I have nothing now to wish for on this earth."

You can easily imagine the effort I had to make not to give way to my emotion; but the resignation of this faithful servant was too much for me, and I could not keep the tears from coming to my eyes.

I raised her with difficulty, and said, in tones I tried to render firm, —

"Calm yourself; you will soon be out of prison. It is utterly impossible for them to condemn you to any penalty, even the slightest, for you do not know how to read or write, and there can be no charge against you. And if I have to die, is it not something to die with honor, to die without reproach?"

After I had finished, I was conducted into the presence of the court.

The name of the president was Legras. I had formerly had some intercourse with him.

He addressed me at once, saying: "Here are your 'letters.'"

He pointed to two: one for Cardinal Antonelli, the Dean of the Sacred College; the other for Cardinal Frangini, Patriarch of Venice, who was my intimate friend. I became acquainted with him at Paris, when I was Auditor of the Rota.

"It is by your despatches," resumed Legras, "that you will be judged. I do not care at present to sub-

ject you to a disagreeable examination. Accordingly, you are going to be transferred to a legal prison, where you will await our decision."

"Monsieur," I answered, "you have known me formerly, and you know my profession. I could never have imagined that a priest might be transformed into a suspect for simply corresponding with the head of his religion, or that he could be hindered from doing so, if he chose. I do not make you any petition on my own behalf, but I earnestly entreat you to have Madame Blanchet set at liberty. This woman can neither read nor write, and, if I have taken the name of her son, who is no longer alive, I did so without her knowledge."

Legras made no answer, and I was removed.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE GRANDE FORCE.

THE INTERNUNCIO AT THE GRANDE FORCE. — THE ONLY CONSOLATION THE CONVICTS HAVE. — THE INTERNUNCIO'S LETTERS TO THE SARDINIAN AND SPANISH AMBASSADORS: THEIR PUSILLANIMOUS CONDUCT. — M. RACIN, FOUNDER OF THE "SPECTATEUR." — THE INFIRMARY OF THE GRANDE FORCE — THE ADVENTURES OF A WORTHY NATIVE OF MONTMARTRE. — BLANCHET IS FREE. — ADIEU TO THE GRANDE FORCE.

I WAS conducted to the Grande Force. It was the most important of the prisons destined for robbers and assassins. As for Blanchet, she was transferred to the Madelonnettes, situated near the Temple.

Escorted by three police agents, I arrived at this dreadful prison. The entrance is extremely low, and as it was night and my mind was preoccupied, I could not measure the height of the door, and I knocked my head violently against the wall. The force of the collision was so great that it shook me to pieces, and I could not help crying: "Ah! I am fainting! help!"

My head pained me excessively during the three days following, but no one paid any attention to me.

I entered the clerk's office, and a charge of conspiracy and of corresponding with the enemies of the

country was entered on the books. Then the *concierge* spoke a word to the keeper, who led me to one of the cells.

It was larger than the one I had left, but lighted in pretty much the same manner; that is to say, it had one little window, crossed with iron bars and very high up. The frame could be opened by means of a cord.

The bed was laid on two benches. It consisted of a hard mattress, a quilt all in rags, from having been so much used, and a pair of sheets that looked as if they had been employed to sail a boat.

There were two others with me in this cell; they were convicts who had been condemned to twenty years' hard labor, and had been put here until the time came for the departure of the gang.

It was about nine in the evening.

I stretched myself in my clothes on the mattress, taking the precaution to cover the pillow with my handkerchief. I lay there as insensible as a log, and stiff with cold. Nevertheless, I fell asleep. Some one has said that misfortune has often a sort of soporific virtue, and brings on sleep.

But the noise made by a person striking a flint startled me out of my slumbers.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"Nothing, monsieur. We are only trying to get a light, as we want to smoke."

"Want to smoke! Why, night is made for sleeping, not smoking!"

"We are in the habit of smoking every night for a couple of hours. We do not venture to do so in the

daytime, for no one knows that we have a flint. If it annoys you, we 'll smoke only for an hour."

"Certainly it annoys me. I may as well give up all thought of sleeping, if you smoke."

I had hardly said these words, when I was enveloped in a thick cloud. The odor was most disgusting, and there was no passage by which it might escape.

"Really," I said to them, "I am surprised that prisoners condemned to the galleys should have the privilege of making me sick in this way."

"Do not be angry, monsieur; we shall open the window very early, and then you won't feel any inconvenience."

"Be sure to do so then! Certainly I should have good ground for complaining of your nasty habit, but I do not care to deprive you of the only pleasure you have in this world."

At this time, the old servant I had hired for Blanchet was allowed to visit me, and acquitted herself to my satisfaction of the various commissions with which I charged her.

My food was nearly the same as that which I had received at the Prefecture of Police.

Five weeks slipped by without the occurrence of any noteworthy incident, except the singular visit paid me by a member of the Central Bureau.

This personage, who was dressed in his tricolor scarf, examined me from head to foot, as if he was looking at some wild beast, and then departed without saying a word.

In the mean time, I procured a copy of the criminal

code. I saw clearly in it that the penalty for the crime with which I was charged was death.

Nevertheless, I resolved to defend myself, and I set about composing a memorial reciting the facts of my case. I also wrote a letter to the Marquis del Campo, to whom the court of Rome had recommended me.

On the other hand, the minister of the King of Sardinia wrote in my favor to M. Balbo, who acted as ambassador to the Directory. He told him to fly to my assistance.

But I have since learned that neither the Spanish nor the Sardinian ambassador made the slightest effort to help me. They even wrote to their respective courts that the matter was very serious, and that it would be wise not to interfere.

I was very indignant, but particularly with M. Balbo.

Accordingly, when these gentlemen presented themselves at my house after my release, I sent them word that I declined to receive them, and that I had made the Pope aware of their conduct.

Meanwhile, a clerk in the office of the Ministry of the Interior came to visit our prison. It was at that time, like all the others, under the surveillance of this ministry.

This clerk was the founder of a great journal entitled the "Spectateur," in which I used to insert articles relative to Roman affairs.

When he entered my cell he recognized me, and cried: "What! you here! Why, how did you manage to get into these quarters? If you had written to me, you should not have stayed here an hour."

I embraced and thanked him, saying, —

"I have been abandoned by everybody. I have thought of you often, but I was afraid I might injure you. I do not wish to be the occasion of harm to others."

Then he addressed the keeper who accompanied him, —

"You will see that this gentleman has an apartment in the infirmary. He requires medical treatment; I take the responsibility upon my own shoulders."

The result was that I was immediately transferred to the infirmary.

This building had all the air of a substantial citizen's residence, and formed a strong contrast to the rest of the gloomy prison. You saw neither bars on the windows nor bolts on the doors, and there was no objection to walking in any of the courts if you wished. Then, the food was of the best, and we could get whatever we desired from the outside, — by paying for it well, of course.

Moreover, my sojourn in this favored spot gave me opportunities of becoming acquainted with a number of the *émigrés*, particularly with M. de Gacecourt, who had been there very long.

My bed was all I could desire: two good mattresses, clean sheets, and suitable covering.

I met six persons after entering. They were journalists who had been condemned to death in their absence, in Vendémiaire, and who had surrendered, in order to purge themselves of their contempt of court.

All were released a little after. They took great

interest in me, and wished to defend me in their papers; but I begged them earnestly not to do anything of the sort.

I will say, in reference to this matter, that M. la Devèze, then proprietor of the "Journal des Débats," and M. Nicole, editor of another newspaper, continued to give reports of my trial, in spite of a formal request on my part not to do so. These reports were not only very correct, but very friendly to me, and they undoubtedly were effective in winning public favor for my side of the case, by enlightening the people as to its true nature.

The only one of the journalists who took the side of the Directory was an ex-Benedictine monk, named Poultier,[1] a famous Conventionnel. But his opposition did me more good than harm.

I requested M. Racin to inform Madame Colin of the happy change that had occurred in my situation.

This lady visited me, after she heard the good news, at least three times every week. We used to drink chocolate together, for I began to take it as soon as I entered the infirmary. The old servant came also to see me, and brought me all that I needed.

Among the other persons I met in the infirmary was a Frenchman who had been butler to a rich English lord for over thirty years, and had amassed sixty thousand francs in his service in *guineas*.

He was a fanatic, and had such a horror of royalty

[1] He was the editor-in-chief of the "Ami des Lois." The following anecdote is told of him in "Le Rédacteur," 3d of March, 1797: "A representative of the people asked Poultier the other day why he published such absurd and atrocious calumnies in his journal. 'Why,' he answered, 'these are the things that sell the paper!'"

that he had changed his name of Leroy to Montmartre, the faubourg in which he was born.

When he learned that a revolution was going on amongst us, he was wild with joy. He left his master, realized his fortune, abandoned his wife, and set out for France.

He was no sooner landed than he was arrested as an *émigré*, and thrown into the prison of La Force. After he was locked up, he wrote to his wife giving her a full account of his misfortune. "What, my dear!" she replied, ironically, "is it possible that the very moment you placed your foot on the soil of liberty, you have fallen into slavery!"

Notwithstanding his little eccentricities, however, he was a very worthy man.

He had travelled extensively with his master, and knew several foreign languages. Among others, he spoke Provençal, and, for a wonder, with the correct accent; a thing very rare in the case of Parisians.

He was fond of my society, and, to show his friendship, he concocted every day a new dish for my dinner, after a fashion known only to himself; and I must acknowledge that the fare he set before me was always delicious.

He also insisted on my drinking at the same time one or two glasses of Bordeaux, and when I remarked that it was a very costly wine, "Don't be uneasy," said he, "drink as much as you want; there are still some of the *guineas* left."

Yet he would never consent to sit down to table with me.

I really became very much attached to him, and

was glad to be able to do him some good, for he was liable to fits of dejection, during which I did my best to console him.

I received news every day from Madame Blanchet. She wanted for nothing, but she was growing very tired of her prison.

At length came the moment when I must appear before the tribunal which was to deal with my case.

I descended to the yard and perceived a hideous van drawn by two horses. It had three little grated windows, which, as well as a door closed by bolts, gave it the appearance of a dungeon.

I recoiled in horror at the spectacle, and when I was invited to enter, I cried, —

"I prefer to go on foot!"

"What you ask is impossible, and you ought to know it," was the answer.

But I resisted, and they had to put me by force into this prison on wheels, which looked to me like the vestibule of death.

I felt terribly humiliated, I was treated as if I were the most criminal of men, and three felons were installed in the vehicle along with me. We set out escorted by three gendarmes on horseback, and the carriage started at a headlong pace, the horses being evidently very fresh.

I meditated, as we proceeded, on this method of dealing with criminals, and I regarded it as a refinement of cruelty. Then, returning to my own lamentable position, I felt completely depressed and apprehensive, and the tears came to my eyes.

We soon reached the steps of the Palais de Justice.

A large crowd was massed on each side of them, and when one of us got out of the carriage, there was the greatest curiosity and excitement.

I was one of the last to alight, and I heard distinctly some one murmuring: "Decidedly, that fellow does not look like a scoundrel."

I may as well publish the reason of this complitary criticism: I was shaved and powdered, for, after entering the infirmary, I had resumed my daily habits.

I was ushered into the presence of the president; he asked me a few questions and said: "You can now withdraw; you will know your fate to-morrow."

This time, there was no sign of Madame Blanchet, and I thought it argued well for the poor woman.

I was led back to the Conciergerie in the same manner in which I left it. I slept little that night, nor did I eat anything before going to bed. I was terribly downcast, and I found it impossible to banish my melancholy thoughts.

On the next day, just as I had finished my chocolate, an usher entered and notified me that there was sufficient evidence to hold me, and that I should be transferred on the next day to the prisons of the Conciergerie, bordering on the Palais, there to await my trial.

I learned at the same time that the tribunal had decided there were no grounds for prosecuting Citoyenne Blanchet, and had ordered her to be immediately set at liberty.

This news overwhelmed me with joy. My faithful friend and servant was out of prison and henceforth in safety! It made me so happy that I had no

thoughts for my own position, and the idea that I was about to take the road to the Conciergerie — that is to say, the road that, in nearly every case, leads to the scaffold — did not dismay me in the least.

In the evening, I paid my farewell visits to the *émigré* prisoners. They were all very much moved.

I saw also my dear Montmartre and embraced him tenderly. He shed tears when he learned I was leaving the infirmary.

Many of those gentlemen, whom I met afterward, confessed that they never hoped to see me again, so sinister were the rumors that were circulated in reference to my trial.

It was actually with real sorrow that I stepped out of the prison on the next day. It had grown to look to me like the face of a friend. When we are unfortunate, we sometimes form these sorts of attachments.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCIERGERIE.

THE INTERNUNCIO IN THE CONCIERGERIE. — HONEST RICHARD. — THE ABBÉ BROTTIER AND M. DE CANI. — RICHARD'S COOK. — ANECDOTES OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. — THE INTERNUNCIO'S COMPANIONS IN MISFORTUNE. — THE QUEEN'S SPANIEL.

I WAS driven to the Conciergerie in the same horrible equipage in which I rode the evening before; but this time I was its sole occupant. A clerk wrote my name in the jail-book, with the same comments: accused of conspiracy and corresponding with the enemies of the country.

These formalities, which were rather tedious, being got through, the commissary, who was delegated by the public prosecutor and was present, said to the concierge, a man named Richard: "You are answerable for this prisoner; see that he is locked up in a secure place."

"I have long known this prisoner," returned Richard. "I have seen him come here in quite a different style from that in which he came to-day, — he was then visiting the prisons as commissary of the king, and now he is a prisoner himself. But I answer for him; you may be sure I shall not lose sight of him."

When we were alone, this honest man said to me:

"I shall be obliged to see that you sleep behind bolts and bars, but during the daytime you will stay

in my own apartments; you will take your meals along with me and see any one you like, provided you tell your visitors to ask my permission. Moreover, I will have a stove put into your cell, and you can sleep on two mattresses which belonged to that poor woman" — he meant the queen — "who died on the scaffold. They ought to be good, for they cost me dear enough. I had to serve six months in the Madelonnettes for buying them."

I thanked him from the bottom of my heart.

We settled that I was to pay four francs a day for my board. He told me I might invite whom I pleased to dinner, and he could get them a very fair repast for three francs a head, including coffee and *liqueurs*.

Quite a number of my friends, in fact, flocked to see me. Many ladies visited me, among others, the Comtesse d'Aubusson, Madame d'Aulnay, and the Vicomtesse d'Allemane. I kept a sort of *salon* from seven to ten in the evening, in which were gathered a miscellaneous company of lawyers, booksellers, publishers, and ecclesiastics; among the latter was M. de Cani, to-day the respected curé of Bonne-Nouvelle, who, although he did not know me, placed his purse at my disposal.

I also received striking proofs of the interest which certain august personages deigned to take in my lot. The Abbé Brottier, whom I barely saw once before, came and offered me assistance in the name of the princes. He acted as their agent. He was afterwards arrested and deported to Guiana,[1] where he died.

[1] After the conspiracy of La Villeheurnois (March, 1797) in which he was implicated.

I refused all these offers; indeed, I was very much surprised that the report of my misfortunes should have spread through such distant countries.

The cook of Richard was a woman who well deserved to occupy a higher position. Her thoughts were so elevated and her manner so refined that I could not conceal from her my astonishment at finding her a servant in the Conciergerie. The following is the explanation she gave me of the matter.

She had been an old friend of Richard's wife, and was present when the latter, who was actuated by the most humane feeling for the prisoners, had been slain by a wretch just about to set out for the galleys, and that at the very time when she was consoling him and giving him money. As the poor woman was leaning forward to embrace him, he plunged his knife into her heart and stretched her dead at his feet;[1] nor was any one ever able to learn the cause of such monstrous ingratitude. "And so I remained," added the servant, "with M. Richard, who indeed is disgusted with his position and well fitted to occupy a higher one."

She had herself attended to the wants of the royal victims with the most tender solicitude. She was in the habit of brushing the boots of her Majesty every morning. "And they used to be as dirty," she said, "on account of the dampness of the prison, as if the queen had walked the whole length of the Rue Saint-Honoré."

She also related that the noble personages who

[1] A very correct account of an incident which the memoirs of the period mention as occurring in Messidor (20 June — 19 July) 1796.

were then imprisoned in the Conciergerie came every morning, during the time allowed for exercise, and kissed the slippers of the unfortunate princess.

It was the same servant who, on seeing the queen go to the scaffold with neck uncovered and without a cap, threw her own kerchief over her shoulders and placed a cap she had received that morning as a New Year's gift, on her head.

I had the good fortune to be of service to this admirable woman, when her master died. I procured her a position in the household of the Marquise de Créqui, niece of Comte de Muy, minister of war, and one of my oldest friends. But, after the death of this lady, I was constantly travelling, and have not been able to learn what has become of the woman whose acquaintance I made in the Conciergerie.

This good servant took the greatest care of me. When I received in the evening, she regulated the number of tapers, intended to light the apartment, by the number of guests. She used to answer my objections by saying that I was not born to live in obscurity, and, moreover, the tapers cost us nothing.

Indeed, but for the sad thought that my death was probably near at hand, I felt almost as comfortable as if I were in my own house.

Surely I ought to be grateful to God for having given me such a gentle disposition that all who become acquainted with me soon learn to love me; an experience I have enjoyed through all the misfortunes of my life.

I spent the evening in conversation with M. Richard, and we even often supped together. He antici-

pated all my desires, and was particularly careful to have some excellent fish and salad on the table, for he observed I was very partial to these two dishes, as well as to potatoes fried in butter.

My good Richard was so fond of my company, that we sometimes remained at the table until two in the morning. He never left me except for a few moments at ten, when he went to visit the prisoners.

Some of the stories he told me about these rascals were truly surprising. Their attempts to escape kept him in continual anxiety. Although they had not a single tool, they used to construct keys of lead which opened the doors noiselessly. He seized, at one time, six of these keys, which worked perfectly; there was only one wanting, that of the street door. He showed the whole six to me. I asked him how he managed to discover everything. He answered that in all the prisons containing several prisoners a spy was kept, who received very high wages.

The wives of the prisoners were also a source of constant trouble when they visited them. Search them as closely as they could, these women always succeeded in concealing something in the shape of tin, lead and plaster, which they transferred successfully to their husbands.

I tried to prolong our conversation as long as possible, for I disliked so much going to my cell and being locked in with big bolts and big keys, that I should have preferred never lying down, if I could.

However, when I did enter it, I found it very warm, thanks to the stove; sometimes, it was even too much so.

But when I was there, I was pursued by the blackest thoughts. I found it impossible to sleep before daybreak, and then my slumbers were broken into by my rascally neighbors, who, as soon as the sun rose, created a frightful uproar with their singing and shouting.

Once, I perceived one of them walking in the yard. Although it was piercing cold, he was in his shirt. He was reading his indictment, while smoking his pipe. "Gracious!" he repeated every other minute — he did not say "gracious!" but the terms he did use are a little too emphatic for reproduction — "gracious! I am lost, for a dead certainty!"

My enforced retirement from the world has convinced me that these poor creatures are more to be pitied than we think.

However, I told Richard's servant in secret that I felt the greatest repugnance to entering my cell, and especially at seeing myself locked in behind bolts and bars. She hastened to repeat what I had said to her master, and he gave orders that my cell should be opened at daybreak.

The first morning that I benefited by this measure I saw, just as the door opened, a lap-dog run in and jump on my bed. It went all round it, then leaped down and was out of the room in a flash. It was the queen's pet. Richard had found it after the death of its mistress, and took the greatest care of it.

In this fashion, it came every morning at daybreak and went through the same movements, during three entire months. I made every effort to catch it, but always failed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRIMINAL TRIBUNAL.

At the Registrar's Office. — In Court. — President Gohier. — The Indictment. — Intervention of Boulanger, Commissary of the Directory. — The Editor of the "Ami du Peuple." — Richard's Granddaughter. — Some New Anecdotes of Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orléans, and Madame Elizabeth.

I had been now five weeks at the Conciergerie, and, but for the deprival of my liberty, I might have felt quite happy. I was well fed and allowed to receive the visits of my friends.

But at length I was notified that I must appear at the Registry of the Palais de Justice, in order to receive the list of my jurors.

I was compelled to descend by a dark staircase, made inside the wall. The staircase leads to a subterranean passage connecting with the Palais.

All the thieves who were to be tried during the month came with me, and I was compelled to endure the humiliation of forming one of this gang of malefactors.

But I had to resign myself, and, for an hour, I waited my turn amongst them, in a large apartment that was almost dark, extremely damp, and very foul-smelling.

At length, I was summoned, and the list of the jurors was placed in my hand. It contained a dozen names. I was told I had twenty-four hours in which to accept or reject them, but, in the latter case, the trial would be adjourned for a month, for it is only every month that the names of the jurors are drawn by lot.

Although I was not acquainted with any of them, I answered that I wished to be tried and would run the risk of accepting them, even if they were badly disposed in my regard.

On the next day, I was led into court.

The charge against me was of a somewhat unusual character, and so an extraordinary tribunal had been instituted for its trial, as when crimes of an abnormally serious character are to be judged.

This arrangement was as little calculated to reassure me as was the dismal procession which accompanied me to the bar, and which was composed of the jailer of the Conciergerie, two ushers, and two turnkeys in front, with two gendarmes, armed to the teeth, bringing up the rear.

I was obliged to take my seat between these two gendarmes, yes, to sit on the prisoner's bench, or, "stool of repentance," as it used to be called, I, who a few years before, sat on the fleur-de-lis in this very court, and dispensed justice to the subjects of the king.

As soon as I was seated, I cast my eyes around the hall. It was full to overflowing, for the crowd was packed even beyond the doors. On the bench next to that of the lawyers, I perceived the civil authori-

ties of the village of Passy; they were there to testify in my favor. I also noticed that a great number of my friends were present; many of them saluted me, and I returned their salutation.

I had recovered all my courage, and, in spite of this menacing array of power, which might well serve to intimidate me, I felt the utmost calmness and serenity. In such extremities, it is God, and God alone, who can enable us to enjoy the tranquillity of a good conscience. I had, in fact, been to confession a short time before, and had set all my little affairs in order.

The judges soon took their seats. The presiding justice was Gohier, a renowned Jacobin, and afterward one of the five Directors.[1] The twelve jurors were in front of me. At the right of the judges, sat the public prosecutor and his ushers, and, on the left, but a little lower down, the commissary of the Directory, who was called Boulanger.

It was in every respect an unprecedented trial. There was actually no charge against me; neither complainant nor witness was on hand to accuse me; but I had to confront the terrible power that persecuted me, — the Directory.

However, I was fighting for our holy religion, and in the cause of God, whose providence watches over the innocent and is stronger than the wiles and wickedness of men.

When all were seated, citizen Legras read the indictment, which he himself had drawn up. This individual, who had treated me with seeming respect and

[1] In 1799.

politeness at the time I was leaving the police station, preferred the most abominable charges against me in this document. If I had been a felon, blackened with every crime in the calendar, he could not have indulged in more loathsome assaults on my character. He missed his mark, however; the reading was heard with angry and prolonged murmurs by the audience.

When he had finished, the commissary of the Directory rose and said : —

"The commissary who has drawn up the indictment has not seized the point of the accusation precisely, and has not stated plainly the crime of the prisoner. He is not accused of conspiracy, but of corresponding with the enemies of the state. I require, therefore, that the indictment be quashed and a new one drawn up on a different basis. Consequently I must ask for an adjournment, and that the accused be remanded."

I did not wait for the decision of the judges, and I demanded to be heard.

"Prisoner," replied the president, "you are at liberty to speak."

"So then," I said, "it is not a sentiment of justice or of mercy that actuates the Directory; what it wants is that I should be again shackled with the fetters that were about to drop from my limbs, and that I should continue to languish in a dungeon. It sees clearly that I must be discharged, for every count in the indictment is as false, as manifestly false, as it is odious.

"Well, then, I insist on my trial being proceeded

with, and that immediately; at least, I shall have the advantage and the consolation of knowing that the jurors in whose presence I am, and who are to decide on my fate, are men of the highest respectability and worth.

"I know, too, that no charge can be brought against me. For, in order to be guilty of conspiracy, I must have had accomplices. Where are they? Where is the conspirator who betrayed the secret? Where are the witnesses? Where is the accuser? I pause for a reply.

"Every one is silent: even the public prosecutor does not dare to raise his voice.

"Doubtless, M. le Commissaire du Directoire must have made merry over the amusing spectacle I afforded him, when he beheld me dragged through the streets of Paris in a sort of iron cage, like some wild beast, exposed to the curiosity of the crowd; no doubt, his gentle heart is beating with eagerness for a repetition of this charming exhibition. But no, it shall not be! I demand that the indictment be maintained in its integrity. I am ready to defend myself against any and every charge, no matter how formidable it may appear, ay, and defend myself successfully, unless justice be banished from that tribunal.

"For that matter, my counsel is here present, and will support my demand."

M. Bellart was my counsel. I had requested him to advise me, for I was unacquainted with the new forms of criminal procedure; and also to aid me in my defence, for I had the fullest confidence in his ability.

But all our efforts were vain; we had to succumb.

The indictment was quashed; I was led back to the Conciergerie, where the clerk informed me I was to be transferred to La Force.

I asked M. Richard whether he could not manage to keep me in the Conciergerie.

"I only wish I could," he answered. "I will speak to the public prosecutor."

He had the good luck to be successful, and I remained under the guardianship of this excellent man.

The feast of the Epiphany fell upon the next day. I handed a louis to Richard, and asked him to treat the turnkeys of the Conciergerie, who had all been very kind to me. So there was quite a festival in the prison, especially in the kitchen of M. Richard.

I have noticed that people living in prisons are very fond of eating and drinking.

The authorities of Passy paid me a visit. I begged them to call at my house in the Rue Florentin. They were received by Madame Blanchet, whom I had previously instructed to prepare a dinner for them.

So everybody fared well, except myself.

At length, M. Louis d'Aulnay came, on my invitation, to dine with me. It was absolutely necessary for me to find some method of getting rid of my thoughts; the delay in my trial had upset me completely.

As I was walking up and down the parlor, the same evening, a little man with a brown face entered abruptly and said to me: —

"Citizen, every one is wild over Legras' indictment and the conduct of the commissary of the Directory.

You see before you the advocate of the oppressed! Do you wish me to undertake your defence in my journal? for I have one, and although the villanous intrigues of my enemies retain me in prison, I still continue to edit it."

"I am very grateful, citizen. Pray, what is the name of your journal?"

"The 'Ami du Peuple.'"[1]

"The 'Ami du Peuple'? Oh! for goodness' sake, don't say anything in my behalf. I am sincerely thankful to you, I assure you, but I prefer to defend myself before the tribunal."

Upon this, I dismissed him politely.

My second month in jail passed off in pretty much the same way as the first.

Madame Colin continued to take chocolate with me several times a week. She often even returned to see me before dinner. She is so kind and amiable as well as blithe and witty, that it was impossible to feel gloomy on the days she visited me. I always took care to have myself shaven and my peruke well powdered when I expected her arrival.

In short, I acted in prison exactly as I should have done, were I at liberty.

M. Richard was the grandfather of a very beautiful young girl of twenty-two. She was as meek as an angel, and her manners and appearance were those of a refined and well-educated lady. She came to see me

[1] It is in little matters like this that the internuncio's accuracy can be so easily verified. "Lebois, 'the Friend of the People,' has been arrested for the third time, and this for treating the Directory as the Directory deserves," says the "Eclair" of 23 December, 1796. The "Moniteur" adds: "Lebois was released on the 9th of January."

nearly every morning, and we dined together, when she came to dine with her grandfather, — which occurred very often.

This was the tender and amiable girl who saved the life of old President Angrau. Every time she heard he was going to be taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she made him get into bed, and said to the messengers: —

"What can you do with this old man? He is not able to rise and is very likely to die during the day." And she repeated this stratagem successfully until the very day of Robespierre's death. Moreover, during the whole time he was in prison, she brought him every morning a cup of coffee and cream. This good old man, who was then eighty-six, came to see me when I was in the Conciergerie, and, happening to meet the young girl, he kissed her, saying: —

"This is the woman who saved my life!"

"And it is she, too," I answered, "who has relieved the weariness of mine."

I continued to spend my evenings with Richard, and we prolonged our conversation very far into the night. He used to relate a multitude of anecdotes about the victims he had seen on their way to the scaffold.

It would take too much time to record them here, and I have forgotten most of them. However, I remember his saying that the gendarmes used to play piquet in presence of the queen every evening. She looked on, either leaning on the back of a chair, or mending her black silk pelisse.

Richard often visited this princess, and asked her if she needed anything. She never failed to express

her thanks, only, according to him, she did so with a little too much solemnity.

One day, she asked him if he had ever been a butler.

"Oh! not at all, madame," he answered, "I was almost born in prison."

"The reason why I ask is because everything you give me to eat is so excellent."

"Well, madame," returned Richard, "it is because I go to the market myself and endeavor to get the best I can."

"Oh!" exclaimed the queen, "how kind you are, Monsieur Richard!"

Richard added that the preferred meat of the queen was duck.

His chamber was successively occupied by the Duke of Orléans and Madame Elizabeth. He said to me, pointing to his bed: "Look where vice and virtue have in turn reposed!"

Before going to the scaffold, the Duke of Orléans asked for a chicken. It was refused, on the ground that he had no money to pay for it. He had to do with an omelet, which he made himself. Then he drank a bottle of champagne, brought to him the evening before, and marched courageously to death.

The saintly Madame Elizabeth remained twenty-four hours at the Conciergerie. She inquired about the condition of the queen, with the most lively and eager interest, calling her "her sister," and asked Richard how long it was since he saw her. He replied: "She is quite well and wants for nothing."

She appeared to be very restless during the entire

night. She would ask Richard every moment what hour it was, for he slept in a dark room divided from the alcove in which she lay. She rose very early; but Richard was already on his feet. She asked him again what time it was. He made his watch strike the hour, and then showed it to her. "My sister had one very like it," said she, "only it was not wound in that way." She took a little chocolate, and advanced to the entrance of the prison. Many great ladies, who were going to the scaffold along with her, had already assembled at the same spot. Among others, was Madame de Senozan, sister of Malesherbes, the defender of the king, one of the best and most charitable women that ever lived. Madame Elizabeth begged Richard to be sure to present her compliments to the queen, her sister. Then, one of these ladies, whose name I have forgotten, a duchess something or other, I think, said: "Madame, your sister has already suffered the fate we are now about to suffer ourselves."

This, with much besides, did Richard relate to me.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND SUMMONS FOR THE INTERNUNCIO.

Bad Jurors. — In Court Again. — Boulanger Interferes a Second Time. — Vigorous Protest of the Internuncio and his Counsel. — "These People wish my Death at any Price."

A MONTH and even five weeks slipped by, and then I was again invited to the Palais, to examine the list of my jurors. This time I was led through the hall that was formerly used as a chapel. It is a very large and lofty vaulted apartment, and had been turned into a frightful-looking prison. I saw there seven or eight prisoners, lying on wretched mattresses, and evidently in a state of utter destitution. The dampness of the place was such that, although I had only to cross it, I felt chilled to the bone. The sight of these poor creatures filled me with pity and compassion, while, at the same time, it made me reflect on my own more fortunate lot, and I said to myself: "There is where I also should have been, perhaps, but for the goodness of M. Richard."

After receiving the list of my jurors, I returned hastily, in order to read it and let M. Richard see the names. He read it attentively, and remained for some time silent. At length, he said, —

"This alarms me; these jurors are not at all as good as the first."

"No matter!" I answered, "I must take them as they are. This uncertainty is killing me. I want to be tried, come what may!"

In spite of this unpleasant occurrence, I preserved all my coolness. Those who came to visit me were surprised to see me so calm, and so little disturbed by the fear of death. When they expressed their astonishment, I answered: "It is not because I am ignorant of the danger that threatens me; but I have resolved to die with honor and courage. It is the cause of the Pope that is at stake, and I shall leave an honored memory behind me."

On the morning of the second day after, I descended through the same dark staircase, and sat again on the same shameful bench, which was reserved for the greatest criminals.

When everybody was seated and the court declared open, the commissary of the Directory said, —

"I demand that the case be adjourned for another month."

No sooner were the words out of his lips than a terrible tumult arose in the hall, and the audience hissed with great heartiness.

I myself rose, and, without asking the President's permission, I said, —

"Citizen, what motive can have led the commissary of the Directory to demand the adjournment of my trial, when even the public prosecutor, whose personal interest it is to see that crime is punished, judges it proper to be silent?

"Is, then, citizen Boulanger, commissary of the Directory, my adversary, my prosecutor? If he is, let him say so openly. But no, his voice is hushed.

"Is it, then, citizen president, against a phantom that I have to defend myself? No, no, citizen, this adversary who hides in the darkness is the Directory, is the minister of Police. Let them, therefore, come forth in person, and show me in what I am guilty. Let them attack me openly, me, a feeble reed, abandoned by the whole world, whose sole defence is in the justice of my cause.

"How can I hope to escape such powerful enemies, especially when they have recourse to such desperately perfidious wiles?

"But I am mistaken. I stand here in the very sanctuary of justice, and it will cover me with its ægis. I appeal to you, righteous and unprejudiced judges, to you who are as incorruptible as the law itself; stretch out to me a helping hand. Do not allow me to suffer the pangs of another month's delay.

"As for myself, I oppose it with all my might.

"Is it not clear that, in the absence of evidence, in the absence of anything that would lead you to condemn me, my enemies are determined to let me pine away in a prison, to let me perish there of misery and want?

"Well! I call Heaven to witness, I call the estimable and honest jurors on whose decision my fate depends to witness, that all the evidence that can ever be brought against me is before them to-day.

"What is the object of my adversaries? Are they

expecting a massacre in the prisons, like that of September, 1792, so that, less fortunate than at that baleful era, I may have the thread of my life cut in some horrible butchery; a life that, for ten whole years, has been full of sadness and bitterness, a life over which the threats of death are incessantly suspended, a life which has now been for several months agony and torture?

"I pray you, then, citizen judges, to order that no adjournment be permitted; and that, in spite of the demand of the commissary Boulanger, my trial be proceeded with immediately."

My counsel followed me, and did so with all the eloquence for which he is famed.

But what avail right and justice against weakness and ambition?

I have not the least reason to doubt that these judges were intimidated by the formidable power of my adversaries; for, after a long deliberation, they adjourned the case to the month following.

I remember that their ruling filled me with indignation. I forgot for the moment that I was a prisoner, and, rushing suddenly from my seat, I escaped by a door and began running toward the apartment which overlooks the gallery where the dealers exhibit their wares. Some one tried to stop me, but in vain. I kept on running, without knowing where I was going, when I heard the voice of Richard behind me.

"Where are you going?" he cried. "Do you want to make them believe you wish to escape?"

"No," I answered;" "I do not wish to escape, but I do not know where I am going."

"As we are here," he said, "let us go through the great hall, and we can return to the Conciergerie by the principal gate."

I took his arm, saying, —

"Forgive me, M. Richard; I am quite beside myself. These people wish my death at any price."

Thinking to console me, he said, —

"Every one pities you!"

"Well then! supposing they do," I replied; "what good does that do me? I don't see I am any the better for their pity."

A soon as I entered the prison, I ran and threw myself on my bed, in that very chamber which I disliked so much.

Shortly after, a turnkey came to inform me that the Abbé de la Boissière, one of the friends of my childhood, desired to see me.

I answered, with some roughness, that I did not want to meet him. But in a few moments, I repented my churlishness, and asked that he should be shown in. It was too late. He had gone, and I have never seen him since, for he went to live in his native province.

I got up and went to dinner, but I ate very little. Then came a great number of visitors, who only disturbed me. In short, without knowing why, I besired to be alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COUP D'ÉTAT.

VERY BAD JURORS. — RICHARD'S PLAN. — THE EFFECTS OF THE MALAGA ON M. MARCHAND. — THE INTERNUNCIO IMPROVISES A DEFENCE FOR MADAME COLIN. — THE MELANCHOLY PRESENTIMENTS OF M. BELLART.

THE end of the month arrived without the occurrence of any event of importance, and I went to the clerk's office for the third time to get my list of jurors. When I communicated their names to Richard, he said, —

"Such a list must have been made out with the design of ruining you. These men are still worse than the preceding ones, and a majority of ten is required to bring in a verdict in your favor. You ought to refuse them."

"I do not wish to do so, and indeed I cannot. Why, there would be an adjournment for another month!"

The attachment Richard had conceived for me since we lived together was of the strongest character. He reflected for a moment, and then said, —

"I know the usher whose duty it is to summon jurors. I will ask him how we ought to act, and whether it is possible to get other jurors."

"Oh, do so, I entreat you," I replied, "and do it

as quickly as you can; for you know how an unfortunate man feels when he has received the slightest ground for hope: he thinks that all is gained. You must," I added, "invite him to dinner, and see that it is good; take care of the wine especially. And then you can hint to him that I shall reward him generously."

Richard said that he would attend to everything, and he gave orders to the cook about the fowl and game. This good woman also told me to have confidence. "The usher," she added, "is a person of great influence."

I had to appear again in court in two days. I waited impatiently for four o'clock. At this hour Richard returned and said, "M. Marchand is coming." Marchand was the name of the usher. In fact, he arrived a little after. I rather liked the expression of his face, and he seemed to be a grave and intelligent man.

We went to dinner; there were only us three, and Richard gave directions that no one else was to be admitted. The dinner was excellent, and not a word was spoken of my affair until we reached the dessert. Then a bottle of Malaga was set on the table, and Richard broke silence.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, "will be a very important day for M. l'Abbé, for it is the day of his trial. Now, I am not at all satisfied with his jurors. These men" — he pointed to their names — "are detestable; and this fellow here is a notorious Jacobin."

"Well," replied Marchand, "why not reject them?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed; "not for the world! That would be another month's delay."

Upon this, Richard poured him out a half-tumbler of Malaga, just as he might have done if it were *vin ordinaire*. The usher paused awhile after drinking, and said, —

"Let us consider the matter. I wish to be of some service to you, and I think I can. Hand me over the list."

Richard did so, and Marchand murmured, as he read: "Faith, it is no joke having to deal with those people! They never miss a chance of sending any one who comes before them to the scaffold!"

When he had finished, he took a pencil from his pocket, saying, —

"You had better cross out the names of those you do not want."

"Let M. Richard do it," I answered; "he is kind enough to act for me; I don't know any of them."

After we had drawn a stroke across the names of the obnoxious ones, "Now," said he, "whom do you want?"

I was as much embarrassed as ever; but Richard came to my help a second time, and after a great deal of hesitation we finally made up a list which offered us some guaranty of honesty and impartiality. I remember that among the names inscribed were those of Général de Tolosan; M. Charet, a goldsmith; Cadet, a private gentleman; Charpentier, a notary; Leblanc de Varennes, a lawyer; and Lecouteux-Lenormand.

When all was over, this excellent usher said: "I

am about to attempt a bold stroke that will cost me my place if it be discovered. But I would do anything to save an honest man like you. I am going to summon these jurors just as if their names had been drawn by lot. I have some hopes that no one will detect the substitution; the president is not likely to remember the features of every juror that comes before him."

I could hardly find words to express my gratitude, and when we had taken our coffee and *liqueur*, he left, carrying with him the list we had agreed on.

I wrote at once to Madame Blanchet, enclosing a copy of the list, and directing her to show it to our friends, so that, on the eve of the trial, they might visit the jurors and try to influence them in my favor.

I learned subsequently that Madame Colin, Madame Grabourtra, and my poor Blanchet fairly wore themselves out with calling on every one they fancied might serve me.

I was also vigorously supported by Vigier, ex-attorney to the Parliament, and now proprietor of the baths of the Seine. He visited Gohier, the president of the tribunal.

"I am very sorry," answered the latter, "that there is no intermediary penalty. The only prospect for him is death or acquittal, and that is what embarrasses me."

It was as much as if he had said, "We know he is innocent, but we must inflict some punishment on him to please the Directory!"

At last the decisive hour was about to strike. It

was now the 3d of March, and the court was to open at eight in the morning.

I was dressed at seven, and had myself shaved and my peruke powdered, as usual.

I waited in the kitchen, seated before the fire, and chatted with Richard's servant. Just when she was remarking, "M. Richard is greatly troubled about you," Madame Colin entered. She said to me, —

"I am dreadfully sorry I cannot be present at your trial. Unfortunately, I have a case of my own on hand, — an important one, too, for it affects the fortunes of my children, who are minors. In fact, a violent cabal has been formed against me, and it has succeeded in getting the affair laid over several times. Even my lawyer shows an indifference that I cannot account for, and hardly ever speaks. I am afraid I am going to lose; and yet it is no small trifle, — eighty thousand francs. The notary Raguideau, who purchased my poor husband's business, is my opponent, and he is so influential that it is hard getting the better of him."

"Listen," I said: "Suppose the judges allow you to speak in court, — do you think you have the courage to do so?"

"I do," she answered without hesitation.

"Well, give me paper, pen, and ink; I have three quarters of an hour before me, and I think I can manage."

Then I made her go over the whole case, and, aided by her suggestions, I wrote out a defence covering eight pages of paper. I think I may say that the peroration was as moving and pathetic as any one could desire, for I felt inspired by the occasion.

And, in fact, what could be more affecting than the situation of a mother, still young and beautiful, who implores the protection of her judges, and who, helpless and unaided, has to meet the assaults of a powerful and treacherous adversary?

This charming woman could not control her astonishment at my coolness and self-possession in calmly writing out a plea for herself at the very moment when I had to defend my own life.

"You astound me!" she cried; "and I am quite ashamed to see you working for me at a time when you stand in such a critical position yourself. Your courage and serenity amaze me!"

"It is the happiness I feel in having it in my power, madame, to render you a slight service," I answered, "and thus evince my deep sense of your gracious kindness, that has enabled me to control all other feelings. As for myself, I have made my sacrifice, and, henceforth, all my thoughts will be devoted to the task of rendering myself fit to fall into the arms of my Maker."

I handed to her what I had written, and passed into the parlor; for I feared that, if the conversation were prolonged, I might be too much affected.

Madame Colin left to attend to her case.

She was allowed to speak; she wept, she read her defence with such pathetic emotion that all who listened to her were touched. The judges ordered her adversary to answer immediately; in short, she won her suit.

How great is the power an interesting woman has over the heart of man!

My counsel, M. Bellart, entered a moment after. He looked very pale and distressed.

"What is the matter, M. Bellart?" I asked. "Your face does not look as if you had good news to announce. And yet I have been depending on you to give me courage!"

"Alas," he answered, "what can I tell you, except that from feeble and prejudiced judges everything is to be feared!"

At this moment I received a summons from Richard to be ready to appear in court.

I followed him, attended by my counsel and preceded by an usher and two gendarmes. With this lugubrious procession I marched along in solemn silence, like a victim going to his doom; and, descending that subterranean staircase whose aspect chilled my blood with horror, I arrived at the threshold of the court.

It was so crowded that I had much difficulty in reaching my bench of ignominy. As only one of the two gendarmes could succeed in making his way through at my side, some one cried: "There is only one gendarme! There ought to be two!" At which, several voices were heard from all parts of the court, shouting, —

"No, no; one is too many!"

Quite a number of clerks belonging to the suppressed Chamber were present, including those who were members of the society called "la Bazoche."

When I was in the Parliament I always took a very kindly interest in these gentlemen, and they felt a very warm affection for me in return.

So true it is that, after all, we generally reap the fruits of our good deeds to others.

I perceived also, on casting my eyes around, all those whom I had noticed in court before, as well as many I had not seen previously.

The jurors, too, were all at their post, and evidently no one suspected the stratagem of my usher.

But after a time I remarked that one of them was absent, a man I knew well, — M. le Couteau. His place, however, was soon filled by another juror.

I have since learned that M. le Couteau de la Norai, who was under the greatest obligations to me, obstinately refused Blanchet's request that he should be present in court, declaring that he did not want to render himself an object of suspicion to the government. In vain did one of his sisters represent that it was solely through me he had won several lawsuits; he could not be shaken in his resolution, and thus gave proof of the blackest ingratitude in my regard.

But I do not care to say any more, for he is dead. It is for God, not for me, to punish him.

CHAPTER IX.

AT LAST.

Boulanger again! — Vigorous Replies of the Prisoner and his Counsel. — The Examination.

As soon as the judges were seated, the indictment was read. It was conceived in much more moderate terms than the previous one, — possibly because Legras had had nothing to do with drawing it. It charged me simply with the crime of corresponding with the Pope, not with that of being the leader of a conspiracy.

Hardly was the reading of it finished, when the commissary Boulanger arose and demanded another adjournment for a week.

The indignation of the audience was intense, and found expression in a low, deep murmur.

At the same time one of the jurors, M. Leblanc de Varennes, rising from his seat, asked whether it was with the intention of exposing them to derision that they were so often called to that court, apparently for no object whatever.

As for myself, I was struck dumb with amazement; I could not open my lips.

But M. Bellart spoke with indignant eloquence against any adjournment. The judges, compelled to deliberate under the very eyes of the public, did not dare to accede to the commissary's demand.

They decided that they must refuse the request of Citizen Boulanger, and that I should be tried during the present sitting.

This decision was received by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm.

But no sooner was silence restored than this same commissary of the Directory rose again and demanded that I should be handed over for trial to a military commission! He stated that my case should be dealt with by some such body rather than by the present tribunal, for the crime with which I was really charged was not that of conspiracy, neither was it that of corresponding with the Pope, — it was simply that of being a spy.

This unexpected requisition at first created a sort of stupefaction throughout the hall; but no sooner did the audience recover from their surprise than such a violent outcry arose against the commissary that the president could not obtain silence. "They want to assassinate him!" cried some; others shouted: "They shall not send him before a military commission."

But I made a gesture with my hand to signify I had something to say. In a moment every voice was hushed, and then I spoke as follows: —

"Yes, citizen president, I am a spy; but a civil spy, the minister of a foreign power, and recognized as such for more than ten years. I am here under the safeguard of the laws, and only a short time ago, although not invested with any official character, I treated with the ministers of the Directory themselves.

"Why, you have spies of that class in every court

in Europe! Well, then! are they put in prison? Are they prosecuted as criminals? Does any one ever think of handing them over to the mercies of a military commission? No; that law which you invoke against me, that law which, you say, permits you to deliver me to a military commission, — that law concerns only spies taken with arms in their hands in the midst of camps, while I am a peaceful citizen, a citizen whom you have arrested in his own house, without reason or motive.

"However, I am not sufficiently versed in your new laws to defend myself to the best advantage, and my counsel will do so with the eloquence for which he is distinguished."

Thereupon M. Bellart addressed the commissary: "Oblige me," he said, "by showing me the text of the law of which you speak; I am not acquainted with it, but I promise you I 'll discuss every article of it."

He did so, in fact, in the most luminous manner, and ended his discourse with a moving peroration, the concluding words of which were, —

"Remember, citizen judges, that, if you have not had the good fortune to be elected by the people, you have now an opportunity at least of showing yourselves worthy of such an honor."

The reason why he made this allusion was that my judges had been appointed by the Directory, in open violation of the constitution, and we were on the eve of the primary assembly, when new elections would take place.[1] Consequently, not only did the words

[1] In April, 1797.

of M. Bellart call forth applause in the body of the court, but they made a profound impression on the judges themselves, and, perhaps, excited a little apprehension among them also.

Feeling the necessity, therefore, of taking the matter at once under consideration, and being undoubtedly intimidated by public opinion, they decided, after a deliberation lasting an hour and a quarter, that they were competent, and that the case should be tried immediately.

This decision aroused such enthusiasm that the president was beside himself. He was terribly agitated, and cried with all his might that the law expressly forbade all expressions of approbation or disapprobation.

At length calm was restored. The indictment was read a second time, and, as the prosecution had no witnesses, the municipal officials of Passy offered to testify to my conduct and morality. The court, however, declared this was not necessary.

Then the president, taking my letter in his hand, said,—

"Prisoner, the main foundation on which the charge against you rests is this letter."

"And has there ever been a time," I answered immediately, "when justice admitted such a proof as that, — especially when no other proof was in existence? Moreover, you have procured possession of that document by violating all existing laws, by violating the law of nations, by wresting it from a courier on the highway. How, then, can it be brought in evidence against me? It is I who ought to be the prosecutor here.

"I beg to call your attention to the famous ordinance of the Parliament of Paris dealing with the case of a woman who was accused of the greatest crimes, but against whom the evidence was defective. A letter was found in her room containing a confession of every crime wherewith she was charged. The attorney-general having used this document as an irresistible proof at her trial, the Parliament of Paris declared it inadmissible, on the ground that accused persons cannot be their own accusers.

"You see here an instance of the scrupulous caution with which judges act when a human life is at stake."

My counsel also used every effort to prevent the admission of the letter as evidence against me.

This point raised a long debate among the judges, and I almost began to repent that I had touched on the subject at all, for they were very near referring the decision of the matter to the Corps Législatif, in which case I could not tell when it would end.

Accordingly I said to the president, that, in order to avoid all difficulties, I consented to the production of my letter.

Then there ensued a sort of dialogue between me and the president. He put a number of questions to me, and I answered them with more or less warmth, in proportion to the degree to which they aroused my indignation.

I give here, as far as I recollect them, the most salient points of this examination.

"Why have you corresponded with the enemies of the state?"

"I have not corresponded with the enemies of the

state. If you mean that the Pope is one of the enemies of the state, I can only say that the Pope is not an enemy of France. As the supreme chief of religion, France has a place in his heart, as have all other Catholic nations; it is true, however, that he is the enemy of your government. That does not prevent me from corresponding with him and with his ministers. I was born his subject and I am a priest. By this twofold title I have the right to correspond with the Sovereign Pontiff.

"Remark further, that, in order to recognize one power as the enemy of another, a sign is necessary. Now, has war been actually declared against the Pope? The law expressly says that such a war can only be decreed by the Corps Législatif. Where is this decree? It is you who have attacked the Pope, and that, too, without giving him any warning. It is you who have invaded his states. As for him, he has not offered you the slightest resistance."

"What is the meaning of the ciphers you have employed?"

"I do not remember. The key was in my apartment, but I have lost it through the fault of the police agents, who turned everything upside down in my house."

"Prisoner, you would seem to say in this letter that the French desire a chief; of course you mean a king. Who told you so?"

"As I was not sending any journals to the Pope at the time, I merely stated what I read in them. Moreover," I added warmly, "I am not the only person who says this; everybody says so."

I may as well remark, by the way, that all this took

place before the 18th Fructidor, when freedom of speech was still allowed.

The president resumed: —

"You are the enemy of the Republic; you have refused to take the oaths."

"I am not an enemy of the Republic; but I have not yet reached the degree of heroism commanded by the Gospel: I do not love my enemies with my whole heart. All I can do is not to wish them evil. Now, I have never excited any one against the Republic, for I disdain revenge. For that matter, finish the reading of my letter; and, since you read what is against me, read also what is in my favor. You will see I advise the Pope to make peace with General Bonaparte, and not to trust to the promises of the Neapolitan leader, or to those of the King of Naples himself, because they would betray him.

"As to the reproach you address to me, — for not having taken the oaths, — I might answer that that is a matter which concerns my own conscience alone. But I do not wish that the numerous and respectable audience in whose presence I stand should have any doubts as to my political and religious opinions.

"I answer then that, as I was not a public functionary, I was under no obligation to take the oath to the Civil Constitution of the clergy. I will even add that, had I been a public functionary, I should still have refused it, in obedience to the dictates of my conscience. For that constitution destroys the rights and power of the Pope, as well as the rights of the French episcopate, and overturns the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Finally, the Pope forbade the oath to be taken.

"As to the oath of Liberty and Equality, I never could see that I needed to take it. At all times French citizens have been equal before the law. The brothers of the king, and even the king himself, could be sued in a court of law, and everybody enjoyed personal liberty. But if you call the liberty which is only another name for license and the parent of anarchy liberty, then I spurn it, in common with all good Frenchmen.

"As to the oath of hatred to royalty, I proclaim in the face of the whole world that my fidelity to the royal cause would prevent me from taking it. And, besides, a Christian ought to hate only one thing, — sin.

"But if you charge me with want of fidelity to the laws of the Republic, I answer that I obey these laws faithfully, and you cannot ask me to do more."

Every one of my answers was applauded to the skies.

"Prisoner," said the president, "how can you be an enemy of your country, — you, an ex-clerical councillor of the Parliament of Paris; you who live here under the protection of the laws?"

"Citizen president, I am not an enemy of my country, and I do not live under the protection of the laws.

"Torn from my home without the shadow of a reason, I was hurried into the midst of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, and I escaped only by a miracle, after seeing sixty of my unfortunate companions slaughtered before my eyes.

"Threatened with arrest a second time, I had to wander for nine whole months without shelter, with-

out succor, without a place where I could lay my head, a prey to the deepest misery, living like a wild beast in the woods that surround the capital; and at the same time, although I had not committed any crime, I was condemned to death in my absence.

"To-day I am arraigned as a criminal before you, thanks to the violation of every law. And yet you tell me that I am living under the protection of the laws! No, M. le Président, no!"

I was asked a number of other questions, which it would take too long to relate, but I answered them all with firmness and courage.

Then came the turn of my counsel.

His speech was a splendid effort.[1] He dwelt at length upon my answers, and spoke exhaustively on those passages of my letter which were to my advantage.

You can imagine what a struggle I had to make to defend myself as I had done. I felt completely broken up at the end.

Moreover, I had taken nothing, since seven in the morning, but a cup of chocolate, and it was now eleven in the evening.

Fortunately, the president adjourned until nine o'clock the next morning.

[1] It is referred to by Billecoq in his "Notice sur Bellart." See "Œuvres choisies de Bellart," Paris, 1827.

CHAPTER X.

THE ACQUITTAL.

LAST HOURS AT THE CONCIERGERIE. — M. BELLART HAS PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS — THE ABBÉ CHAMPAGNE. — THE VERDICT. — FREE! — THE CONCLUSION. — THE INTERNUNCIO IS NAMED ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DIOCESES OF NORMANDY BY PIUS VII.

SEEING how very tired I was, my good Richard took me by the hand, and, instead of conducting me back to the Conciergerie by the dark staircase, he led me round the square of the Palais, forcing a passage for me through the dense throngs that filled it.

Some persons I did not know remarked me on the way, and said, —

"Be of good courage, monsieur! We have all pitied you, and everybody is in your favor."

"I am recognized," said I to Richard; "let us get along quickly."

We entered by the great gate.

An excellent supper was already on the table, awaiting my arrival. I noticed that the fish was particularly fine. Richard and I partook of it with relish.

This worthy man, who deserved to occupy a higher position, wept with joy. He said to me, —

"You have spoken like an angel! During the whole thirty years I have been in the prison, I have

never seen any one make such a defence as you did! They will never dare to condemn you!"

"I hope so," I answered; "but I wish the trial was over, whatever the result."

"You are right," returned Richard. "Still, what you said will make an impression on the jurors during the night, and, above all, their wives, to whom they will relate all that has occurred, are sure to be on your side."

My counsel came early in the morning. His first words to me were, —

"Be of good courage!"

"Ah!" I answered, "you never thought of saying that to me yesterday, when I had far more need of it!"

"Yesterday I was almost certain you were lost. One of the judges assured me in the most unequivocal terms that you were to go before a military commission, and that was why you saw me so downcast. I thought that all our methods of defence would be useless. They have not dared to do this, owing to the feeling displayed by the audience in your behalf. You are indebted for your safety to the good will of the people!

"Permit me to add also that you spoke with much eloquence, and said just what you ought to say."

We left for court at nine o'clock precisely. Richard was very busy at the Palais, trying to find out what was said about me.

He returned to the prison just before the judges had taken their seats, looking very happy, and whispered in the ear of his servant, —

"He is safe; I saw the questions!"[1]

M. Bellart and I had planned together the course we intended to adopt, and it was a very bold one.

Basing our action on the laws which proclaim the sanctity of private correspondence, we demanded that the functionaries who had violated those laws should undergo the penalties prescribed by the legislature. Consequently, we asked that, according to the terms of such and such an article, — which we cited, — the minister of police should be condemned to two years' imprisonment, and on his release be compelled to pay over to me, for the benefit of the poor, such damages as the court in its wisdom might decree.

On the other hand, the public prosecutor denounced me in a most violent harangue, and concluded by insisting that I should be condemned to capital punishment.

Then the president put the usual questions to the jurors. They were couched in the following terms:

"Has there been a correspondence with the enemies of the state?

"Is the prisoner guilty of this crime?

"Has he acted with evil intention?"

The jurors deliberated for a long time. Many had been prejudiced by the use the commissary of the Directory had made of the word *spy*.

Luckily, as I have already mentioned, a letter to me from Cardinal Busca had been seized at the post-office. It was written in Italian.

[1] No doubt the questions the president put to the jurors. It is very hard, however, to understand how Richard could augur the internuncio's safety from reading them.

Among the jurors was the Abbé Champagne, a married deacon and bursar of the Collège de Navarre, who was thoroughly acquainted with this language. He translated the letter for the other jurors, and said: "The prisoner is charged with being a spy; but no, he is not a spy, not at all. He is the friend of the Pope. The Pope writes to him by his minister that *he loves him and continues to hold him in the greatest esteem and affection.* A sovereign prince never expresses himself in such terms with regard to a spy. To end the matter," he added, "I regard the prisoner simply as an envoy of the Pope, and I am in favor of his acquittal."

Général de Tolosan was equally zealous in my favor, and after two hours' deliberation the jury returned into court with their verdict. To the first two questions the answers were in the affirmative; to the last, in the negative.

The president was therefore compelled to discharge me.

The verdict was received with enthusiastic applause.

But I had to drink my chalice to the dregs. Instead of being set at liberty at once, as is usual even in the case of criminals, I was forced to remain another twenty-four hours in prison.

My counsel came toward the middle of the next day and asked Richard whether the public prosecutor had sent him an order for my release at the expiration of twenty-four hours. As Richard answered in the negative, M. Bellart warned him that, in that case, the law authorized my counsel to restore me to liberty himself at the end of twenty-four hours, and he begged him to let him do so.

It can be readily imagined that my good Richard was not the man to stand in the way of my release, and he opened the door immediately.

. . . . . .

And now, madame, I have reached the conclusion of my lamentable history. Doubtless many things have escaped me, for it is a long time since all this happened.

My life since then has been tranquil and uneventful, spent in the discharge of the spiritual mission with which I have been invested.

In 1801 I was sent to Normandy in order to administer the entire province, and there I had to govern five of the most important dioceses of France, notably, that of Rouen, which is the seat of an archbishopric.

I took up my residence in this city; but during the winter I travelled through all these dioceses, naming vicar-generals to act in my name.

This province was very much divided regarding the oath of fidelity and submission to the laws of the Republic. I succeeded in my efforts for peace and conciliation, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in my path by the intruding priests.

The Cardinal Legate was so well satisfied with the success of my mission that he wrote me several letters, by order of the Pope, assuring me of the pleasure my administration had given his Holiness, and that I more than realized his fondest hopes.

APPENDIX.

I.

The Abbé de Salamon to Cardinal Zelada.

PARIS, the 12th of June, 1786.

. . . Nor have I shown less zeal, monseigneur, in the unhappy affair of Prince Louis de Rohan. How often have I hastened to visit such of my colleagues as were most opposed to him, in order to convince them as to what their religion required of them, and to show them that, both for the edification of the weak and the silencing of the murmurs of the misguided, they should have the greatest respect, not for the person of the accused, but for the eminent character with which he was invested, he being a priest, a bishop, and decorated with the Roman purple!

I insinuated that we had not to judge the previous conduct of Prince Louis, nor his want of respect for the royal majesty, but simply the crime of swindling, with which he had nothing to do.

It is very true that, by his own confession, he knew of the fraud after its commission, and that, nevertheless, he had kept the jewellers Boehmer and Bassange in their error, and delivered to them a receipt in the name of her Majesty the Queen for 30,000 francs. But, with the aid of M. le Président, who has the highest esteem for your Eminence, we have dispelled this little cloud, to which the

attorney-general of the king attached so much importance. The court, full of respect for religion and for the Roman purple, treated Prince Louis with all possible courtesy. When he appeared before the assembled Chambers to undergo an examination, he was requested to take a seat, and when the examination was over and he was retiring, the court rose to do him honor. — (Vatican Archives: Nunciature and Affairs of Avignon.)

II.

From the Same to the Same.

PALAIS DU LOUVRE, 15th of March, 1787.

. . . Your Eminence will be surprised to learn that, at the very moment an attempt is made to diminish the privileges of the clergy, an archbishop of Toulouse[1] has been made minister and placed at the head of the finances. The happiest consequences are predicted from this choice.

III.

To the Same.

PARIS, the 5th of August, 1788.

. . . You have no doubt heard of the frightful excitement created by the attempt to overturn the French constitution in most of the provinces, and especially in Bretagne. Twelve gentlemen from the latter province were sent as deputies to demand from the king the restoration of their privileges. They were seized during the night and immured in the horrible dungeons of the Bastile. Twenty-two other deputies arrived soon after the news of this act of violence, and demanded an audience of the king. The Bishop of Dôl, who was exiled for the affair of the edict in favor of the non-Catholics, pronounced a

[1] Loménie de Brienne.

vehement discourse, which I have the honor to send you, together with the Memoir he read before his Majesty, at the head of the deputies. I also enclose the reply of his Majesty. It was not satisfactory, and six deputies are to arrive from each of the dioceses, making in all fifty-two.

The Parliament of Bretagne, although embraced in the *lettre de cachet*, which it does not recognize, met at Vannes on the 24th. It deputed twelve of its members to go to Versailles, but they were *compelled* to return, when within eight leagues of this city.

The province of Dauphiné also assembled, on the 21st of last month, to the number of seven hundred. There is general consternation, trade is as dull as it can be, and justice does not exist. We must be a cause of wonder to other nations.

The ministers are always promising the States-General, but they do not want it, and are careful not to fix a date for its meeting.

Your Eminence must have been astonished at the language of the Archbishop of Narbonne,[1] when, at the head of his clergy, he took leave of the king. This prelate did not blush to thank the king for the edict in favor of the non-Catholics! Everybody is indignant at such conduct. But the clergy have no nerve, and they have refused to protest against this discourse.

I have pressed several bishops to do so, but all in vain. . . . A decree of the Council of State is announced for to-morrow, granting to Dauphiné the restoration of its states, and fixing the date for the convocation of the States-General. It is the only way of recovering tranquillity and filling the coffers of the king, which are *empty*. . . .

THE ABBÉ DE SALAMON,
Councillor of the Parliament.

(From the Vatican Archives: Nunciature of France.)

[1] Mgr. Dillon.

IV.

To the Same.

PARIS, the 12th of August, 1788.

MONSEIGNEUR, — The clergy of France have at length separated. The assembly was divided, and this prevented it from effecting any good. Your Eminence must have been surprised when you saw the discourse of the Archbishop of Narbonne, the president. His boldness in thanking the king for the edict in favor of the non-Catholics should have been rebuked by the clergy. But no! — there was not a single protest against the edict. I send your Eminence a little pamphlet; it will prove to you how little zeal these prelates have for the glory of their order, which, even before the monarchy existed, was the first order in the state, and was loaded with privileges.

Well! such will not be the case any longer. They wish to be on an equality with the *noblesse* in the provincial assemblies, they will preside alternately; and, what is worse, at the very moment when the Parliament is opposing with all its strength the verifications of the properties of the king's subjects, as contrary to their liberties and the source of all kinds of vexations, the clergy, on the demand of the archbishops of Rheims and Bourdeaux, have decided to submit to these verifications! It makes one sick to think of it.

At last, the demand of the Parliament has been effective: the States-General will assemble on the 1st of May, 1789. We all believe that peace will then be restored throughout the kingdom.

Fifty-two fresh deputies arrived here yesterday to ask for the release of the twelve gentlemen imprisoned in the Bastile. They are not to leave until their petition is granted. It is uncertain whether they will be received by the king.

The whole country is in consternation. A mere word is sufficient to procure your arrest and imprisonment in the Bastile, which is crowded with captives. And who does all this ? An archbishop,[1] who is creating a panic among twenty-four millions of human beings. It is hoped that the king, who has good intentions, may see that he is deceived, and may dismiss from his councils those who tarnish the glory of his reign and injure the tranquillity of the state. . . .

P. S. — Your Eminence knows my handwriting, and there is no need of my signature. I act as I do, fearing my letters may be opened at the post-office.

(Vatican Archives.)

V.

To the Nuncio.[2]

Monday, the 27th of April, 1789.

M. the Abbé de Salamon has the honor to present his respectful compliments to his Excellency the Nuncio, and to inform him that the unimportant riot which occurred at about four o'clock had its origin in a private affair.

The Sieur Réveillon, a wholesale paper manufacturer, had the imprudence to say in an assembly of his district, "that the workmen could easily live on twenty sols a day, and even on fifteen." These words created some excitement at the time; but to-day the workmen became furious against this Réveillon, and searched his house for him. Fortunately, he escaped to the Châtelet. A mob gathered around it, and insisted on having him out and hanging him. Not succeeding, they went to the yard of the Palais, erected a gallows, and hanged him in effigy. Then they dispersed.

[1] Loménie de Brienne.

[2] The nuncio at Paris at this time was Dugnani.

Nevertheless, as I was leaving the apartment of M. le Président, a messenger arrived with the news that the mob was running in the direction of Réveillon's house, with the intention of plundering or even burning it. The shops were all shut, and there was a dreadful panic. Just as I was entering the carriage of M. de Castillon, a gentleman came up to us in a state of great alarm and told us to return to the Hôtel Galifet. Still, although only a soldier of the Pope,[1] I told him we should stand our ground and see what was going to happen. The result showed I was right.

We returned in the carriage to the house of the First President, when all was over. The whole affair was insignificant. It may happen, however, that a *réveillé* may be rung out for *Réveillon* to-night. This is the whole truth of the matter. (Vatican Archives: Nunciature of France.)

VI.

Letter of Mgr. de Salamon to the Editor-in-chief of the Ami de la Religion.

I have read in your journal of the 17th, that an ecclesiastic of the diocese of Besançon had refuted the pamphlet which attacks the authenticity of the Briefs issued by Pius VI. against the Constitution of the Clergy. Allow me to confirm the statements of this ecclesiastic, and to add my positive testimony to the proofs he has adduced.

Although a clerical councillor in the Parliament of Paris, I was born a subject of Pius VI., and was named by him in 1790, after the departure of Mgr. Dugnani, internuncio to Louis XVI. *I was recognized as such*, and exercised the functions of the office until the 10th of August.

In March, 1791, I received, through Cardinal Zelada,

[1] That is to say, a priest.

the original briefs, in the legal and usual form, with a short letter on parchment for each of the metropolitans. I forwarded them at once to Cardinal de La Rochefoucauld, archbishop of Rouen, the archbishops of Cambrai, Toulouse, and Arles, who were still in France, and even to Cardinal de Loménie.

These prelates acknowledged their reception, all but the archbishops of Toulouse and Sens. When I complained of this silence to the Abbé Godard, grand vicar of Toulouse, I received a reply, a little after, from the archbishop.

I had them translated and printed by the Sieur Copart, although very heavy penalties then existed against all who should publish acts emanating from Rome.

The authenticity of these briefs cannot, therefore, be called in question.

Louis de Salamon, *Bishop of Saint-Flour.*

Saint-Flour, 30th of October, 1821.

VII.

Fragments of the Memoirs of the Abbé Sicard, relative to Mgr. de Salamon and the Curé de Saint-Jean en Grève.

". . . While all this was passing, the door of the prison was opened with a great noise to admit a fresh victim. And what a victim! Great God! it was one of my comrades in the Mairie, whom I believed dead, the Abbé S——.[1] He had been transferred, with sixty others, on the 1st of September, had been dragged in the midst of them to the yard, to be massacred with them, and had found himself unconsciously in the ranks of the murderers, instead of among the murdered. Profiting by the disorder that reigned in this execrable theatre, he made his way to

[1] Salamon.

the very table where the committee sat, and begged his life with that accent of despair which penetrates the hardest hearts. The result was that he was locked up amongst us.

"What an interview and what a moment for us both! . . . I had learned through the *concierge* of the massacre of all the prisoners, with whom I knew that he was. When I saw him again, it seemed to me as if I was about to see all my other friends.

"It was he who informed me of the glorious and heroic death of the curé of Saint-Jean en Grève, that venerable old man, who replied with such courage to the questions of his assassins, and who preferred death to the oath which they proposed, demanding only one favor, that his death might be as speedy as possible, and he obtained it.

"The most ferocious of the band seized the old man by the hair, fixed his head on a block, and struck at it with a sabre. Another hewed off the head from the trunk.

"Thus began the massacre of those victims to whom Manuel, ten days before, had announced their freedom. . . .

"Such was the narrative of my old comrade, who had escaped by a miracle from this bloody tragedy.

. . . . . .

"About three in the morning, when there was no longer any one to be slaughtered, the murderers remembered that there were still some prisoners in the *violon*. They knocked at the little door opening on the yard. Every blow was for us a sentence of death. We thought we were lost.

"I rapped gently at the door which communicated with the hall of the committee, trembling with fear lest I should be heard by the assassins who were threatening to break in the other door. The commissaries answered that they had no key. We had, then, to await in patience our frightful destiny.

"There were three of us in this prison.[1] My two comrades saw a plank above us which they thought might afford us a chance of safety. Only one could reach it, by mounting on the shoulders of the others.

"One of them addressed me in these words: 'Only one can escape. You are more useful in the world than we are, and that one must be you. We can form a ladder for you with our two bodies.'"

Then follows a contest of generosity between the three, not unlike that described by Coppée in his drama, entitled: "L'un ou l'autre." Finally, the Abbé Sicard climbs to the shoulders of the first, then to those of the second, and thanks to this ladder — and also to his agility — disappears. He climbs back again when the danger vanishes, and his preservers had not to pay for their devotion with their lives.

VIII.

Another Fragment, supposed to be by the Abbé Godard.[2]

"The curé of Saint-Jean en Grève addressed these words to his companions: —

"'My dear brethren! to-day is Sunday. We would all celebrate or hear Mass, if we were free. Since we cannot have this happiness, let us unite ourselves with the sacrifice offered at this moment by some minister of Jesus Christ; there is every likelihood that this shall be our last Mass, and that our next one may be said in heaven. Everything proclaims that this is our last day.'

[1] According to the Abbé Sicard, this happened before the arrival of S ——, that is to say, Salamon.

[2] "Annales Catholiques," t. 1, *Relation de la Conversion de M. de Charnois.* This episode recalls that of the *massacres of the Commune*, in which President Bonjean, converted by the Jesuits, confessed to Père Ollivaint.

"Immediately, all the priests fell on their knees, and the curé began the prayers of the liturgy."

Further on the writer speaks of "the confession": —

"At these words [of the curé] M. de Charnois threw himself at the feet of the priest and confessed.

"All the priests confessed to one another. They then begged the saintly curé to give them the general absolution." . . .

The author describes the escape of the prisoners through the window: —

"An order had been obtained from Manuel to deliver one of the priests imprisoned in this hall [the chapel of the Guild of Artisans]. He was summoned at the very moment the assassins were breaking into it. The door yielded to their blows, and that the priest protected by Manuel might not be included in the general massacre, they relaxed their fury for a time, and allowed this priest to be called.

"*He had escaped through one of the windows*, and was no longer with his companions.

"He was called for several times, and was told that Manuel wished to save him. This priest was not known to those who called for him. Some one else might have taken this opportunity to escape. M. de Charnois could have profited by it more than any one, for he was of the same *height as the priest* who was to be saved." [1]

[1] Comparing this account with the "Memoirs," b. i. c. vii., we see that this priest was the Abbé Godard.

IX.

DISCOVERY OF THE PROTEST OF THE PARLIAMENT.

Extract from the notes to a poem on the death of de Loizerolles, quoted from the "Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire," by M. Campardon.

The President de Rosambo undoubtedly accelerated his own destruction.

The anecdote is worthy of Tiberius, and I relate it on the faith of that illustrious and unfortunate magistrate himself, who told it to me with a serenity I was far from sharing.

During the last year in which the Parliament of Paris was allowed to hold its sessions, there had been a permanent tribunal, called the Chambre des Vacations, destined to prolong the course of justice until the accession of a new order of magistrates.

This Chamber was presided over by the venerable de Rosambo.

Before dissolving, it passed a unanimous resolution protesting against the new disorganizing laws, which in a few months had overturned a throne upon which sixty-three kings had sat.

The son-in-law of Malesherbes saw the necessity of hiding from the Revolutionists the original monument of his honorable resistance to the popular tyranny which was beginning to involve every one in a common ruin.

He took into his confidence an old attendant who had been in his service for thirty years, and whom he believed incapable of treachery. He ordered him to have a hollow key made, in the interior of which the dangerous parchment could be deposited.

His agent performed his mission. M. de Rosambo, with his aid, placed the protest in the empty key, which

was closed by a secret spring, and, tranquil as to the issue, shut himself up with his family in the solitude of Malesherbes.

The patriots of the Revolutionary Committee found the means of undermining the agent of M. de Rosambo. Perhaps they told him he should one day inherit the post of *président à mortier* if he enlightened his country on the general conspiracy of the magistracy against the Republic, and the old servant did not hesitate to betray his master to save his country.

. . . . . .

X.

PROTEST OF THE PARLIAMENT.

The undersigned, considering that the stability of the throne, the glory of the nation, and the happiness of citizens of all orders and of all classes require the perpetuation of some monument which shall conserve the principles by which the kingdom has been governed during so many ages; that, in the present circumstances, this obligation is especially incumbent on the magistrates of the Chambre des Vacations, inasmuch as they form a part of the First Court of the realm, and can, therefore, alone supplement the silence of the princes, peers, and magistrates from whom they have been separated, — formally declare, at the same time renewing their protests of the 5th of November against the first attacks made on the laws and constitution of the state, that it has never been their purpose to in any manner approve the different decrees which they have registered; and that such registration has been entered only on the express condition that it should be renewed on the return of the court; that, as this condition cannot be realized, every registration becomes null and void; that they cannot recognize the results of the deliberations of an Assembly which ought legally to consist of the

three orders composing the States-General, but which has been deprived of its original nature and has constituted itself by its own authority the National Assembly; that, finally, they protest and shall always protest against everything that has been done or may be done by the deputies of the States-General, which, in this pretended Assembly, has, contrary to the express tenor of the mandates of its members, not only exceeded its power, consisting principally in paying the debts of the state, providing for the necessary expenditure by a due apportionment of taxation, and establishing a wise reform in the different departments of administration, but has even abused it by violating property of every kind, by despoiling the clergy, thereby holding religion up to contempt, by overthrowing the *noblesse*, which has always been one of the chief pillars of the state, by the degradation of the royal majesty, reduced to an empty phantom by the blows levelled at its authority, and lastly, by a confusion of powers destructive of the true principles of the Monarchy.

Signed: Le Pelletier de Rosambo, Duport, H. L. Frédy, Dupuis, Nouer, Pasquier, Amelot, Lambert, Lescalopier, d'Outremont, Camus de la Guibourgère, Constance, Lenoir, Sahuguet d'Espagnac, *Salamon*, Agard de Maupas, Fagnier de Mardeuil.

This 14th day of October, 1790.

. . . . . .

WRIT FOR THE APPREHENDING OF THE BODIES OF THE SIGNERS OF THE PROTEST.

The Committee of General Safety decrees that Le Pelletier de Rosanbo, Frédy, Dupuis, Pasquier, d'Outremont, Fagnier de Mardeuil, Amelot, Lambert, Lescalopier, Camus de la Guibourgère, Lenoir, Duport, Agard de Maupas, Sahuguet d'Espagnac, Constance, *Salomon*, Roland, Ferrand, Sallier, Barrême, Oursin, Rouhette,

and Bourrée de Corberon, ex-presidents or councillors of the *ci-devant* Parliament of Paris, shall be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, being charged with signing or approving certain protests tending to insult the liberty and sovereignty of the people, calumniate the national representation and restore the reign of tyranny, decrees, consequently, that the said counter-revolutionary protests and the other articles to be produced in evidence, discovered in the house of Rosanbo, one of the conspirators, to *whose care they had been intrusted*, shall be placed in the hands of the public accuser.

The members of the Committee of General Safety:

Signed: Dubarran, M. Bayle, Vadier, Voulland, Louis (du Bas-Rhin), Amar.

XI.

Extract from the Biographie Michaud (Art. Salamon).

". . . Having been a second time indicted, he [de Salamon] was obliged to make his escape. He lived for a long time in the environs of Paris, concealing himself in the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne,[1] where he used to sleep on a bed of leaves. He never entered Paris except to dine at a restaurant, the proprietor of which was a royalist like himself, and helped him to evade the search of the police. He returned every evening to his asylum in the forest, and lived thus until the fall of Robespierre. . . ." The writer says, further on, "He was tried in 1798, and menaced with deportation." THESE TWO ERRORS, — he was tried in 1796 and never menaced with deportation, — as well as those contained in the preceding passage,

[1] It is well known that the Bois de Boulogne became a pleasure park in the early days of the First Empire. Before that period, it was a real wood, even a forest. It is necessary to remember this in reading the narrative of the internuncio.

lead me to believe that Dassance, the author of the article, had these details from some disfigured oral tradition or other.

XII.

Extracts from the Newspapers of the Time on the Prosecution of the Internuncio at the Instance of the Directory.

Le Véridique ou Courrier universel of the 17th Nivose, Year V. of the French Republic (Sunday the 1st of January, 1797).

"... Three interesting cases have been for some time attracting great crowds to the Palais de Justice. ...

"The third case is that of the Abbé Salamon, accused of corresponding with the Pope. In order to have a pretext for depriving him, for some time longer, of his liberty, the president applied the amnesty to a portion of the crimes of which the prisoner is accused. The indictment, therefore, was quashed, and he was remanded. He will appear on another charge before the jury."

The *Véridique* of the 5th of January. *Communicated by Mgr. de Salamon to the editor of the journal.*

From the prisons of the Conciergerie,
14th Nivose (4th of January, 1797).

In the depths of my dungeon, monsieur, I am informed that the newspapers have resounded with the judgment delivered in my case on the 8th of this month. Their account of it is, however, very imperfect, and I beg you to give a correct version of the facts in your journal, which justly deserves the public confidence.

They report that I have been amnestied as to a part of the crime imputed to me.

Amnesty is for crime, not for a pure and stainless soul.

We have pleaded with the greatest force to avoid this

judgment. The document upon which it was based should not have been introduced. It is a letter I wrote during the Terror, while wandering in the Bois de Boulogne, and was forgotten among some of my old papers in the country.

An amnesty is applicable only to a crime. Now, a letter is not a crime; it may be an index, a proof of a crime, but a proof cannot be the subject of an amnesty.

I wished judgment to be given on the affair as it was, confiding in the goodness of my cause and in the enlightened justice of my jurors. I have succumbed, but it must not therefore be inferred that I have consented to be amnestied.

Signed, L. G. Salamon.

Ibid. of the 27th of January, 1797.

M. Salamon, *ci-devant* clerical councillor of the Parliament of Paris, accused of corresponding with the Court of Rome, appeared to-day before the criminal Tribunal of the Seine. If we are to judge of the intentions of the government in his regard by the conduct of its commissary in court, it cannot be denied that the Directory feels a very great interest in the condemnation of M. Salamon, for citizen *Desmaisons*[1] has gone considerably out of his way to effect that result.

Before the opening of the case, the commissary, fearing doubtless the favorable decision of the jurors, and having more confidence in a military commission which would be packed by the Directory, moved that the prisoner be sent before such a commission, and tried as a spy. But the tribunal refused this ridiculous motion, and declared it had jurisdiction to deal with the affair.

After the indictment was read, — a document based wholly on intercepted letters, — M. Bellart, the counsel

[1] He is called Boulanger by the internuncio.

for the prisoner, raised a question of the highest importance. He demanded that all these letters should be declared inadmissible, because they had come into the hands of the government only through a crime, that of the violation of the secrecy of letters.

We wish it were in our power to follow the orator in the arguments, marked by as much clearness as eloquence, by which he proved that the Directory had not the right to appropriate the letters whose secrecy it had violated, and make them the groundwork of a criminal charge before a court of justice. He demonstrated that, in this case, morality was in harmony with all legislation and jurisprudence, both ancient and modern, which prohibited the granting of such a right to any government.

We were sure the tribunal would have honored itself in consecrating by its decision the principles expounded by citizen Bellart. But it has ordered otherwise. The affair will be finally determined to-morrow.

Ibid. of Thursday, the 26th of January, 1797.

After suffering all the wearisome delays of a troublesome and distressing trial, M. Salamon was to-day acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seine.

The great interest taken in the accused, as well as the talents of his defender, attracted a numerous concourse of citizens, who showed by their applause their satisfaction and joy at the verdict.

The *Ami des lois* of the 25th of December, 1796.

The Abbé Salamon, ex-councillor in the Parliament, charged with having conspired along with Our Holy Father the Pope, will be tried on the 8th before the criminal Tribunal of the Seine. We have under our eyes a list of the jurors who are to decide the case, and we can assure our readers beforehand that the Abbé Salamon and his accomplice, the Pope, will be acquitted.

Ibid. of the 5th of January, 1797.

The Abbé Salamon has profited by the amnesty to go to Avignon, no doubt with the intention of renewing his intrigues in that city. But he is watched; he had better be prudent.

Annales catholiques of January, 1797.

M. Salamon, ex-clerical councillor in the Parliament of Paris, accused of a criminal correspondence with the Court of Rome, has just been tried and acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seine, to the great satisfaction of a numerous audience, who manifested their joy by the heartiest applause.

Moniteur of Nonidi, 9th Pluviose (28th of January).

République Française. — Judgment acquitting the Abbé Salamon, accused of conspiring with the Pope.

XIII.

To Cardinal Gerdil.

Eminence, —

I have learned with sorrow that a letter I sent you by Dr. Boéjat, who has the honor of being known to you, did not reach you. I have been actively engaged in endeavoring to have the name of your nephew, M. Gerdil, struck off the list of *émigrés;* but affairs are marching very slowly, and there are more than a hundred and forty thousand names to be examined.

We have, however, some hope. The First Consul has already permitted the return of thirteen thousand women; the men are to be dealt with afterward: we are searching for some documents bearing on the case of your nephew. When I have them in my possession, I shall use every

effort to have M. Gerdil's case attended to among the first.

I am still without any occupation. Cardinal Gonsalvi has given me hopes that the reconciliation between the two powers, a reconciliation so desirable and necessary, may relieve me from my enforced idleness, and may give me that reward which the work of ten years amid storms and tempests deserves.

I ask of your Eminence to seize any opportunity that may be presented in my favor, to speak of me and to give me your support. As you see, I have lost my protectors, Pius VI. and Cardinal Zelada; the latter hardly belongs to this world now, and so I am like a man isolated from everybody.

I am always at your orders in this place. M. Chaptal, the son of the Minister of the Interior, will hand your Eminence this letter, and take charge of any reply you may be good enough to send me.

De Salamon.

Paris, 14 of May, 1801.

XIV.

Reply of Cardinal Gerdil.

In reply to your obliging letter, dated Paris, the 14th of May, 1801, and which I received only on the 16th of last January, I beg to assure you that I have never had the honor of knowing, even by name, Dr. Boéjat, whom you suppose to be known to me. I must add also that I have no knowledge as to the facts you mention with regard to a nephew of mine, of whose condition and conduct I have been absolutely ignorant for many years.

I am not the less sensible, on that account, of the interest you take in his lot, and I shall be well pleased to have an opportunity of showing my gratitude, by recalling your

name to the memory of those who are able to fulfil the benevolent wishes of Cardinal Zelada in your regard.

Accept, monsieur, the sentiments of perfect consideration, *et cetera.*

ROME, the 6th of February, 1802.

To Madame de Capellis,[1] *in religion Sister Henriette-Thérèse de Jésus, Carmelite Nun in the Monastery of Carpentras.*

ROME, the 10th of December, 1814.

I have received, my honored superioress and friend in our Lord,[2] your dear letter of the 14th of November. As I am inclined to think that, owing to your change of

[1] Henriette-Thérèse de Jésus de Capellis was not only a holy nun, as the internuncio says truly, but also a woman of great intellect and of great courage.

She never left the country during the Terror. Learning that the property of her brother, who emigrated, was about to be confiscated and sold, as were the properties of all the *émigrés*, she at once hastened to Paris, boldly visited Robespierre, gave him her name, and protested energetically against the injustice done her by the decree of confiscation, since she was her brother's heiress and had never left France.

Her heroism conquered Robespierre, who ordered the decree to be withdrawn.

After the peace of Amiens, her brother returned to France. His amazement at finding all his property, which he had given up as lost, may be more easily conceived than described.

"It is to me, it is to my courage," said his sister to him, "that you owe all this; but I insist that you spend a portion of your revenues in buying back the convent of Carpentras, which has been sold as national property."

The brother consented to the sacrifice, with the best grace in the world.

[2] I am indebted for the following letters, particularly the last, to the courtesy of the superioress of the Carmelites at Carpentras. Certain passages have only a local interest; but, as these passages are everywhere intermingled with reflections on political events, and as they are calculated to add to the vividness of the curious picture the internuncio draws of himself, I give them in full. Besides, they redound in the highest degree to the honor of Madame de Capellis.

monastery and altars, both your own indulgences and those applied to your privileged altar have become null and void, I have at once asked for the renewal of all those of your Order in general and those of your monastery and privileged altar in particular. You will find enclosed the rescript of the Pope, signed by Cardinal Galeffi, prefect. The kindness of my friend, the postmaster-general, enables me to send it to you franked. I flatter myself you will see in my eagerness to serve you in this matter a proof of my zeal for your interests, — you know how sincerely I have been attached to you for a long time, — and also an evidence of my remembrance of our dear and good friend.

On the contrary, you must pray to our Lord that He may preserve me from obtaining that hat which you wish for me. God is my witness that I do not desire it, for I have no ambition at all. You see that God does not abandon me, and that he has inspired our most Christian king to reward me for my fidelity and my firmness in support of good principles by giving me a post which I never asked.

You have done well in coming to the aid of the persecuted, but do not expect any recompense or remembrance of your work except from God alone. These gentlemen forget all that has been done for them, and the one you know of thinks of nothing but becoming Archbishop of Milan, where he was a canon.

The two Cardinals Ruffo are much more grateful. So I often go to see them, and they come to see me.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples is a saint. He gave up an income of five hundred thousand livres sooner than take the oath to Murat.

You have no need of any one's help, madame: your asylum is yours, yours now and always; still, should you require the aid of the illustrious Archbishop of Rheims, address yourself to me.

Do not set about building. Providence is great, and

will provide. You can easily suit yourself with what you have: you take up so little room!

I am very sorry to learn that your dear curé is in bad health; give him my compliments, give them also to that excellent lady, de L——. I wrote some time ago to our dear Henriette. We are good friends, and I love her, because she bears your name.

Do not give yourself any concern about the transmission of the indulgences; all has been arranged, and you shall have them. I am well pleased, for you are sure to be satisfied, and your holy community along with you. Pray for me; I still lack a little more fervor, but God will take into account my zeal for religion and for His service. I have caught a cold: that is all that ails me. We have had much rain. But do you take care of your health, which is more precious than mine: saints like you ought never to die.

Yes, you will have a bishop at Carpentras; I am working for it, and there is talk of M. l'Abbé Choisy. Take good care to have nothing to do with your Bishop of Avignon.

Adieu, my honored superioress; believe in my entire respect and devotion.

+ The Bishop of Orthosia.

XV.

To the Same.

Rome, the 15th of March.

Your dear letter of the 17th of January, my venerable prioress and friend, did not reach me until the 8th of this month, the King of Sardinia having deemed it proper, I do not know why, to stop the French mail for six weeks.

I am delighted to learn that you are well, and pleased at receiving the rescript which confirms all the indulgences

formerly granted to your convent. I will always do all in my power to second your efforts. I do not know what you are asking of the Archbishop of Rheims, the grand Almoner; if I did, perhaps I could help you. I have the honor to correspond with him, and he has the utmost friendship and kindness for me. He is a prelate full of virtue, and has the love of the king.

I do not see why any one should give you any alarm about your asylum. You are there, you have bought it, and the Carmelites will never return. In any case, remember that this convent has never been anything but a hospice inhabited by a few monks, and that even here, in the centre of religion, very few monks and nuns are anxious to return to their monasteries, either through ill will, or because there are no revenues, or because some convents have been sold.

I believe the restoration of our country is very far from being effected. You see how very little concern the Court of Rome gives itself to satisfy the king. Our French Church is in a state of great confusion, and there is no hurry to remedy it. All that is thought about are the temporalities, and it makes one groan to see how the true interests of religion are abandoned. Bonaparte used to say: "*I wish*," and he obtained everything; the king says: "*I pray*," and he obtains nothing.

Put your confidence, then, in God alone; He will find a way to restore to the Church of France its ancient lustre, and, as for yourself, go on doing good, and I will take care that you are not disturbed.

Continue to make yourself useful; form little classes of children.

M. Michel Choisy must wait until the bishopries are re-established, which will be soon, and especially ours, which is so ancient, and you will be protected by the new prelate. I think it likely he [Choisy] may have a place in the cathedral.

I am grieved about the condition of your poor curé. It is to be hoped that God may preserve him to you. Give him my compliments, and also his worthy brother.

I thank Mademoiselle de L—— for remembering me. She is one of those I most respect, and, if I may say so, most love: her good qualities will always make her beloved.

Just as in the case of yourself, my holy friend, all the world loves you. If I were as holy as you, I should make a treaty with you: it is that whichever of us two is the first to go to heaven should pray for the survivor, and thereby gain the mercy of God; being friends on earth, one of us would thus be the friend of the other in heaven.

I commend myself to the prayers of your dear sisters. Yes, my establishment at Rome costs me dear, but the Minister of Foreign Affairs promises that I shall be richer next year.

Here, everything is ostentation. When I tell you, that I, who often found one servant too much, have three juris-consults for the Rota, two abbés for my antechamber, two *valets de chambre*, who come before me dressed in black, and wear immense silk mantles on occasions of ceremony, and four horses, you will understand this. I am obliged to keep a state carriage for the abbés and valets, and three lackeys in livery. Nor is this all: I think I pay wages to thirteen persons; but I only feed two.

I have a very nice garden. At this moment, it is full of flowers and of orange-trees covered with fruit. I do not know what to do with the oranges; if we were only nearer, I could supply you with plenty of oranges for your collation, ay, and lemons too.

I can bear the climate very well, you see I have accustomed myself to it; but I am troubled with headaches, as I was in France. I had to work to receive the fruit of

my good conduct, and you see the king has not made me weary with waiting. He has, of his own motion, given me this important post, of which I certainly never thought. Perhaps, otherwise, Providence might have placed me near you; but it has been ordered differently. In any case, we must bless God.

I have always had great confidence in Divine Providence, which has guided me almost by the hand ever since my twenty-fifth year, pure and stainless. How grateful ought I not to be!

But our happiness is never perfect. I am isolated here from all my friends, and particularly from you and your dear family, whom I love from the bottom of my heart.

I am afraid our dear and amiable Henriette has lost an opportunity of establishing herself, for which I am truly grieved. . . . But I never know when to stop when I begin speaking of you all. I must come to an end then, my holy prioress, simply assuring you of my respectful friendship. THE BISHOP.

The Abbé Joubert, a saintly priest, will bring you my letter.

XVI.

To the Same.

ROME, the 9th of December.[1]

I received, my dear and holy mother, your edifying letter of the 8th of November with real pleasure. After so long and painful a silence, what a consolation it is to obtain news of those I esteem and love! It is truly a reward of Heaven for all the troubles, and, I may add, dangers which I have encountered.

For I have actually had to meet them here!

[1] Although the year is not given, the contents show that it was written in 1815, after the Hundred Days.

That execrable Bonaparte, on the denunciation of Fesch,[1] whom I had always refused to visit, had pointed me out to Murat, who was to take possession of Rome, and Murat recommended me to the notice of his generals Pignatelli and Caracossa.

I was to have been conducted to Paris under a strong escort. The Duchess Difiano, sister of one of the Neapolitan generals, gave me warning. While thanking her, I said that I never yielded to fear, and that I was disposed to suffer whatever fate decreed.

The tribunal of the Rota not having followed the Pope to Genoa, I remained here alone, exposed to all the sarcasms of the evil-minded; for there are many Jacobins and Bonapartists in this place. But I have never abandoned my lily, and have always worn it on my black soutane. Fortunately, the Neapolitans were routed by the Germans, just as they were entering Rome, and I escaped.

I have known all the magnanimity of your dear nephew; he is courageous, honorable, and loyal to his king; he is sure of success. God always watches over His own. It was a real piece of good fortune that his amiable wife should have found herself at Versailles.

My health is not perfect: ever since the end of August, I have had feverish attacks, which left me for a time, but only to return every third day. I have felt better, however, for the last ten days: I am, in fact, quit of them for the time; I am at my third pound of quinine, for there is no other means of getting rid of them here. But they will return.

I am delighted that you should have kept in such good health in the midst of this terrible storm. I congratulate you on at length receiving the reward of all your sacrifices and sufferings by being restored to a monastery of your Order and able to live there in accordance with your

[1] Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon.

holy and admirable institute. I see that your flock has increased in a miraculous manner, since Providence has given you back two holy nuns whose resources, fortunately preserved to them, will enable you to support your convent.

I have spoken to Galeffi, cardinal secretary of memorials, regarding them and their infirmities. His answer was the same as that given already: they must address themselves to their confessors, who would decide whether their condition requires any modifications of the rule in their regard, which, indeed, it seems to do, and even a superioress can herself see to this; for you know very well yourself whether their physical weakness permits them to observe the rule in its entirety or not, and you know also that the observance of the rule is painful, and demands the possession of good health. No scruples then, and let them do only what they can; you have the greater reason for trying to keep them that these ladies are a great help to your house.

In fact, madame, my opinion, like yours, is that the affairs of the clergy will progress slowly; there is very little ardor in the matter, and even a good deal of want of interest.

I was well aware that the education of young people was entirely outside the requirements of your Order. You had good motives for undertaking it, however, and now that these no longer exist, you confine yourself within the limits of your rule: all this is very laudable. But, my holy mother, since the great Pius VI. gave you a dispensation, and since Pius VII. confirmed it on his way to Lyons, what do you want more? Profit by it; it is now for your confessors and directors to direct you on this article: you have no longer need of Rome. Be guided by your conscience and your confessors. But above all, no scruple; it is the shoal upon which true piety is wrecked.

And how can these two holy women have scruples in

the matter, when two Popes have dispensed you from your obligations? These dispensations are good until they are revoked. Even if they are revoked by the conscience of some, they subsist in their full vigor for those whose health or age prevents them from following the rule. A person need not be a great casuist to settle this question; you yourself ought to diminish your austerities, in consequence of your spitting up blood, and you are bound to take care of your health, since you are the soul of your holy community.

I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from the letter of the dear sister-in-law: she enters into many details.

As for Sister B——, you must recall her, in virtue of holy obedience, if you are able to support her, and she is conscientiously bound to return to the convent in which she was professed. Her confessor should make her feel this. The superior A—— has no rights over her. Make the curé write to this dishonest superior, who does not know his business; on the whole, better wait till there is a bishop at Carpentras or at Avignon; I 'll see that she returns. I have a very clear idea of the thoughtlessness of her father and of all her family, although I have lost sight of them since childhood; for I have not lived in Carpentras since I was nine years old.[1]

It is certain that the king has asked for the resignation of all the bishops of France; you are quite sure, therefore, not to have P——.

My best regards to our dear curé, and my respects to Mademoiselle de L——.

I thank you from my heart for your kindly sentiments in my regard; I hope to have the joy of seeing your little flock raised to eighteen. Pray to God for me, for I am in

[1] Same detail in Book I. of the "Memoirs," and this concordance between a private letter of the internuncio and the narrative is a fresh proof of their *authenticity*.

much trouble. I keep for you a tender affection in God, and I shall always be happy to give you proofs of it.

Respects and compliments.

+ The Bishop.

XVII.

Article in the "Biographie Universelle" of Feller-Pérennès, which summarizes the whole life of Mgr. de Salamon.

Salamon (Louis-Siffren-Joseph), Bishop of Saint-Flour, was born of a noble family at Carpentras, on the 22d of October, 1759, and came when very young to Paris, where he purchased the office of clerical councillor in the Parliament. He was appointed confidential correspondent of his Holiness in 1791, and held this position until the month of July, 1792, when he was arrested and conducted to the Abbaye. His eloquence and coolness saved him from the massacres of September. After recovering his liberty, he continued his correspondence with the Holy Father. Having been again prosecuted by the Terrorists, he lived in concealment for a long time in the environs of Paris. He was even compelled to take refuge in the Bois de Boulogne, where a pile of leaves served him for a bed. He was arrested under the Directory and menaced with deportation, but was acquitted. Pope Pius VII. named him, in 1806, Bishop *in partibus* of Orthosia, in Caria, and the king, in 1814, gave him the place of Auditor of the Rota. But the Sovereign Pontiff, considering that there was no reason why Mgr. Isoard, who was in possession, should be deprived of it, refused to accept him. After staying three years in Rome, Salamon returned to Paris, was named, in 1817, Bishop of Belley, and, in 1820, Bishop of Saint-Flour. This prelate died

on the 11th of June, 1829. Certain "Lettres de Rome" attributed to him and addressed to M. de Talleyrand-Périgord, Grand Almoner, were published in 1815. They are curious on account of the details they give on the feelings and opinions of the Romans, when the first tidings of the landing of Bonaparte arrived.

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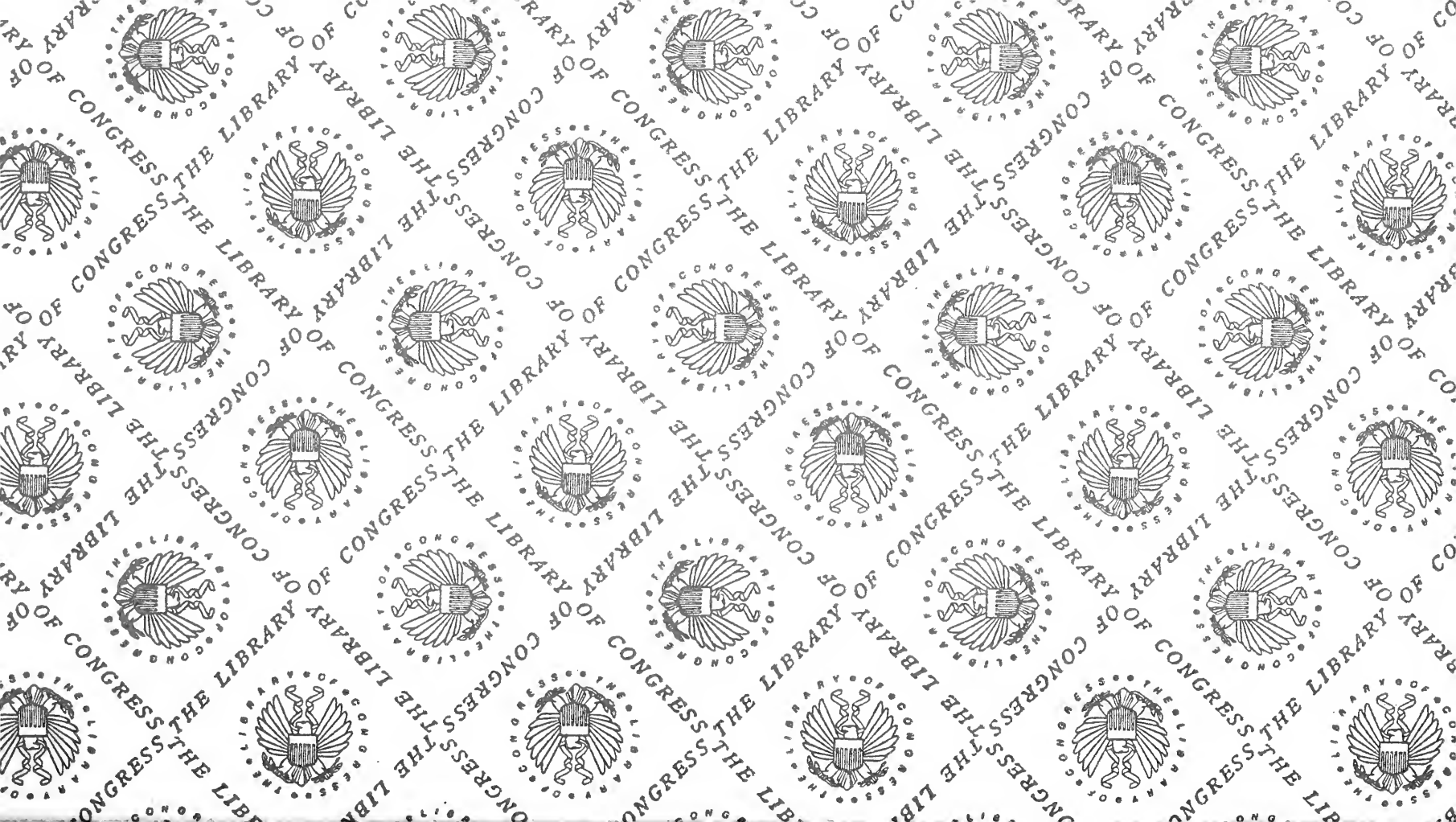
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